

THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1921

NUMBER 9

Kenneth Rose Gives His Annual Concert

Kenneth Rose, who made his first appearance before the Nashville public two seasons ago, gave his annual concert last night at Ward-Belmont, where he is director of the School of Violin.

Each successive hearing of the playing of this brilliant young violinist but serves to strengthen the impression first made that he is an artist of broad musicianship and solid attainments.

As soloist he has won for himself a host of admirers, and he has been equally successful in his work of training and conducting the School of Orchestra. His popularity was shown last evening by the many town folk who attended the concert and by the attention given the performance. At the first appearance he received quite an ovation and the applause after each number was most cordial.

HAS ALL REQUISITES.

Mr. Rose has all the violinistic requisites to a marked degree—a well-nigh irreproachable technique, a big round tone, warmth of temperament, imagination and added to these a very pleasing stage appearance and an unaffected way of playing, which is absolutely devoid of mannerisms.

The program began with the austere classical "La Folia" variations of Corelli, famous for two centuries. These were given a masterly reading. It was a great pleasure to hear his fine singing tone in the inspired pages of the Mendelssohn concerto. The brilliant finale received a clear-cut

performance at his hands and was dashed off with the greatest apparent ease.

Eddy Brown's "Rondino" on a theme by Cramer was daintily played, the "Bacchante," by Frances Macmillen, with its compelling rhythm and unique ending, won a repetition, while the "Andante Religioso," by the writer of these lines disclosed the luscious warmth of his tone.

FARFALLA PLEASES.

"Farfalla (Fireflies)," by the Freshman Sauret, once husband of Teresa Carreno, and whom many of us remember hearing here in the past, flitted enchantingly from the trip of his bow, and as an encore the violinist gave an appealing "Lullaby" by Willy Burmester.

"Rokoko," by that same Hamburg composer, was followed by the popular E Minor "Nocturne" of Chopin, transcribed for violin by Leopold Auer, teacher of Heifetz, and at whose feet several of our local violinists have sat.

The fiery Spanish dance, "Bapatado," by Sarasate, was one of the show pieces of the evening, but the final encore, Massenet's beloved meditation for "Thais," was a fitting close to an hour of great enjoyment.

Mrs. Hazel Conte Rose, at the piano, furnished, as always, admirable accompaniments and deserves much credit for her sympathetic and artistic cooperation with the soloist.

By ALVIN S. WIGGERS,
Music Critic of The Tennessean.

THE PENTA TAU KID PARTY

A charming kid party was given by the Penta Tau Club Wednesday evening, December the 13th.

The girls' costumes were very clearly brought out in representing children. Many kid games were played such as Simon Says Wig Wag, London Bridge is Falling Down, and Going to Jerusalem.

Minnie Mae French sang a charming song suitable to the occasion and Edna Duncan gave a reading in child dialect.

After these forms of entertainment, stick candy was served. This was greatly enjoyed by all the Penta Tau children.

Y. W. C. A. TEA

Last Saturday afternoon the Y. W. C. A. entertained the "new girls" with a tea in the Y. W. C. A. room. Tea was served by the various members of the cabinet of the Y. W. and the Social Committee. During the tea, Clara Hartzburg played several piano numbers. The purpose of the tea was to make those girls, who have come to Ward-Belmont since Christmas, feel more at home and to help them meet more girls.

VESPERS, JAN. 9, 1921

The night of January 9, 1921, a musical program was given at Vespers. The program was as follows: Hymn—Love Divine—Charles Wesley.

The Story of Love Divine—Henrietta Singer.

Vocal Solo—"I Come to Thee"—Mildred Judd.

Scripture Reading—Psalms 34th Chapter, 4th Verse; Psalms 95th Chapter, 4th Verse.

Hymn—"Holy Holy, Holy"—by Reginald Heber.

Story of "Holy, Holy, Holy"—Lillian Pierce.

Miss Slinger read at Vespers, a letter from Miss Halskell, who is now in South America. Miss Halskell is the Missionary that W.-B. has sent out. It told of her departure for and arrival in South America.

Miss Lydia Magana, of Central America, who was a student here in 1919-20, spent last fall in a convent in California, has returned to Ward-Belmont to resume her work this spring.

Misses Mary Filson and Nelda Butler spent Monday in town with Mrs. Gribby.

Miss Viola Sudekum spent Sunday with her mother in town.

CALENDAR

Jan. 20.—Tollefson Trio.
Jan. 25.—Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Feb. 4-5.—Examinations.

Feb. 8.—Fritz Kreisler.

WELCOME!

Ward-Belmont, as represented by the Hyphen, welcomes the new girls. There are thirty-one this year and we hope and expect them to mean just thirty-one more loyal boosters for athletics. Y. W. C. A. club, Hyphen and all Ward-Belmont. We are glad to have you; we need you, so enter in with true W.-B. spirit, new girls.

The following are the girls who come in January to W.-B. for the first time: Inez Adrian, Trella Allen, Gretchen Avis, Ruby Avis, Willis Barr, Florence Bradley, Juanita Bratton, Mary Bresler, Mary Mildred Brown, Nelda Katherine Butler, Frances Callendar, Leah Chase, Louise Margaret Eckert, Sara Esther Engle, Thelma Farlin, Mabel Fraser, Louise Gambrell, Margarie Gridley, Louise Hinson, Maxine Ray Rersch, Mildred Lee Jones, Ronalds Misch, Margaret Moore, Louise Noramitz, Bernice Nance, Ruth Nolan, Hortense Reynolds, Frances Scott, Virginia Sells, Gladys Settle, Dorothy May Wetzel, Lydia Nagana, Doris Claxton.

CAMPUS KICK

As delicately as possible, aided by the maxim silence, the Hood patent muffler, and the familiar "soft pedal," the general public wishes to "kick." The old girls have inspired the new ones to join in the crusade; has the glory of past years departed, never to return? We come before the powers-to-be (whoever they may be, please take heed) with fear and trembling, to lay our plea at your feet. At last we summon up the necessary courage; our momentous question is—"Please, may we sleep on Monday mornings?"—R. S. V. P.

Miss Lorena Rebman visited Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Dickey in town.

Miss Helen Wheeler passed the week-end at her home at Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Fay Young was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. McCray, of Nashville, Sunday.

"Daddy, I've got a sentence here I'd like you to punctuate."
This is what Paw Fay read:
A five-dollar bill flew around the corner.

He studied it carefully. "Well," he finally said, "I'd simply put a period after it like this."

"I wouldn't," laughed the high school girl, "I'd make a dash after it!"



ALMANAC

Did some one mention bobbed hair?
You tell 'em, curly locks, we won't cut you off again!

Come On In. The Water's Fine In the Pool

INSIGNIA TO BE APPOINTED.

To any girl making four club teams, one each season, in a major sport will be given the club insignia. To any girl making five Varsity teams under the same conditions, will be given a school insignia. The major sports consist of: Hockey, Baseball, Swimming, Basketball, Track Teams and Gym. The last should be of interest to all girls who are not able enough swimmers to make the team in that sport, as any girl who is willing to work can excel in Gym. Further announcement will be made later.

CEMENT COURT AT LAST.

After much agitation on the part of the Athletic Board, numerous notes and a memorial trip to the city, the cement court has become a realization. No it isn't yet, but it's going to be, for sure this time, in back of Heron and Pembroke halls.

X L CHRISTMAS DANCE

One of the most beautiful and unusual dances ever given at Ward-Belmont was the X L Christmas dance that took place in Rec Hall the Saturday night before we left for vacation.

Rec Hall never looked so beautiful as it did with its vivid Christmas decorations of red and green evergreens and to add more to the "Christmassy" effect was the Christmas with its shining ornaments.

The invitations read:

"The X L Club invites you to come to its Christmas Ball. Come masked as a boy, and we hope you'll enjoy the frolicking in Rec Hall."

You know anything that sounded as inviting as that would naturally pep you up. And the thought of the next Saturday helped lots. The costumes were unusual and very clever. Dolls of all kinds and nationalities, blacks, cany canes, candles and many others that added color and gaiety to the scene. Vito seemed also to have the Christmas spirit, for it seemed as though he had never played so well.

There were no programmes, and everybody danced until the delicious refreshments carrying out the decorative idea were served.

After this more dancing, and then Mrs. Blanton announced that there was to be a prize awarded for the best and most original costume. Helen Price was the lucky winner.

At nine-thirty "Home, Sweet Home" was played, and closed a very delightful evening.

Among the guests were Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Blanton, Miss Wells, Mrs. Rose, Miss Blackwell, Mrs. Gaines and Mr. and Mrs. Whitson.

STUDIO RECITALS

Three interesting recitals were held just before the holidays by the pupils of Miss Leftwich, Miss Blythe and Mrs. Schmitz. The programs are as follows:

Pupils of Miss Leftwich.

Wednesday, December 15, 1920.
4:30 P.M.

Minuet a la Antique	Seeboeck
Maria Marian Sullivan	
Impromptu—op 59 no 2	Thome
Miss Francoise Black	
Erotik	Grieg
Miss Marion Harrison	
Scherzando	Beecher
Miss Sibylle Maricle	
Romance	St. Saens
Miss Edna Lawrence	
Vell Dance	Friml
Miss Allene Duncan	
Serenade	Sinding
Miss Alex Morrison	
Le Retour	Chaminade
Miss Marie Biggers	
Papillous	Olsen
Miss Agnes Robertson	
Improvisation	MacDowell
Miss Irma Sturdevant	
Wedding Day	Grieg
Miss Catherine Pease	
Romance	Sibelius
Miss Margaret Howard	
To Spring	Grieg
Miss Inez Priddy	
Humoresque	Rachmaninoff
Miss Margaret Vernier	
Bigarrure	Arensky
Miss Margaret Pittman	

STUDIO RECITAL

By

Pupils of Miss Blythe

Thursday, December 2, 1920, at
4:30 O'clock.

(Continued on page 2)

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications, new items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

Happy New Year! Our "Merry Christmas" issue failed to appear for obviously unavoidable reasons, but the good will of the Hyphen, backed by every member of the staff, is extended to all our patrons. We have formulated our new year resolutions to keep on doing our very best for the Hyphen, and we trust that each and every one of our highly appreciated voluntary contributors will resolve to keep right on with the good work. May their ranks swell! The rocky road traversed by the first semester's Hyphen staff is almost at an end, but strange, though it may seem, when we think back over the 1920 issues, we somehow fail to remember the little unpleasantities which were the thorns in our path, and recall only the genuine pleasure the staff takes in the few but treasured words of appreciation which it has received. We have worked with singleness of purpose for the good of the Hyphen, and we realize that, without the unity of the entire student and faculty support, we would never have advanced as far as we have. So, with our new year wishes, comes this expression of thanks for your interest and cooperation. May you live long and prosper in their continuance!

MUTUAL

"Dear Mary," wrote the young man who had been turned down the night before and craved vengeance, "Last night I proposed to you, but I have really forgotten whether you said yes or no. Those little things slip one's mind so."

"Dear Will," she wrote, "I was glad to get your letter. I remember having said no to someone last night but had forgotten to whom. Those little things certainly do."

Frances Morrison is at her home in Tusculum, Ala.

Margaret E. Jones is making her debut in Knoxville, Tenn.

Mary Briggs is studying voice at her home in Little Rock, Ark.

Julia Lee and Gleames Patterson are attending Brenan College.

Mabel Wilson is in Arizona University.

Tone and Virgellia Goff are at home in Mena, Ark.

Mary Elizabeth Baker is attending the University of Texas.

Louise Gates is at her home in Mexico.

SENIOR-MIDDLE SOLOQUY

(With apologies to Shakespeare.)
 To do, or not to do; that is the question;

Whether it is nobler for us to suffer
 The comments and criticisms of our teachers,

Or to plow into our stack of lessons,
 And by working, learn them? To study; to sleep

No more; and by not sleeping we say to end

The yawns and half-closed eyes the Seniors

See upon our faces, it is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To study, to sleep

To sleep; perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;

For in these dreams in classes what dreams may come

When we have dropped off into visions

Of things done by; there's the outside readings.
 That works destruction with our laziness

For who could hear the disgrace of the falling list,
 The teachers' wrath, the class mates' scorn,

The pangs of saying "I don't know. The thoughts of vacant lines on test papers

And kind words from Father when the report comes home?

Oh! who would grunt and sweat under our load of lessons,
 But that the dread of something, about June,

Would come up and we would not attain
 The long desired title of Senior for next year.

Thus our conscience works and makes cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought

And entertainments of great worth and merit.

Are, with this new feeling turned away
 And lose the name of action, while we work on as if forever.

—V. W. M.

"I want to see some mirrors."

"Hand mirrors?"

"No; the kind you can see your face in."

Al. Bert: "How do these love triangles usually end?"

Phil. Bert: "Most of them turn into a 'wreck-tangle.'"

Anna Helm Shingleur is in New York with Miss McDonald at the Collingwood Hotel.

(Continued from page 1)

Song of the Sea. Shell.....Krogman

Miss Minnie Hayes

Humoresque.....Nells W. Gade

Miss Dorothy McClellan

On the Mountains.....Frontini

Miss Louise Handley

La Gracieuse.....Sartorio

Miss Elizabeth Shackelford

Adagio.....Nevin

Miss Florence Hayes

Narcissus.....Nevin

Miss Janet Kerr

Russian Romance.....Primi

Miss Joan MacFarlane

"In Sleepy Hollow".....Eastwood Lane

"On Tappan Zee".....

Miss Esther Potter

Reverie.....Eastwood Lane

Miss Evelyn Potter

To the Rising Sun.....Torjussen

Miss Elizabeth Conroy

In the Rosy Morn.....Ritter

Miss Mary Bird Holland

Chant D'Avril.....Lack

Miss Dudley, Casteel

STUDIO RECITAL

Pupils of Miss Estelle Roy Schmitz

December 8, 1920, 4 P.M.

Valse Gracieuse.....Ambrose

Edna Mason

A Shepard's Tale.....Nevin

Alfred Moller

In Lovely May.....Lichner

Jenita Brown

Impromptu Polka.....Thome

Mary Coulson

Rushing Waters.....Orth

Dollie Sugg

Bergeronette.....Cyril Scott

Fern Leipold

Nymphalinn.....Hopkins

Mary Buchanan

Matinee de Printemps.....Goetzi

Elizabeth M. Parsons

Gay Butterflies.....Gregh

Lucile Hyneinan

Song Without Words.....St. Saens

Clemence Thuss

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SPEAK UP!

"Did you say there were social clubs in Ward-Belmont? It says so in the catalogue? Well, that's funny! I don't see how there can be, for I never see anything about them in the Hyphen."

All of which means in plain English that the club reporters, are decidedly delinquent when it comes to handing in their reports. Are you ashamed of your club? Then why don't you tell us about it?

How did you receive your new members? Just added their names to the roll, I suppose. You initiated them? Well, we didn't hear about it. Certainly you haven't met since initiation? You have? The program must have been pretty dry. You say it was very amusing and peppy! That last adjective won't apply to your reporter, will it?

All the girls in Ward-Belmont must hail from the Philippines or China, I guess. They don't? Why, I should think if they are from different states they'd have organized state clubs. They have! Well, they must not have Hyphen reporters.

Girls, clubs, reporters! The bell of warning has rung. "Immediate response is required." Hand in your Hyphen news!

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UPPER BERTHS AND I

How many times have I turned from the smiling face behind the bars of a ticket window, clutching in my right hand a yellow Pullman ticket, a ticket for an "upper" berth, and a few more cents in my pocketbook than I had expected to have. I have a terrible feeling of disappointment, or shall I say dread? I hurry to catch my train, buy the "Red Book" on the way, knowing there must be something with which to while away those long, cold, and sleepless hours to follow.

As soon as I get in my car, the fifth down the track, I make a dash to the one small dressingroom, crowded with ten or more others, to prepare for that "hoped for" slumber. Half an hour later I stumble back down the aisle, a dozen suitcases looming up before me. Now ready for the ascent, I call the porter, High and Mighty Ruler of the Land of Pullman; and let me ask here, "What would a Pullman be without a porter?" I grip the ladder in fear of death, mount up one step, peer into the black darkness above, mount another step, and at last, ripping open some seam that shouldn't under any circumstances be ripped, pile into a heap and I'm in.

The haphazard task of getting established has been accomplished—that is—until morning.

Then just as I have completed the artistic feat of getting settled in one of those shelves, the odor of dill pickles and ham sandwiches steals up from the berth below to tantalize my nostrils, and I hunt in my own small bag for food, but in vain. Why do I always forget something to eat? I open my "Red Book" and read and read until I become so weary from the constant rocking and swaying of the train, and the monotonous click of the wheels over the steel rails, I doze off, only to be awakened by some jerky stop at a small country station. I poke my head from under the thinnest of blankets and gaze out to see the name of the place. A blank yellow wall stares me in the face. Then comes an awful hunger for fresh air. There must be plenty somewhere, but somehow I never seem to sense it. I doze off again, only to jump at the sound of a crash in the aisles. My bag way too near the edge and in trying to find a new region in which to stretch out my twisted figure, I kicked it out. I suppose the night drags on through eternity to daybreak.

Daybreak I never see, but awaking find I have only about twenty minutes in which to dress, so the porter says. I scramble down that rickety ladder, this time almost upsetting the porter and again try to find a two-by-four space in the dressing room. My toilet is made with a teaspoon of water and liquid soap, just as the train stops.

The horrible night is over with only two small golden hours of sleep. As I stumble out of the car, I catch sight of a fox scarf on the shoulders of a short lady in front of me, and thinking of those two hours of slumber, I clearly see that the fox is not the only one skinned in this world.

Jennie Brown is at Stevens College, Columbia, Mo.

Margaret Hollinshead is teaching in Pulaski, Tenn.

Bulah Blackwell is at Baylor College, Belton, Texas.

Mary Ellen Silver is visiting near Kansas City, Mo.

Corrine Garrett and Elizabeth Lane are at Sophia-Newcomb in New Orleans.

HYPHENETTE

I pressed my cheek up close to hers. The softest spot one ere could find. And as for her—unless one errs—She never so much as demurs. But puts my darling back in kind. Some vaunt the petals of the rose, Some sing of velvet, smooth and sleek, Well, let them keep their silly pose, I'll wager pairs of silken hose, There's naught so soft as her cheek.

She isn't tall—my head is bowed To catch the tingle of each tress, What care I for the maddening crowd, For blare and clatter round me loud, When I have such a cheek to press? But as I whisper with my lips Close to her ear sweet utterance (All joy must sometime have eclipse) My visage from her fair face slips One does get so warm at a dance.

—Adopted.

No Yellow Streak.

Panther: "Miss Morrison's dog, 'Bubble' is our new mascot.
Regular: "Very appropriate, because of the black, I suppose."

She: "Did you go to church Sunday?"

He: "Yes, and the text was 'You should worry, you'll get the quit.' She: "It was no such thing. I don't believe you went."

He: "I did go, but if that's not right what is?"

She: "Fear ye not, the comforter cometh."

She "What beautiful flowers! Why, isn't there still a little dew on them?" He (blushing furiously): "Yes, but I'll pay it before long."

Naturally.

'Twas midnight in the parlor,
'Twas darkness everywhere—
The silence was unbroken—for
There was nobody there!
—Virginia Reel.

Angel Eyes—"Miss Hollinger, do you believe that kissing breeds germs?"

Miss H.—"No; but I can name a lot of things it germinates."

First Campus Lizard—"I couldn't see that girl that passed; what did you think of her?"
Second C. L.—"You're right!"

Teacher—Who discovered America?
Wise Student—Ohio.

Teacher—No, you're confused. It was Columbus.

Wise Student—That's right, that's his first name.

Ruth B.—Miss Sheppe, can a girl be punished for something she did not do?
Miss Sheppe—Certainly not.
Ruth B.—Well, I didn't do my Geometry today.

Grace—Do you love me?
S. L.—Yes, dear.
Grace—And would you die for me?
S. L.—No, mine is an undying love.

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WHERE THEY
HAVE GONE

Irene Jones is at school in Brain Tree, Mass.

Miriam Rice is going to Oak Park High School, Oak Park, Ill.

Gladys Wilson is at her home in Flora, Miss.

Rebecca Hairston is at home in Columbus, Miss.

Etta Rives White is attending Scoville School in New York City.

Roxy Baker is in Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Ill., specializing in art.

Billie Burke is attending Brenan College.

Agnes Cooper and Margaret Mc-haffy are in Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Helen Ammerman is at her home in Cleveland, Ohio, doing settlement work.

Margaret Wells is in the University of Tennessee.

Mary Parrot is spending the winter in Florida.

Lowell Jones is at Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Virginia Jones is attending Cumberland College in Williamsburg, Ky.

Mary McWilliams is at her home in Elkmont, Ala.

Dorris Roof is at her home in Battle Creek, Mich.

Phillis Parsons is studying art in Cincinnati.

Ruth Brawner is at a French school in New York City.

Frances McDaniel is at her home in Augusta, Ga.

Lois Brock is planning a trip to Europe this spring.

Christine Maxwell and Ellen Jobson are in Wisconsin University.

Alvah Whitehead is attending Lawrence University in New York.

Grace Renville is at her home in Paris, Texas.

Beulah Kimbrough, Ruth Coker and Mary Parker are in Brenan College.

Beryl Hervey is visiting her brother in Alaska.

Florence Myers and Florence Ver-nor are at Northwestern University.

Florence Wright is attending Lake Forrest University.

Musetta Usury is a Delta Gamma at Indiana.

Mildred Sweet is at the University of Wisconsin.

Mary Marvin Marre is teaching in Kentucky.

Anna and Elizabeth Grey are at the University of Illinois.

Edith Hardison is attending Randolph-Macon.

Hazel Cruse is teaching in Beaumont, Texas.

Pearl Iva Ellington and Julia Lamb are at Kidd-Key in Texas.

Katherine Shelby is at Christian College, Columbia, Mo.

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VESPERS, DEC. 12,
1920

If you can go with me as far back as December 12, 1920, you will recall the lovely Vespers held on that Sunday night. But for the benefit of the girls who were not here then, but are here now, I will tell just a little about the service.

The program of Vespers that night consisted mainly of two Medival plays given by the children of the Expression Department under the direction of Miss Townsend. They were, namely, the "Nativity," and "The Christmas Guest." I am sure that I can speak for all of those present, and there certainly was a good crowd, when I say that we all enjoyed the plays very much.

Before these plays we all sang appropriate Christmas music.

HYPHENETTES

Talk about the mud in Flanders. We have a little bit of Europe if that's the case on the athletic field.

Somebody ask Scouse about her little black notebook and see what color she turns. I bet the pastel shades.

We all wish the captains of teams were as untiring in their efforts as Sis Bell, who takes an orange on the hockey field and practices baseball between halves.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1921

NUMBER 10

PHYSICAL EDUCATION TESTS OF THE STUDENTS

A very important piece of work in the physical education department of Ward-Belmont, completed just previous to the holidays, was the taking of physical education tests, by which the vitality and physical vigor of the student body as individuals could be ascertained. The work was done according to standard tests, under the direct supervision of Miss Sloan and Miss Morrison. In keeping with the test of the people of this country, the standard was not so universally high as it should have been, but the application of the tests developed the amount of vitality and physical energy possessed by each girl, and was especially valuable in detecting any predisposition to weakness or disease that had not even been itself manifest by ordinary symptoms.

Many points were included in the tests taken. They included grip strength and strength of the lungs, chest and back, vitality, posture, skin condition of the feet, and the weight, which should be within five pounds of normal for the height and age. Twenty points constituted physical perfection.

Ten girls made the required number, and five made 18. Sixteen girls made 17 points and five made 18. Twenty-five made 15. On the honor roll there were two day students, and out of the 18 points class there was one day girl.

A popular Nashville student, Miss Martha Dickinson, granddaughter of Hon. Jacob McGavock Dickinson, was one of three girls in the whole department who indicated the highest vital index. The other two were Miss Margaret Varner and Miss Dorothy Crozier, the latter fresh from the invigorating air of Montana.

The girls who showed the highest total strength were: Misses Ruth Bowen, Doris Cone, Dorothy Atkinson, Miriam Coleman, Beatrice Johnson, Dorothy Crozier, Ish Watson, Roma Sexton; and those whose vital index reached .04 or over were: Misses Loretta Barnard, Melba Budge, Ann Barnett, Brice Ellison, Mary Bird Holland, Roma Sexton, Constance Caldwell, Ernestine Dorch, Mildred Goetz, Mary Mumford, Wilma Polk, Agnes Robertson, Emmaline Deyer, Frances Oliver, Alice Cook, Frazier, Emma Hisham, Julia Hill, Elizabeth Parsons, Esther Potter, Grace Sanderson, Harriet Seagle, Catherine Urshel, Agnes Bradley, Clothilda Brazzelton, Dorothy Crozier, Corrie Crawford, Mildred Juhl, Geneva Koehn, Carolyn Martin, Gertrude McFarlane and Margaret Vernier.

ILLINOIS CLUB

Don't think the Illinois Club has lost its pep. Never! But we have lost our faithful president, Frances Johnston, of whom we were all very fond. Anyhow, just watch us. You will be glad you have an Illinois friend in the near future.

PENTA TAU XMAS PARTY

Speaking of Christmas parties, nothing excelled the Penta Tau's. The Christmas tree which was so beautifully decorated helped every one to realize that the holidays were near, and each guest entered into the party with high Christmas spirits.

The program consisted of story-telling. Miss Mildred Blackburn told a very interesting Christmas story, Miss Floyd Rice read O. Henry's "Gift of the Maji," and Santa Claus (Frances Johnson) told a story about himself and one of his children. After the program Santa distributed a gift to every one present. These toy gifts, after being enjoyed by the party, were gathered together and sent to the Orphans' Home.

To complete the good time, ice cream and sandwiches were served. The whole affair was very pleasant, and each member enjoyed it to the fullest extent.

JAMES GODDARD SINGS AT W.-B.

That the best of all the artistic attractions which come here are heard at Ward-Belmont was verified again in the appearance at school on Tuesday of James Goddard, the renowned grand operatic basso, who came here especially to sing at the inauguration of the new Governor of Tennessee. Mr. Goddard, a Tennessean by birth and rearing, wears high honors in the operatic field, having sung with distinction in the Royal Opera Company of Vienna, and at Covent Garden. He has also appeared as an eminent artist in his own country. His audience at Ward-Belmont was second to none he has had in the measure of its unbounded enthusiasm, and the artistic appreciation it bestowed upon his charming brief program.

Mr. Goddard was introduced to the students by Dr. J. D. Blanton in the school auditorium at noon and sang five or six numbers, beginning with a wonderfully done aria from an old Verdi opera. The unusual range and total power of his voice was splendidly expressed in this number, as the succeeding song, "Dawn," by Curran, showed its sweetness and sympathetic quality. He followed this with four negro spirituals: "I Want to Be Ready," "Didn't It Rain" and "The Old Ark's a Movin'," which were given with the happy success that only a Southern singer can command. Perhaps the great hit of the whole program was a redemptive song, "Lucky Jim," which called forth repeated encores.

Mr. Goddard was accompanied by Miss Alberta Reeves, accompanist for Signor de Luca of the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music. Signor de Luca is a musical friend of Mr. God-

dard and has entertained him during his Nashville stay. After Mr. Goddard's recital on Tuesday he was the guest of Dr. J. D. Blanton for lunch.

THE HALL OF FAME!

Bee—What's the use of having an editor in the suite if she doesn't write something about us?
Ruth—Let's ask her!
Jan—We won't do nothin' else!
Zerda—Sure thing!
Lucille—Nothin' previous!
And they did!
Here's the result:

OUR SUITE.

A number of requests have come from members of my suite for notoriety or fame. This method is quite meet. We number six, and most of those for publication long—So I'll name o'er their qualities And merits—weak and strong.

Now Bee and Jan are loving quite; They rarely disagree; They're training now to swim and lack Their old-time jollity. But there's the "silver lining" which Has banished one great care— This year they waste but little time In drying out their hair.

Next come our dear Lucille and Ruth Who live in 301. They're very fond of "stepping out;" They always have such fun! Lucille's an able chaperon— Postgraduate is she; And Ruth appreciates this gift— She tastes it frequently!

Then there's the Zerda—jolly girl— Of disposition sweet; And my poor self who sings the praise Of the beloved suite. They're all relieved since I no more A monitor must be. Although Miss Pierce says "Lights out, please," At precisely ten-three.

So here's our suite; I'm sure we're glad To meet you—one and all; And if you'd like to hear some more, Why come right up and call!

CALENDAR

Jan. 25—Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.
Feb. 4—Exams.
Feb. 8—Fritz Kreisler.
Feb. 17—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.
Feb. 18—Alma Gluck.
March 1—Sophie Braslau.
March 11—Marsinielli.
March 21—Mabel Garrison.
April 8—Philharmonic Orchestra.



ALMANAC

What's a vacuum?
You tell 'em, over-worked editorial mind.
We've got it in you!

EDWARD JOHNSON CHARMS AUDIENCE

"GEORGIA" DIN- NER PARTY

Say, did you see those Georgia girls all pepped up, going out to the Nashville Golf and Country Club Tuesday night for dinner?

Yes, they motored out about 4:30, in time to enjoy the whole afternoon. And you should hear them rave over what a "marvelous, peppy" time they had.

Lovely dancing was enjoyed in the "ball room" before dinner. Yes, and that menu—a lovely, four-course one, with everything grand.

Places were laid for Miss Mills, Ish Watson, Crawford Hinton, Virginia Howard, Virginia Peeples, Sara Morgan, Elizabeth Taylor, Allen Belle Huber, Ann Burnett, Dorothy Holdrich, Isabel Kemp, Elizabeth Parsons, Louise Smith, Louise Gersham, Pearl Kaplan, Alex Morrison, Ethel Sloan, Christine Polson and Louise Hinsen.

Get your life the Georgia Club is going to display the good old Southern pep this spring. They've got it!

CONSIDER GYM!

Now that winter has really come—or what poses for winter down here—indoor gymnasium has started.

A great many girls do not seem to consider indoor gym of any value and merely accept it as a necessary evil. If those girls only knew what an immense amount of good they could get from these despised classes, they might show more interest.

Most girls need gym work a great deal more in the winter than at any other time, as they are less likely to indulge in outdoor exercise. The mere fact that they dread the exercise gym gives them is proof they need it.

And there is another strong argument: It is going to be possible to win a letter in gym this year, but only a girl showing real interest will ever win that letter.

Last, there is a rumor of a public gym exhibition in the spring. So let's have a little pep.

Swimming.

Every afternoon now the various prep and college teams are practicing for the meet. The girls are being coached by Miss Morrison and are steadily improving. The main trouble is that too few girls are entering. Any girl who is even a fair swimmer has a fine chance in preliminaries, and every entry counts two points. Anyway, the drill one gets in working for a team is the best thing in the world to improve a swimmer, so both ways you win. Come on down to the pool and try, anyhow. There is nothing like trying. Preps at 4 on Tuesdays and Fridays; college on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4.

For a long time Ward-Belmont has had most excellent musical attractions, but on Wednesday, January 12, there was an added and more unusual treat than ever before in the person of Mr. Edward Johnson, operatic tenor. He recently had quite an ovation in Chicago, where he sang in "André Chevier" (Givedam), and the audience Wednesday can fully appreciate it. His wonderful voice, rich in quality, yet brilliant in the embellishments of the songs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, delighted every one.

From the first the audience was charmed, and it lasted throughout the entire program. He reached a great height in his singing of the aria from "André Chevier," displaying all his technical skill.

The next group was sung in English. In the next were folk song minstrelsy, of which Mr. Johnson held the cards.

He gave us encores two of his most celebrated arias, "That She May Believe Me," from "Girl of the Golden West" (Puccini), and "On with the Flag," from "Daguerre Leoncavallo." The program was:

I.

- (a) Virgin Tutto Amor, Francesco Durante (1684-1755).
- (b) Or Ch'io non Seguo Più, Raffaele Rontani (15-16-).
- (c) Thou Art Sweet Peace, Franz Schubert (1797-1828).
- (d) Impatience, Franz Schubert (1797-1828).

II.

Aria: "Colpo mio m'avete," from Andrea Chénier, Umberto Giordano.

III.

- (a) Long Ago Lincoln Adams, Herbert E. Hyde.
- (b) Pierrot and the Moon Maiden (Ernest Dowson), Cyril Scott.
- (c) The Lament of Ian the Proud (Fiona MacLeod), Chas. T. Griffes.
- (d) Twilight (Sara Teasdale), Katherine Glen.
- (e) Happiness (Jean Ingelow), Richard Hageman.

IV.

- (a) Silverstrut—Melodie Populaire de Basse Bretagne, B. Bucoudry.
- (b) Qu'en te Puso—Cancione popular Espanol, Hernandez.
- (c) I Took Capelli—Trench Song, Arr. by V. Gull.
- (d) A la Barcilonia—Sicilian Folk Song, Arr. by A. Favara.
- (e) The Earl o' Moray—Scotch Minstrelsy, arr. by F. Kreisler.

Miss Hussey (in English A)—He said that the "jazz-minded" would not like "The Age of Innocence."

F. F.'S ALWAYS

Mr. Johnson gave the F. F.'s a most interesting lecture on "Heights Sublime" on Wednesday night. It was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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MARION SULLIVAN

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

"Time and tide wait for no man"—no, nor woman, either. Slowly as the days seem to pass, the dreaded period of exams, is slowly, but surely, approaching. Of course, after every examination, we make all sorts of promises to ourselves concerning keeping up that notebook and reading those bothersome outside references, but, as usual, we have all failed to be perfect in our resolutions. But it is not too late now. We have ten good days to redeem ourselves, so let us do our utmost. It will be much wiser to do what we have failed to keep up now, instead of waiting until the three or four days before exams. Then come those times that try girls' souls—when we have at least six places for every minute of the day and night, involving much burning of the midnight oil, with the resulting headaches. This does more harm than good, because the mind is actually dulled under its unaccustomed load and its distinctly "forcible feeling." Let's get our work up this week, then, and the few days just before exams, we may rest and leisurely prepare for those events, without the rush and strain of making up back work. Under these conditions we may approach our exams, with clear minds, rested bodies, and sound nerves. This will bring in the best possible results, and also will enable us to support the high standard set for us by Miss Norris in her admirable little chapel talks.

THE CAMPUS KICK

Isn't it inspiring to walk underneath the windows of the bakery and just get a whiff of the divinely odorous—that of fresh bread—right out of the oven? Remember I said fresh! How memories surge up before us of home, of those loaves of sweet, brown-crust bread, and the jam cupboard! How good a thick, hot slice tasted, especially with a thick coating of jam! Then you think of school and the delicious bread! Now, using all the devices mentioned in the last "Campus Kick" and with the same fear and trembling, we wish to beg: "Please, High and Mighty Ruler of the Land of Kitchen, we want to thank you for the new dishes you have been sending us. But, oh, please let us walk in the dining room and see plates of fresh bread, soft and savory, and not the hard, air-toasted light-bread we have now.

Girt—"What do you call this soup?"
Walter—"Purse de Digit."
Girt—"Why so?"
Walter—"Cos I've had a finger in it."

A. K.'s SPEND
WEEK-END AT
WOODY CREST

Did you miss us? Well, we were away last week-end, and had a wonderful time. Where? Oh, we were at Woody-Crest, of course. Now it was a rather hard time to leave for some of us, for there was "Turn to the Right" and the Mississippi dance. Those who were sufficiently urged would have given most anything to 'have gone, and last, but not least, was the moving picture out here (one cannot always tell what it might be). So some of our bright and shining faces weren't quite so brilliant when we started, although we are always more than glad to get a chance to go to Woody-Crest. We rather wished it hadn't been our turn just then.

You've all heard the one about the cloud with the silver lining. Well, before the evening was over our cloud had completely vanished. For there was the grand place to dance out there that we fairly wore our soles out on. There was also the huge roaring fire around which we all gathered and discussed black magic and hypnotism, the latter which was inspired by a most interesting lecture which Dr. Hollistead gave on "Science and Superstition and Hypnotism" at our last club meeting.

These discussions soon lead into hair-raising tales of ghosts and haunts. Mag Howard almost caused a rebellion among the barrack sleepers with the flesh-creeping, hair-raising tale of Woody-Crest being haunted during the Civil War and laying the scene of the pilot in the attic. However, before a too early hour we were all settled and sleeping "crowdedly."

It certainly was bliss to be able to sleep Sunday morning, get up without a bell, walk calmly to breakfast with all hooks securely fastened and shoes on. I'm not even going to try to tell all we did that day, as all you fair members that have been out there know or else have a good idea and those that don't will soon find out. I'll tell you, you certainly have something good to look forward to. To some of us it meant a day of rest, to others an exploration of everything within Woody-Crest's limits.

That night we spent a good deal the same way as the night before. Games, however, we added to take the place of dancing. They proved very amusing, as well as very amusing. There is one thing we will never do, and that is write a "speller." We got to sleep rather early (for Woody-Crest) that night, as most of us were really tired.

We did not get to sleep quite so long Monday morning, either, as we

were to start back early. It was with "deep set grief and pining hearts" that we departed.

The food? Say, ask us. We would have been downcast if it had not been for the thought that we were to go back again in the spring.

WARD-BELMONT
MISSISSIPPI CLUB
IS ENTERTAINED

The Mississippi Club at Ward-Belmont of which Miss Mary Elizabeth Gide is president, entertained Saturday evening in the school gymnasium, their hospitality being one of the most successful of the club affairs given in the school this term.

Distinctively Southern decorations were elaborately placed. Broad ribbons were effectively used with tropical looking clusters of palms and ferns. The souvenirs were miniature bales of cotton, and many Southern airs were used in the dance program given by Vito's orchestra. The club numbers twenty members, and each one having the privilege of two guests, quite a large party was supplemented by members of the faculty and hostesses. Refreshments were served as a final feature.

DO U UU I 2?

K T had a little Ford,
For she was very Y Y
A ride a day afforded E E,
And sighs to feast her I I.
All the J J did N V her,
And often tried to T T,
But K T spurned them M T talk,
And called them N M E E.
K T says her P O X L L;
I repeat that she is Y Y,
And says they are E Z to U—
That they are just her S I I.
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X. L. NOTES

Last Thursday the X. L.'s met in the club room. After a short business meeting a paper was read on the condition of students in Central Europe. It was decided that every one should contribute a dollar to the relief of them.

The meeting was then turned over to Geraldine Parker. Current events were to be discussed.

Florine Ashcroft gave a talk on recent happenings in the musical world. Mary Garden's recent appearance in Boston, and then several others, closing with an account of Galli Curci's marriage—or to be marriage—to her accompanist, Homer Daniels.

The meeting was given over for a while to general discussions, and Linda Macebrant told of conditions in Panama.

Margaret Garner then gave a short "course" in parliamentary law drill, with added points, and held a short "examination" of everything pertaining to parliamentary law.

The bell rang (as it always does), and after singing the club call, the meeting adjourned.

Glady—Mc has been filing his love letters.

Clara—Were they as rough as that?

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FORMER W.B. STUDENT WEDS

One of the prettiest weddings of the winter season was that of Miss Mary Ann Welch and Mr. Walter Utch of Kansas City, which was solemnized today at two o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Welch, on Avenue A east. The rooms were decorated with smilax and large baskets of pink roses. Mrs. James Lee Dick sang "Thou Art Mine All," by Dradsky, Miss Lola Brown played Wagner Bridal March to Lohengrin, with a violin obligato by Miss Margery Shelton as the wedding party descended the stairs and took their places in front of a bank of smilax, ferns, palms and baskets of pink roses, where Rev. Frank Neff read the ring ceremony of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Two tall mahogany candelabrae lighted this part of the room. Mr. William Utch, of Kansas City, was his brother's best man, and Miss Margery Shelton was maid of honor. The bride was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Perry Welch, and her attendant, Miss Betty Billingsley.

Miss Welch wore a wedding dress of white satin, built over an underslip of flesh pink, and was draped with white tulle, which stood out at the hips. The bodice was of crystal beads and a panel of crystal garniture hung from the waist down the back and front. Her veil was of white tulle, which was held in place with a wreath of orange blossoms. Her slippers were silver, and she carried a bridal bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley with small bunches of lilies-of-the-valley hanging by many little white satin ribbon streamers. Miss Shelton wore a dress of apricot taffeta with a girle of orchid and blue ribbon. Her corsage was of two shades of pink roses. Miss Billingsley wore a dress of oriole satin and a corsage of salmon pink roses and orchid shaded sweet peas. Following the ceremony Miss Brown played Mendelssohn's wedding march and a delicious luncheon was served in the dining room. The table was decorated with white candles in silver candlesticks with tiny white and silver shades. The centerpiece was a large wedding cake trimmed with white ribbons. On the buffet there was a large basket of pink roses and on each side of this there were large pink candles in silver candlesticks tied with pink tulle. Mr. and Mrs. Utch left at once for a short wedding tour and will be at home to their friends after March 1 in Kansas City. The bride's going-away dress was of French serge trimmed in shellac braid, made in the blouse effect. She wore a blue satin hat with a corded brim of silver gray, and a wrap of grey duvelryn with cuffs and collar of squirrel.

Mrs. Utch graduated from high school here in 1914, and attended Ward-Belmont at Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Utch is a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Utch, of Kansas City, and is identified with his father in a string of lumber companies.

The out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Utch, Miss Jerenne Utch and Mr. William Utch, of Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kilina and daughter, Bernice, of Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Vermilion and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Ortmeyer, of Wichita, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hobart, of Kansas City, Mrs. Lydia Saylor and Miss Bessie Saylor, of Halesburg, Mrs. D. P. Hollis, of Burton, Mr. John Kipp, of Ellsworth, Miss Betty Billingsley, of Galena, Ill., and Miss Mar-

gery Shelton, of Delaven, Ill.—Hutchinson (Kans.) News.
Misses Billingsley and Shelton, of the bridal party, have both been students at Ward-Belmont, the latter visiting and the former attending school here last year.

PERSONALS

Louise McClellan and Marie Walters were dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Burton in Nashville Sunday.

Addie Crouch Reed, Alline Pentris, and Mildred White spent the afternoon at the home of Mildred Hollister on Sunday afternoon.

Susie Spraggins, Claire Murphree, Maud Williams, Mary Sanderson, Evelyn Smith, Blanches Withers, and Addie Crouch Reed, who composed those at Mr. Brown's Martin's last table, were chaperoned by their host to see "Turn to the Right" in Nashville Saturday evening.

Alberta Smith returned to school Wednesday to resume her work. She was accompanied to Nashville by her father, Dr. Albert Smith, of Parsons, Kansas.

Miss Margaret Lyon, of Winona Lake, Indiana, who was unable to return after Christmas because of appendicitis, has registered for next year. Margaret has attended Ward-Belmont for a year and a half, and we hope that her next year here will be most happy.

Miss Mary Harris Cockrill, who assisted in the Expression Department of Ward-Belmont last year, has pledged Tri Delta at Vanderbilt. Misses Marion Matthews and Fannie Mae Nance, former Ward-Belmont students, were pledged Kappa Alpha Theta.

Elizabeth Henderson and Helen Hamline, chaperoned by Madame Graziani, had lunch in town Monday.

MME. BEZIAT HONORED

Mme. Tate Bradley Beziat, wife of Dr. Andre Beziat of Vanderhill, has been given the M.A. degree by Cornell. Her dissertation of 200 pages was on "Social Question in Novels of Rene Razlan," a present-day writer. Mme. Beziat is a B.A. from Vassar. She is also a student of Johns Hopkins.—Nashville Tennessean.

Mme. Beziat is well known as a valuable member of the Ward-Belmont faculty, since she teaches French at that school.

VESPERS

On last Sunday night, January 16, 1921, the following program was held at vespers:

Hymn—"Day of Rest."
Vocal solo—"I Have Read," Miss Sloan.

Scripture reading—Eccles. 49:1; 1

Cor. 13:4-8, Geraldine Parker.

Prayer—Cecilia Adickes.

Hymn—"All Saints."

Talk—"Friendship and Opportunity," Geraldine Parker.

In her talk on "Friendship and Opportunity" Geraldine Parker showed us the differences in opportunity of a wide and a small circle of friends.

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THANK YOU!

For all favors received, we are truly thankful, and not the least of these is the boon so graciously granted by Miss Mills last week, which enabled us to spend the greater part of Monday morning in the arms of Morpheus—the same condition which prevailed during the “mornings after” of vacation, isn't it? We hope that this act is for the good of the whole, and the many happy remarks of the girls concerning the privilege give us no reason to doubt the wisdom of the decree. There is but one question in our mind: We cannot help but secretly wonder if we were too active in “bringing pressure to bear.” We wonder!

DO YOU KNOW HER?

Ward-Belmont stresses democracy, but not infrequently the best of us “gang aley.” Not long ago a group of girls were discussing the source of income by which they were sent to school. One father's extensive ranches, another's series of banks, still another's ownership of railroads were brought forth as evidence of prosperity, and the conversation grew more “snobbish” every minute. Finally one girl, whose brilliant father's success as a lawyer is unquestioned, remarked, “My father is a street-sweeper, and one day he swept up a five dollar bill and sent me off to school with it.” The other girls were most effectively silenced—yet nothing was said that could offend. I admire the attitude of a girl who cannot tolerate boasting. Don't you?

Camouflage.

Little side-long glance,
Little winks so quaint,
Makes you think it's love
When it really ain't.

—Vanderbilt-Hustler.

“Well, Margaret is engaged.”
“Who's the happy man?”
“Her father.”

Fond Father—My boy, what do you expect to be when you get out of college?

Devoted Son—An old man, father.

“Why is cheese so full of holes?”
“It needs all the air it caught.”

He—You remind me of an angel, dear, you are always harping on something and you never have anything to wear.

War Prices.—He, “I feel like thirty cents.”

She—“How things have gone up since the war.”

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City Man—“Have you lived here all your life?”

Farmer—“No, not yet.”

She meant to kiss him with a look—at least such was her plan—

It happened though, she was cross-eyed—

And hit another man.

Miss Hussey: Miss Jerrel, name two of Shakespeare's comedies.

Louise: “Well, the erum, the only ones I know are, “Nothing much doing” and “Just as you say.”

Ilah Watson: We have so much macaroni. Do they raise it around Nashville?

Always remember Aristoplanes' advice to young women,
“Meetum, lovum, leevum.”

Little Girl—Mama, may I wear my socks today?

Mother—No, dear, wait till you've grown up.

She: “Do you know why I won't marry you?”

He: “I can't think.”
She: “You guessed it.”

Galloping Dominoes.

Sam—Ah done heard dat dey done find Columbus' bones.

Ezra—Lawd! Ah never knew dat he was a gambling man.—Columbia Jester.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1921

NUMBER II

TETRAZZINI HAS LOST NONE OF HER CHARMS

Luisa Tetrazzini, the incomparable, gave Nashville music lovers an exhibition of her marvelous vocalism last night at Ryman Auditorium. Her only previous appearance here was April 3, 1914.

Every one remembers the rapid rise to fame of this great coloratura singer, after her New York debut in 1907. True, San Francisco claims to have discovered her first, then London stamped her with its seal of approval, but her name has become a household word only since the great metropolis acclaimed her, and her talking machine records have carried her voice into every town.

The great diva has lost none of her effervescent spirits and seems as carefree as of yore. With one of the greatest voices the world has ever known and a perfection of singing

that few in this day will take the time to acquire, even if they could, Tetrazzini is the most gracious and approachable person imaginable.

It was a fairly large audience—as good as this city has furnished this season—and they enjoyed it to the full, all of the great singer's characteristic playfulness. Every time she upset a music rack or caught her lace scarf in the door or waved to some particular person in the gallery, they were in ecstasies. Madame's facial expression was a study as she appeared to take a humorous survey of the big bare stage, with its lack of decorations.

As to her singing, it is as perfect as it has always been. The extremely high note was as amazing as ever, above the staff her voice has the same (Continued on page 4.)

DEL VERS OUTING EMINENT SPEAKERS

On Monday morning, January 24th, the Del Vers Club left for Woody Crest under the chaperonage of Mrs. Charlton. Four members and the sponsor, Miss Hollinger, who is seriously ill, were absent.

The day was spent in playing cards, dancing and enjoying the many pleasures which go with a Woody Crest trip. Oh, yes, and we mustn't forget the good eats, which were no small attraction.

TEXAS CLUB RECEIVES NOTE OF APPRECIATION

The Texas Club held a short meeting a few days before Christmas and decided that their Christmas holidays would be much happier if they could make some one else happy by a Christmas remembrance. It was then decided to send individual boxes of candy to the old ladies at the Old Woman's Home. This beautiful note shows how well they succeeded in their purpose.

"To the President of the Texas Club: The Board of Directors of the Old Woman's Home and the members join the old ladies of the home family in expressing to the Texas Club of Ward-Belmont School their sincere appreciation and grateful thanks for their sweet thoughtfulness on Christmas. The ladies thoroughly enjoyed the delicious candy, and they also enjoyed the fact that you thought of them and cared enough to so beautifully remember them.

"May Him whose birthday you were celebrating bless each member of your club. Very sincerely,

Mrs. J. L. Watkins."

Why Paint the Lily?

She: "Thanks awfully for the flowers. There's a little dew on them." He: "Oh, that's all right. We'll set the next Saturday night."

CALENDAR

Feb. 2—Mme. Schumann Heink.
Feb. 4-5—Examinations.
Feb. 8—Fritz Kreisler.
Feb. 11—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.
Feb. 18—Alma Gluck.
Mar. 1—Sophie Braslau.
Mar. 11—Martinielli.
Mar. 21—Mabel Garrison.
Apr. 8—Philharmonic Orchestra.

DIXIE SNOW

Snowflakes from Southern skies
Kiss the ground in fun,
Then vanish as a fairy flies
Under a smiling sun.

Snowflakes on night-black hair
Or sunshine on the gold—
Oh, Southern love, if young and fair,
Changes and soon grows cold.

And Dixie hearts melt readily,
As Dixie snows will do,
Under a warmth that swears to be
Unwaveringly true.

Warm glow Apollo's rays
As hearts of Southern love,
Till Diane her brother slays
And lights the place above.

Yes, now appears the fickle moon
And works her witchery;
Love's inconstant all too soon—
Oh, Southern coquetry!

AGORA CLUB NEWS

The last two meetings of the Agora Club have been most interesting as well as inspiring.

The meeting of January 13th was held in the gymnasium and Mrs. "Charlie" gave us all a fine talk on "Good Manners." We surely did appreciate the talk, and I think everyone added one more resolution onto their "1921 New Year's Resolutions," saying, "From now on I am going to cultivate and practice good manners."

Afterwards a few minutes of dancing was enjoyed, and everyone was showing the latest dance steps.

The meeting of the 19th was held with the Penta Tau Club in the chapel. Mr. Hollinshead gave us a talk.

The meeting adjourned, and we merrily (?) went to our rooms to study.

Felicia Bertman spent the week-end in town with her mother.

Beulah Stevens was the guest of her aunt in town Monday. Margaret Howard was in town with her aunt, Mrs. Polk Tarwater, Thursday.

Blossom Bath has left for Chattanooga to be an attendant in a wedding.

Customer: "Do you serve lobsters?"
Waiter: "We serve anybody. Here's a table."



ALMANAC

You tell 'em, Regulars,
Kenney's "with th-you."

OSIRON CLUB HAS TWO INTERESTING MEETINGS

The Osiron Club held its first after-Xmas meeting January 13th. After the club had extended a welcome to Lydia Maposa, a former student of Ward-Belmont and an old Osiron who has returned to us since the holidays, we were entertained by her account of what she has been doing since last June. The remainder of the evening was spent listening to a most amusing story, "Aeneas Africanus," read very delightfully by our president Ellanna Born. When the bell rang we just had to stay a few minutes late to learn the fate of that funny old African, and everyone left the club room with a "grin from ear to ear."

Last Wednesday every Osiron received a notice to bring "six folders of pound paper tied together, some paste, scissors, pen or pencil and three or four magazines." There resulted

much speculation as to what it was all about, and everyone went to club that evening loaded down with a lot of "apparatus" and why they did not know. The suspense was soon relieved, however, for it was explained that each girl was to cut pictures from her magazines and make a scrap book of her "Life." No one stopped to ask questions, but sat down, nearly everyone on the floor, and began to cut, paste and write, and continued doing so until "time up" was called. After all of the books were handed in the judges—Misses Hussey, Middleton and Sallie Bell Moore—decided that Carolle Kessler's "Life" was the most original among the many originals, and that to her belonged the prize. The only thing wrong with this very, very pleasant meeting was that no one had time to paste in half their pictures.

SUNDAYS AND I

"The Sabbath is made for man." The Bible does not say anything about its being made for woman. Anyway, I don't think it was made for me.

"Up early to breakfast and rush to Sunday school," reads an extract from my diary every Sunday. That is the dawn. Then I stumble into uniform for church by buttoning up my navy blue suit, shining my feet and shoes and drawing down that black tailored hat over my left eyebrow—just above a pale, white countenance, too. "No rouge today, no rouge any day," is our slogan, and we stick to it, too, if we have the "right attitude."

Then packed in the "Special" street car, I hope to town to church, lap-lapping at every corner, for I never get a seat. We march into church in pairs like the animals of Noah's ark and are seated in the very front pews. Then follows an hour or two at church, when I squirm and twist, and think of what I did Xmas and of the "Specials" awaiting me in my mail box. After church I look back again and scramble to my box—nothing there. Oh! well, it will come later. But after dinner I rush to my box again—only habit—and, alas! it is empty. Habit again, shall I say?

Everyone goes riding except me. Out on the campus I watch the cars roll up, fill up with lucky girls and roll away. Why, oh, why, doesn't fate send some black carriage, drawn by a gasoline steed, and driven by some young prince to steal away with me? The sight is too maddening, so I seek something indoors.

In every other room are care-free girls writing letters home—what they can find to say, I can't see—and tuning up their ukeleles. I never hear any tunes; they're always tuning up or striking a cord; always "getting ready" to play.

Finally I walk up and down through Recreation Hall, thinking a chance for an automobile ride will jump out and say "Boo!" I do believe I'd faint if

one would, but I can easily make the boast.

"Quiet hour" arrives, quieting my wanderings and weary from scheming rides, I pile up for an afternoon nap. Of course I know there's a paper to write, a book to be read before Tuesday and a report to get up, besides answering dozens of letters, usually a month's accumulation. But they can be attended to tomorrow. Oh, yes, I remember a verse in the Bible that I learned when six years old for not going to Sunday school one morning. I think it can be applied here: "If ye be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest." I was told to learn any one verse that time, and I liked the sound of that one. Funny, isn't it, how those verses stick in your memory? Anyway, I said that verse four hundred times. I had to.

After tea I wander around to Mary's or Alice's house down the corridor, but no one is at home. The odor of sticky, black fudge steals up from the basement, where some very energetic girls are having fun. Why didn't I buy some sugar or chocolate yesterday while in town? Some girls must have never-stop thinkers, the kind you wind up, and they run on forever.

Sh! Uncle Archie's steps are heard coming down the hall. Oh! maybe you have a "special," but it couldn't be true. Is it opportunity or fate? Why, if opportunity were to knock and we didn't hear it, we'd only have ourselves to blame, for most of us are too lazy to hang up a door-knocker.

I drive to the door, falling over a chair. No one told it to get in the way just then. "Special for Miss—," Just sign here. The "special" has arrived at last, and I'm so happy I'd be willing to sign a dozen places. Then I look to see if it is from him. Alas! the handwriting is too familiar, for it always accompanies the monthly checks. Father just wishes to congratulate me for writing him a two-page note. Is it not time for "lights out"?

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....MARGARET GARNER
Assistant Editor.....JULIA PRICE
Business Manager.....MARTHA VONDERHEIM
Assistant Business Manager.....LOUISE JEWELL
Art Editor.....JEAN COOPER

REPORTERS

JAMA SHARP
MARTHA BAIRD
MARIAN WILLIAMS
MARIAN SULLIVAN

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

In our exchange with other schools, we frequently find something too good to keep, and so we are printing this timely "questionnaire," published in the Purple and White of Milligan College. Ask yourself: What does your school publication mean to you? "Does the paper satisfy you as representative of the student body? Wherewith would you wish it improved? What features would you like to see changed? Did you know that it should reflect the student life on the campus? Does it tell of every phase of student activity? Do the Locals include enough of our classmates? Are the folks at home interested in the paper?"

"Have you ever written even a short local as a contribution to the paper? Can you point with pride to any write-up from your pen? Have you tried to better some situation on the campus by a constructive criticism through the Forum Column? Have you forgotten to comply with any request to write up some particular event?"

"Do you believe the paper can be representative of the student body unless the student body writes its life into its pages? Can the editors sit at their desks and think up everything that has happened of interest to our subscribers? Can they make you hand in contributions if you don't care to or are too lazy to stir? Can a staff-written paper be a success?"

"Well—maybe
"But what we want is co-operation from the student body!"

WEDDING BELLS

Robbie Marie Irwin, who attended W.B. in 1920, to Mr. Robert Edison Giesberg, January 26, 1921, at Houston, Texas.

Dorothy Murtey, 1918-19, to Mr. Richard William Faulkner, December 15, 1920, at Weeping Water, Neb.
Margaret Lanier Fox to Mr. Walter Scott Hawkins, Jr., December 29, 1920, at Danville, Ky.

Mary Ann Welch to Mr. George Walter Ulth, Jr., January 15, 1921, at Hutchinson, Kan.

Genevieve Kerr to Mr. Owen Evans Spruance, Lieutenant Air Service, U. S. A., January 22, 1921, at San Antonio, Texas.

Mildred Scott to Mr. Joseph Edward Parker, December 23, 1920, at Tulsa, Okla.

Ruth Willets to Mr. Herbert Somerby Nock, February 5, in Chicago.

Anna Rose Keene, 1918&19, to Mr. Miles Edward Ginsberg, January 23, 1921, in Los Angeles, Cal.

THE TOLLEFSEN TRIO

We heard with great pleasure the Tollefsen Trio, who has been here before and who each time afford us so much pleasure.

It is composed of Carl Tollefsen, violinist; Paul Kefer, cellist, and Augusta Tollefsen, pianist.

They opened their program with the trio in G major (Boellman). It was beautifully interpreted.

The next group was composed for 'cello solos. Mr. Kefer played "Serranade Espagnols (Glazounov) and "The Sivan" (Saint Saens)).

Madame Tollefsen displayed wonderful technique in her playing. She gave a beautiful rendering of "La Campanella" (Liszt) and "Arabesque" (Leschetizky).

On account of the short length of time, Mr. Tollefsen left out the first of his numbers and gave "Scenes de la Czaros" (Hubay) and as an encore "Meditation" (Thais Massenet). He also showed remarkable beauty in his depth of tone.

The program closed with a piano solo by Madame Tollefsen instead of the trio in B flat (Rubenstein).

X. L.'S HAVE INTERESTING MEETING

Last Wednesday night the X. L.'s had a most interesting meeting on the discussion of the modern novel. Marion Sullivan was chairman, and several girls gave short parts of some modern stories and something of the author's lives.

Louise Berger "The Little House" (Comingsby Dawson).

Florence Ashcraft told us about John Galsworthy's new novel, "Freelands," and Margaret Garner, "Seed of the Sun." Ruth Wurtzough suggested another name, while Florence Hemsley read a very interesting outline "This Side of Paradise" (Fitzgerald) and closed a very enjoyable evening.

Miss Mills, out riding, notices the brilliant coloring of the bushes along the road. "Isn't it wonderful that, wherever color is needed, nature puts it there?"

She was entirely innocent of any allusion to W.B.—we are sure, but really, girls, how about it?

Cuts

I've seen dad "cut" a neighbor,
And mother "cut" a pie,
And Bobby "cut" a caper
And then begin to cry.
So I've experienced some,
And now I think, alas!
That the most unkindest cut of all
Is the cut that cuts a class.

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PERSONALS

Charlotte Simpson and Virginia Carlton spent the day in Nashville Sunday with Miss Keith and Monday with Mr. M. C. Carlton from Springfield, Tenn.

Mary Louise Looke, Frances Harris, Josephine Mayfield and Charlotte Simpson were chaperoned to town Friday afternoon by Mrs. Lowry.

Nina Woodall and Evelyn Ellington had dinner in Nashville Monday night with Mr. W. L. Ellington.

Margaret Moore, Margaret Chandler, Dorothea Hyde, Miriam Wood and Edith Frye enjoyed a drive with Mr. and Mrs. Hooper last Sunday.

Beatrice Johnston, Janice Boardman, Doris Cone and Frankie McKinney spent Monday in town with Margaret Garner.

Marjorie Echols, Olive Rainwater and Margaret Moore went down town with Miss Leavell on Monday.

Louise Bell spent the week-end at her home in Bellemade Park.

Mrs. Harrison of Pochobont, Ark., who has been the guest of her daughter, Marion, has returned home. While here Margaret Chandler, Margaret Moore, Miriam Wood and Pearl and Marie Biggers were her guests down town on Monday.

Fay Young, Jean Pineking, Mabel Todd and Irene Leipold spent Monday in town with Mrs. McCray.

Jama Sharp, Catherine Smith, Zelma and Mamie Lee, Autumn Hurley and Phi Delta Evans spent Monday in town with Mrs. Berger.

Mamie and Zelma Lee were entertained Sunday at the home of Mrs. Rainy.

Mrs. Crowell chaperoned Mary Kennedy and Virginia Howard to town Monday.

Mary Coulson spent Sunday with Mrs. Lipscomb.

Virginia Carleton and Charlotte Simpson spent Sunday in town with friends. Virginia was also visited Monday by her father.

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JUNKLESS RHYTHM

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight;
The sun was shining brightly,
And it rained all day that night.

It was a hot summer day in winter,
The ground was freezing fast;
A barefooted boy with shoes on
Stood sitting on the grass.

It was evening and the rising sun
Was setting in the west,
And the little fishes in the trees
Were huddled in their nest.

The rain was pouring down,
And the sun was shining brightly;
And everybody you could see
Was hiding out of sight.

While the organ pealed potatoes
Lard was rendered by the quire,
While the axion rang the dish rag
Some one set the church on fire.

Holy smoke the preacher shouted,
In the win he lost his hair;
Now his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.
—By a Schoolboy.

"Isn't this ripping?" said the drop-stitch as it ran down the stocking.—Tar Baby.

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YSAYE CONDUCTS HIS PROGRAM BY MEMORY

The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of the great Belgian violinist, Eugene Ysaeye, was greeted last evening at Ryman Auditorium by a much smaller audience than usual, because of the inclement weather.

This was the third annual appearance in Nashville of this wonderful organization, and lovers of symphonic music are never disappointed in their expectations of being carried to the seventh heaven of delight by the beauty of its playing.

The orchestra is fine balanced and contains in each division of string, reed, and brass many virtuoso players. It has great transparency, with all its sonorous volume, and a verve and sweep due no little to the massive grandeur of Ysaeye's own violin playing, which the maestro has the great gift of imparting to his men.

Year by year this orchestra achieves a greater degree of perfection, and now the clarity and superb precision of the violins and cello, the insatiable mellowness of the flutes and oboes, blending with the subdued tones of the choir of horns and trombones, create an effect of grandeur and solidity equaled by not many similar organizations.

Ysaeye, as always, dominates by his majestic appearance and by his powerfully conceived interpretations. He conducted almost the entire program from memory, which alone stamps him as an orchestral genius.

The concert opened with the overture to Weber's "Der Freischutz" (1821), which is as convincing in its expression of the supernatural as it was at the first performance of the opera just a century ago. The tremolo of strings, the drums, and mysterious low notes of the clarinets are effective as ever, and the overture was magnificently played.

The Franck Symphony in D minor (1889), lies close to the heart of Ysaeye, for both men were born in the same city, Liege. In fact, the old composer dedicated some of his great compositions to the rising young violinist.

This was the first local hearing of the Franck Symphony, and it seems unique in that the principal theme appears in all three movements, while its chromatic coloring reminds one of "Tristan," the "Tannhauser" Venus scene, or the later Debussy. It is a work of ineffable loveliness and its prolonged seraphic qualities bring to mind Sara Teasdale's line, "When beauty grows too great to bear."

The greatest master of all time, Richard Wagner, was represented by the Prelude to his sacred music drama, "Parsifal" (1882). Ysaeye's reading of this majestic work was reverent and the different motives were clearly outlined. The great masses of tone of the brasses, the delicate harp runs, and even the impressive silences were eloquent of this story of the Holy Grail. Added effect was produced by turning off all the lights, save those over the players.

A complete contrast was the Bizet Suite No. 1 (1872) of incidental music to Daudet's play "L'Arlésienne." The adagio for strings was exquisitely played and the Carillon received great applause.

The closing number, the Bacchanale, from Saint-Saens' opera, "Samson and Delilah" (1877), was a rousing finale with its riot of Oriental color and stirring rhythms. Tennessean.

SENIOR GYM.

Oh say have you seen
On the campus so green
So charming and ruraly true,
Some very strange birds
With manners absurd—
It's the Senior Gym Class, too.

They hop all around
With their feet on the ground,
And some of them look pretty blue;
They start many and strong,
But that strength lasts not long—
And they finish, alas, very few!

VESPERS JAN. 23, 1921

The Vesper service last Sunday evening was led by Miss Kitty Morris of the Nashville Y. W. C. A. The service order was as follows:

Hymn—"Come, Thou Almighty King."
Scripture Lesson—1 Corinthians. Em. Neville Cochran.
Hymn—"O Zion, Haste!"
Talk by Miss Morris.

Benediction—"Day Is Dying with the West."

Miss Morris talked to us on our relationship to the industrial girl. She told us especially of Miss Bingley of Nashville, who was so kind and had such wonderful strength and influence in leading the other girls to follow the right principles. She told of Miss Bingley's obtaining a pardon from the Governor of Tennessee for a boy in the State prison here. She told us how she demanded the right things and got them. Continuing, she spoke of the many things they had done for us and how we never touched anything or picked up a garment to wear that some girl had not helped make. She closed by showing us our responsibility to these girls and promised to bring Miss Bingley to talk to us at some future time.

INDIANA CLUB ENTERTAINS

On Saturday evening the Indiana Club entertained with a dance, on the third floor of the Academic Building. The "Hoosier Jazz Orchestra" composed of members of the club, furnished very excellent and peppy music.

Knowing that all girls at Ward-Belmont have a great appetite by Saturday night, programs were dispensed with and instead there appeared great heaps of food.

At the very late hour of nine-thirty all departed, having spent a most delightful evening.

The Indiana Club was organized very early in the year, and the following officers were elected:

Dorothy Cochran, President.
Zola Sinclair, Vice President.
Margaret Vernier, Secretary.
Gwendolyn Piles, Treasurer.
Miss Kathryn Kirkham was chosen as sponsor.

Virginia Price spent the week-end at the home of her aunt, Mrs. M. M. Price, in Nashville.

Addie Crouch Reed and Kathryn Kirkham had lunch in town Monday.

Josephine Mayfield and Frances Harris were the guests of Mrs. W. F. May in Nashville Sunday.

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(Continued from page 1.)

extraordinary brilliance and penetration as always. She swells and diminishes on them with the same unsurpassed ease. Most of her tones are as ravishingly beautiful as ever fell from mortal lips. There are some which have a very light quality, especially the lower ones, and her breath control and phrasing is simply marvelous, especially in the "Lucia" aria.

The "Dearest Name" aria from "Rigoletto," and the group of three Italian songs were wonders of vocalism. Her encores after the "Rigoletto" were Toselli's "Serenata," with flute and cello, and "The Last Song," by Tosti. After the group she sang "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling" and "The Last Rose of Summer." At the close, with cello and flute, Drigo's "Serenade."

The audience would not let her go, but crowded into the dressing room, and she tripped to the footlights again and again to shake hands with her admirers.

Max Gogna is one of the finest cellists Nashville has ever heard. He has great technique, a rich tone and fine musical taste. After the Boellman "Symphonic Variations," he was recalled to play Popper's "Elfentanz," and it was splendidly executed. After the Popper "Rhapsodie" he gave Saint-Saens' "Swan."

J. Henri Bove is a very young man to be selected for such a responsible work, but his flute playing was of a very fine quality. His perfection of technique rivaled that of Tetrazzini, and he produced the most dulcet tones that were ever breathed forth in competition with a skyrocketing "Lucia." After the Lavignac "Serenade" and Chopin's "Minute Waltz," he played Doppler's "Hungarian Fantasia."

The accompanists, Francesco Longo, performed his arduous duties in the most admirable manner and is a pianist of great skill.

"SYMPTOMS"

Although I am not a medico, I know a lot of things such as how heart beats ought to go and why a bee sting stings. For in my time I have fallen heir to many measly ills, and I have known much grief and care from mumps and hives and chills. And doctors old and doctors young have sat around my bed, and looked full oft upon my tongue with wisely shaking head. So I can give much good advice on divers deadly ills, and tell of dopes that are not nice and prate of pale pink pills. For instance, if the skies above seem made of indigo, if all the folks you really love turn cold as winter's snow, if nothing here seems quite worth while, the world a witless show, and no one ever gives

a smile, nor any blossoms blow—why, when you reach this piteous plight, don't rage and roar and rip. The universe is still all right; but you, you've got the pip. Or, if perchance you have enjoyed a sumptuous midnight feed, with lobster red and salads green and oysters fricaseed; if you have heaped upon your plate brick cheese and pickles sweet, and if you murmured as you ate, "Bing me three kinds of meat," and then at length when almost through and feeling rather dry, you ordered up iced phosphates two, and last a fat mince pie, it may be that you woke at dawn, before the sun's first gleam with feelings that you were quite gone, and crying, "What a dream!" A pain amidsthips cut you through; your head seemed made of lead, while in your mouth the taste of glue made you sink back in bed. When this occurs, there is naught to do but call the doctor in. The chances are he'll glance at you and then begin to grin. Then he will prod the seat of pain with many a heartless poke, until your "tummy" aches again, and you wish he would choke. And then he writes a grisley screed, a measly line or two, which surely none on earth can read; and yet 'tis fed to you. Yes, this and salts and castor oil and pills of pink and blue; witts, pints of water at a bail—all these they treat you to. And when they find you are alive through all this treatment rough, the doctor says you owe him five, and you can't call his bluff.



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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

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NUMBER 12

FIJIAN GUESTS OF DR. BLANTON

DINNER AT WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL BRINGS OUT
HEAVY ATTENDANCE

An outstanding event in the life of the Kiwanis Club was the dinner at Ward-Belmont School Friday night, when Dr. J. D. Blanton had the members of the club as his guests. The Fijians had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Blanton, the faculty members, and student body, and the evening proved a most enjoyable one. At the time the men arrived until "curfew" bell rang at 10 o'clock. In anticipation of the delightful entertainment promised almost every Fijian was present, even those who had been "too busy" to attend the regular weekly club luncheon meetings in the past six months, and which was lacking to recompense them for taking advantage of the luncheon extended. For the dinner the spacious dining room was elaborately decorated with Southern smiles, while baskets of flowers were placed for the table decorations. During the dinner one of the Ward-Belmont orchestras furnished a beautiful program of music. At each table two Fijians were seated with six of the schoolgirls. It was a gala occasion, especially for the Kiwanis Club's chronic bachelors, Dr. Prentice A. Pugh, George Kitchell, Dr. J. W. Winn, and a few of the bachelors pro tem—that is, those whose wives happened to be out of town. As a matter of fact practically all were "bachelors" on the occasion, as all but seven of the Fijians stood up in response to the request, made soon after the assembly was seated, that all the "single" men rise.

W. H. Lambuth, alias Dr. Blanton, acted as master of ceremonies, and program of humorous speeches, songs and fun features was carried out by members of the Kiwanis Club. One of the features being a new set of rules for the Ward-Belmont girls, which met the latter's unqualified approval.

Following the Kiwanis program, the meeting was turned over to Miss Della Jeffries, president of the student council, who presided over a program given by the college girls. Although it was explained the program was a very impromptu one, the respective numbers were given in a manner that would have done credit to professionals, much talent and training being in evidence. The first number was a silt, "Jeune Amour," by Misses Janice Boardman and Nina Woodall, Miss Boardman's whistling gaining the praise of all. Misses Dorothy Hensell and Mary Frances Crosby represented "Rose and Anne of Washington Square," and were forced to respond to several scores to their clever songs.

Another pleasing number was the "Orchestra Unique," when Misses Nellie Camp and Fannie Julia helped give some of the popular

(Continued on Page 4.)

X. L.'S HAVE "8" PARTY

Wednesday night was a social meeting for the X. L.'s.

Everybody was prepared for a good time. The invitations had seen to that. They were very clever and announced that we were to have the pleasure of attending an "8" party.

And so we did. Everything was "8" from start to finish. Virginia McCoy had charge, and to her goes the credit. First, there was a contest. A number of nouns were given to supply the last syllable; then verbs, and finally a miscellaneous assortment. They were most complicated, and for the first group the prize was given to Pauline Woodward. The second to Geraldine Parker, and the last to Sis Bell.

Then everybody was called on to give some form of entertainment. Much merriment resulted, and many jokes which we resolved to remember were told.

As a grand finale the past was changed to the present. And delicious refreshments—and much of them—were served, still carrying out the original idea.

Three cheers for McCoy! was everybody's wish as we left.

SENIOR GYM CLASSES HAVE LARGE EXAM.

The seniors once had a good opinion of themselves, but now ever since Saturday at 3:15, January 29, they have lost their opinion.

Full pegfully they started on Alci-blades Jones, tripping (more than once) the light fantastic. Miss Morrison, who is blessed with a sense of humor, selected a few comparatively brilliant shining lights, who surprised her by showing just how the dance couldn't be done. The suite on the third floor of Pembroke, which demanded publicity recently, secured just what it wanted, with interest. The coquettish kick in the "Alumni Mazurka" was especially touching. The brilliant physical eds were excluded from this exam, thus explaining the general prevalence of ignorance.

When the torture was over and the (comparative) stars had retired to the sidelines to receive Miss Morrison's scolding, they were

"All out of breath,
But were tickled to death—
Uh-huh!"

Let it be parenthetically remarked that Miss Sisson and Janice Boardman, on the sidelines, were also "all out of breath, and tickled to death."

but not from exhaustion and relief. They—"superior beings"—were merely overcome with laughter. 'Tis sufficient!

Note—Hygiene lectures have begun. All who cut or flunked last year are required to take the lectures over.

VESPERS SUNDAY, JANUARY 30

If you need an antidote for any of your troubles, you should have come to the vespers last Sunday night.

This was the order of the service:

Hymn—"Holy, Holy, Holy,"

Scripture—75th Psalm, Virginia Glasscock.

Hymn—"Fairest Lord Jesus,"

Talk by Cecelia Adickes.

Virginia Glasscock was the leader.

The talk given by Cecelia Adickes

was on antidotes. She gave us the

remedy for worry, fear, hatred, loneliness, envy, and the blues. "We

surely all ought to feel much better

after this service. The benediction

was the reading of the 23rd Psalm.

TRI K. MEETING

At the Tri K. meeting Wednesday night some very interesting facts were learned. Several girls gave short talks on play writers, plays, and actors of the present day. To know something of the personal life of the actor or of the author of a play adds immeasurably to the interest.

We were interested especially in the life of Mr. Edward Johnson, who gave such a delightful concert here a short time ago. A certain Nashville lady met Mr. Johnson in Europe, and a friendship of many years standing exists between the two. Through this charming friend of the distinguished tenor we have learned the story of Mr. Johnson's romantic marriage to a Venetian noblewoman, and of his subsequent problems in educating his temperamental little daughter since the death of the Italian mother.

Thiera Spier's modesty prevented her from telling us a thrilling bit of news, but those who lingered a few minutes after the eight o'clock bell learned that Thiera's brother is teaching Norma Talmadge to swim. Now what do you think of that, girls?

CALENDAR

Feb. 3, 4, 5—Fritz Leibler in Shakespeare's plays.

Feb. 5-8—Exams.

Feb. 8—Fritz Kreisler.

Feb. 11—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Feb. 18—Alma Gluck.

March 1—Sophie Braslau.

March 11—Martinielli.

March 21—Mabel Garrison.

April 8—Philharmonic Orchestra.



ALMANAC

What goeth before a fall?

You tell 'em Sis; you

tumbled!

COMEDIETTES AT WARD-BELMONT

VOICE AND POISE CLASS GIVE RECITAL IN
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AMUSING EXAMINATION ANSWERS

The following answers to musical examination questions came from London. They were collected by Francesco Berger, the well-known London teacher:

Q. How many sorts of scales are there?

A. Three—the major, the minor, and the armonic.

Q. What is a double sharp?

A. When you strike two black keys at the same time, one with each hand.

Q. Define "form" in music.

A. Well—it is not good form to applaud by stamping your feet; you should clap your hands.

Q. Can you say anything about the Hallelujah Chorus?

A. It was composed by a man named Halle, who in his youth had been apprenticed to a blacksmith.

Q. What does it signify?

A. "So far," for one day's practice.

Q. What is a Minuetto?

A. A piece that you can play through in one minute.

RECITAL BY PUPILS OF MISS BLYTHE

With excellent poise, fine technical standard and style, pupils of Miss Blythe in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, gave an interesting recital on Tuesday afternoon. Part of the training of the year is to accustom piano pupils to play with ease and grace in public and to that end the studio recitals that are given from time to time have a distinct education value apart from their artistic meaning. The program given in Miss Blythe's studio, while only for a student audience, was excellently done and was worthy of the appreciation of cultivated music lovers. The program given follows:

"Danza Fantastica," Cippolone.
Miss Dudley Castel; "Senerata," Moszkowski, Miss Elizabeth Carter; "Little Dutch Doll," Krogman, Miss Minnie Hayes; "La Graciosa," Sartorio, Miss Elizabeth Shackelford; "Evening Star," Wagner-Tonelli, Miss Mary Bird Holland; "In the Meadow," Licher, Miss Florence Hayes; "Serene Morning," Gurilt, Miss Isabel Hoffa; "Woodland Whispers," Braunkardt, Miss Mary Simonton; "Scarf Dance," Chaminade, Miss Louise Handley; "Valse Mystique," Nachb, Miss Fay Underwood; "Souvenir," Jadasohn, Miss Elizabeth Conroy; "Dedication," Trolfusen, Miss Dale Moffett; "Scotch Poem," MacDowell, Miss Evelyn Potter.

Clever educators and critics were present among the patrons of Ward-Belmont, at the splendid recital in the expression studio on Friday afternoon, when the class in voice and poise presented six modern one-act comediettes so artistically and excellently as to win their enthusiastic commendation and applause. The work of these young girls was a typical evidence of the splendid result that has been achieved by Miss Townsend and Miss Middleton in dramatic expression and voice training. While each of the bright little plays was full of clever lines and funny situations, there was also abundant opportunity for some very serious work, to which the young actors rose splendidly. The work of Misses Florence Adams, Con Thompson, Mildred Cowden, Katherine Sloan, Mary Christine Provine and Mary Elizabeth Wilson was exceptional for its accuracy, spirit and fine taste.

The plays were a sample of the everyday class work, which made it all the more interesting. The program in full follows:

"Six to One."

(By Miss Matthews.)

Characters.

Mrs. Dodge Dorothy Norman
Gladys Quincy, her Boston niece
..... Martha Hooten
Mira Crosby, her New York niece
..... Sara Minton
Maud Lawton, her Philadelphia niece
..... Anna Mary Hudson
Ethel Davies, her Chicago niece
..... Louise Cooke
Aline Valen, her French niece
..... Mildred Cowden
(The Six.)
Elliot Champney, The One
..... Sara Bradford

II—"The Truth About Jane."

(By Miss Thompson.)

Scene—Mrs. Wilming's living room.
Characters.
Mrs. Wilming Mary Moore
Cornelia Ellen Suell
Agnes Esther Craft
Jane Con Thompson
(Her Daughters.)
Aunt Jane Florence Adams
Bridget, the Cook Billy Cooke

III—"Oysters."

(By Miss Thompson.)

Scene—Betty's dining room.
Characters.
Betty (giving a luncheon)
..... Betty Handchett
Miss Tabitha Tibbets, who never tasted oysters Katherine Sloan
Isabel Elizabeth Jackson
Bertha, her girl Dorothy Wade
Lillian, friend Roberta Lightfoot
Lucy Janet Kerr

IV—"At Cross Purposes."

(By Miss Rose.)

Scene—Miss Deborah's living room.
(Continued on Page 4.)

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

A merry new term! This week brings to a close the first term of the school year 1920-1921, and one-half of the year has gone. Did you stop and think over the last four months—of the work you had accomplished and of the pleasure and benefit you had derived from it? Many of us are in the habit of recalling the hardest places and the unpleasant things that have occurred; but forget them and keep the profit which is due you if you have realized your opportunities. Then in looking forward to the new term, profit by your experiences from the old, make new resolutions as you would at New Year—and keep them, too. There is always time to "turn over a new leaf." This term make a resolution not to leave all of your studying until the day before exams. Many of you are sighing now, since examinations are over, "It might have been." At the end of this term laughingly remark, "I'm glad I did!" You can do it.

THE CAMPUS KICK

"Squeak, squeak!" and you grind and grind, and grind some more. Then from the pencil sharpener you jerk your long, new pencil—that is, it was long when you started to sharpen it. Now, alas! you have left at least two cents' worth of a nickel pencil somewhere in the recesses of that "Ever-Sharp" pencil sharpener. You stick the pencil back in and grind some more. Another penny's worth of lead and shavings has disappeared. There is no use giving your whole pencil to the monster, so you have to resort to scissors. Oh, if the one who sharpens such articles of devastation only knew how many times, in a hurry, you have gone to a class with no point on your pencil, or how much knowledge seems to drop from a keen, sharp point during examinations, we'd have sharp points on our pencils for every emergency and always make A plus.

WESTERN CLUB

Did you know there was a Western Club in school? Even if you didn't know it, there is, and though its members number only fifteen, they seem to be planning a great many good times.

Miss Corrie Crawford is the sponsor, and the officers are: Leah Abraham, president; Dorothy Cozier, secretary; and Mabel Smith, treasurer.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

As last Sunday was the final Sunday in the month, we stayed out here for church.

Bishop Moore, who has visited us several times and who has always been enjoyed, was the speaker. His subject was on his recent visit to South America, and he made a very interesting and instructive talk.

A solo was sung at the close of the service by Helen Hainline.

THE TOCSIN SOUNDS

We are the patient Senior Middies, waiting, waiting for our privileges. Must we stand always, uncomplaining, until June slips upon us and carries us home without them, without the much-longed for, the much-longed for privileges?

Oh, ye Governing Board, hear our plea, grant us this favor ere it is too late!

TRI K MATINEE

A most delightful theater party was given Monday afternoon by the Tri K. Club. Preceding this date, unique invitations had been sent out. They were in the form of theater tickets. Although they bore the statement, "Good for one date only," they were guarantees that the possessor could attend the theater in the good, old-fashioned way in which it is customary to indulge in this pleasure "at home" (where you go to the theater with one or two friends instead of five hundred, and present your ticket at the door. You know!)

Before the matinee the Tri K's held a reception in Recreation Hall, where the guests were received by the sponsor and officers of the club. Dainty maids in conventional uniform presented each guest with a box of candy. Drawn by the irresistible strains of a four-piece orchestra, every one adjourned to the auditorium. The club colors, black and white, were carried out attractively in the decorations and favors, and the members of the club wore black and white.

The performance opened with a one-act comedy skit of "Georgette, Asbestos and George," portrayed by M. E. Gee, C. Simpson, and M. White, the mirth-provoking comedians of wide fame.

Then the picture began. To the joy of the expectant audience it proved to be "Dinty" starring little Wesley Barry. This youthful actor quite captivated the hearts and sympathy of his entire audience.

Between acts some of the most noted of the popular vaudeville stars

batio troupe of Morrison, Atkinson and Kerr gave an astounding display of muscular strength and skill.

There lies in the dancing of Miss Margaret Warden the subtle charm of Oriental grace. She interpreted a dance of the East.

The audience was delighted to hear the famous whistling girl, Janice Boardman, who has come by request on a return engagement. She is said to be the finest bird imitator in the world.

Miss Happe Rauberts is a tight-rope walker who has come to this country recently. She is a great favorite with the French public and is winning popularity in America also. She is renowned for the agility with which she performs daring and hazardous feats on a high wire of extreme fineness.

During the performance a refreshing mint punch was served by the efficient "maids."

The picture was thoroughly entertaining in every way. It gave the Tri K's and their guests an opportunity to "run the gamut of the human emotions," as the novelists say. Every one agreed that this unusual party was one of the most enjoyable functions of this brilliant social season.

PERSONALS

Julia Price, Blanche Withers, Ellen Polk, and Helen Emberson spent Monday afternoon in Nashville with Mrs. A. J. Thuss and daughter, Elizabeth.

Louise McClellan was the guest of Mrs. S. P. Burton in Nashville Sunday afternoon.

Mabel Smith and Helen Fletcher were the guests of friends at "Lightnin'" Saturday night.

Emmeline Boyer spent Monday in town.

Misses Louise Smith, Ethel Sloan, Leona Whitter and Mildred Hunt

spent Monday in town with Mildred's mother.

Mrs. Bowers, of Dresden, Tenn., is visiting her daughter, Ida Mae.

Misses Adelaide Miller and Florence Hemsley were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Smoot on Monday.

Mr. Dorch, of Columbia, Tenn., visited his daughter on Tuesday.

Misses Helen Fletcher and Mabel Smith were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Obele at "Lightnin'" Saturday night.

Miss Lydia Magana spent Saturday afternoon in town with her cousin, Mr. Robert Moran.

Miss Sarah Batey spent the week-end in town with her father.

WAITING FOR THE MAIL.

When that letter from him fails to come,
And your box is full of dust,
And the hinges on the blamed ole thing

Show signs of coming rust—
Yet you wait around the old P. O.
As if tied there by a rope.

Oh, boy! There's a letter in your box.

You rush up full of hope.

"I got one, Jane! Just look here, Lili!"

Well, darn the luck! It's just a bill!

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A MODERN PROLOGUE

(With apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer.)

It was the thirty-first of December, and the old year was almost spent. Outside a wide blanket of soft, white snow covered the earth, looking like myriads of diamonds in the white moonlight. It was very cold—so cold that few ventured out; but within everything was merry.

The Governor's great dining room was filled with happy guests, gathered there to bid farewell to 1920 and welcome in, as best they could, the New Year, which holds so many hopes.

Indeed, it was a varied crowd. This great man had friends from all walks of life, and it was always his aim to treat all of them alike.

There was a returned army officer. Captain Van Meter had been a very distinguished factor all during the war. He was captain in the infantry, and had fought at Bellau Woods, Chateau-Thierry, and all of the great battles. He was bravery itself. Never had he run from duty. In fact, he was the "perfect soldier." Captain Van Meter was dressed in his uniform, at the request of the Governor. It was immaculate, but showed signs of wear. His hair was white above a strong, willful countenance, and in his grey eyes we could see the horrors through which he had safely passed.

Beside his father sat Ensign Van Meter, of Annapolis, home for the Christmas holidays. He was a tall, erect youth of twenty years, resembling his father in many respects, and apparently trying to be as much like him as possible. He was in love, as were most youths of his age. I could tell that by the light in his huge brown eyes. Before the party was over we learned that he was also very talented. He could sing, play, and dance to perfection. All agreed that he was a picture of wholesome youth and promise in his neat, spotless dress uniform.

Beside him sat a sweet, simple maiden from a Catholic boarding school. She was rather reserved and very shy, at first, yet on acquaintance she made a good companion, for she could laugh and joke and sing very well. She could speak several languages, and showed, in all of her actions, that she was being well educated. One thing that impressed us most was her excellent table manners. They were perfect. She was dressed as most boarding school young ladies are expected to dress—in a dark, simple, modest gown. It fit her beautifully and was, in all, very becoming. Her complexion was lily white, her lips soft and red, and her eyes were of a soft grey. In spite of all her perfections, she had the fault of most young girls and wore what, in olden days, they called a love charm, but is known to us as—a "frat pin."

Among the Governor's friends was a Catholic priest, Father Gorman by name. He seemed rather worldly for that position and more interested in his new Stutz than in his church work. He seemed to think that he could do more good enjoying life than he could by adhering to the strict rules of the church. He loved to eat, and took great pleasure in telling us his likes and dislikes.

There was a wealthy merchant, well dressed and very self-possessed, but with little to say. He was apparently a very shrewd business man.

Beside this man of the world sat the Harvard student. He was a poor boy, who was working his way through the law school. He hadn't much to say,

but what he said always had a deep meaning. He was very glad whenever he could use his knowledge to any one's advantage. This young student was very poorly dressed. His clothes did not worry him, for he would much rather have books. He spent most of his time studying the rest of the company through his large shell-rimmed glasses.

Then there was the all-wise lawyer who seemed to be so much busier than he was. We might have thought from his conversation that no busier man existed. He knew all of the laws since the Constitution. He was large and dressed queerly. He wore a red broadcloth silk vest and had long, thin hair.

Beside him sat Mr. De Hoop, one of the wealthiest cattle raisers of the State. He had an over-sufficiency of avoirdupois, and apparently "lived to eat," following the well-known theory of Epicurus. He invited us all to come to his home and partake of his excellent food. He was such a jolly, cordial fellow with his round, red face and snow-white hair, that we all consented to visit him soon.

There were few women in the party, and most of them uninteresting. However, the widow bears description. She was imposingly dressed in gaudy clothes and wore a light brown wig. She was evidently having quite a battle with old age, which was about to "get the best of her." Nevertheless, she was a learned woman. She had traveled extensively and was indeed a very jolly companion. She knew how to handle the men. She had had five husbands—a sufficiency to make almost any one experienced along that line.

The only other interesting character was the poor country doctor. He was thin and nervous, with twitching features. He was carelessly dressed, but a man with so great a heart need not worry about clothes.

He lived in a small country town and practiced for miles around. No matter what hour in the night he was called, he would get up, crank his faithful Ford, and go at once. If the Ford refused to go, he walked. It did not matter to him whether he received his fee or not—he was serving humanity. Oh, that there were more such characters in this world!

There were other guests too numerous to mention, but I hope that I have given you some idea of the party that greeted 1921 with toasts and cheers, and I sincerely beg your pardon if I have misrepresented any of them to you.

Mr. Martin—Bach was great at vamping.

Ernest Student—Why, Mr. Martin! He looks like such a saintly old gentleman!

Return from musical science exam.: "Stringed instruments are played with a beau." Wasn't it Poe that said: "Heart strings are a lute?"

Enid—They say he just worships him.

Edna—Yes, she puts burnt offerings before him three times a day.

"Do you like indoor sports?"

"Yes, if they don't stay too late."

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**KIWANIAN'S
 GUESTS OF
 DR. BLANTON**
 (Continued from Page 1.)

songs on the "kazoo." A Sicilian dance, by Miss Marian Williams, was a very attractive feature of the program, and the impersonation of one of the Kiwanian bachelors by Miss Thera Speer brought down the house. An interesting number was the performance of the stringed sextet, the six young ladies being Misses Anne Burnett, Marian Frances Young, Mildred Juhl, Louise Black, Engar Hillix and Evelyn Smith. "Marcelle," a "jigging" number, by Miss Helen Hyman, was another pleasing number, and the singing by the sextet, who were Misses Lucille Oliver, Ruth Hansen, Jean Rineking, Floyd Rice, Inez Adrian and Claire Herzburg, brought the entertainment to a close.

President Humphrey Hardison of the Kiwanis Club made a short talk in which he expressed appreciation for the courtesy extended by Dr. Blanton, and spoke of the pleasure it gave the Kiwanians to become acquainted with the girls of an educational institution of which Nashville is justly proud. The Kiwanis Club will always be glad to welcome to its meetings the fathers and brothers of the Ward-Belmont students when they are visiting Nashville, so Mr. Hardison said.

In response to a call for a talk, Dr. Blanton made a few remarks, saying that he was pleased to have a visit from the Kiwanians and wanted them to visit the school at any time and see its various activities. In some humorous comments Dr. Blanton, who is a member of the Rotary Club said he was quite surprised to find so much talent in the Kiwanis Club, as he had thought the Rotary Club had captured all the talent in the city.

The presidents of all the school clubs were presented with boxes of candy by the Kiwanis Club.

**COMEDIETTES AT
 WARD-BELMONT**
 (Continued from Page 1.)

Characters.

Miss Deborah Oldfield, an old maid
 Mary Elizabeth Willson
 Miss Priscilla Blandish, her close
 friend Mary Christine Provine
 Martha, old servant to Miss Deborah
 Mary Elizabeth Leonard
 Carlotta, an Italian beggar girl
 Mildred Cowden
 An old Italian woman, Carlotta's
 mother Florence Adams
 Mrs. Harry Oldfield, young wife of
 Harry Katherine Sloan
 Rebecca, old nurse to "Mrs. Harry"
 Sara Bradford

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HYPHENETTES

"People say I have eyes like father."

"Yes, you are pope-eyed, all right."

• • •

"When does a man rob his wife?"

"When he hooks her dress."

• • •

Co-Ed—What makes your hair so curly?

Fish—I went in swimming and caught a wave in it.

• • •

Senior—"Why do you wring your hands?"

Fresh—I have just washed them.

• • •

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

• • •

Mother—"Poor Doris is so unfortunate!"

Caller—Howzat?

Mother—During the track meet she broke one of the best records they had in college.

• • •

Evelyn (after math. exam.)—How far were you from the right answer?

Bee (looking around ruefully)—Just two seats.

• • •

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1921

NUMBER 13

OUR FRIENDS ABROAD

Below is a letter from Miss Helen Wilson, of Kewanee, Illinois, who is spending the winter traveling in Europe. Miss Wilson attended Ward-Belmont for two years, from 1918-1920.

"Left Rheims about 8 a. m. and headed for the chain of hills called the Chemin des Dames, where one really sees the effects of the war as it was. As Fismes saw a monument erected by the boys of the 14th Division, U. S., who retook the city from the Germans. We got out of the car at the battlefields and there were barbed wire entanglements still standing, old broken cannons, great shell holes, unexploded hand grenades, dugouts, etc. The dugout visited by the Crown Prince when he visited his armies was there and with the aid of some candles we descended forty feet under the ground.

The dugout consisted of about four rooms (such as they were). Telephone and electric light connections were to be seen. It was bitter cold, and walking around just the little bit we did I am sure we all realized more clearly what our boys went through. All along the roads are huge piles of debris, such as barbed wire, shell cases, iron, etc., which have not been carried away. There were also great piles of unexploded shells, which were rusted so badly I have no idea what can ever be done with them.

"All through France one sees avenues of trees which were planted in Napoleon's day as protection for his armies from the sun. In the war

areas the trees are mostly destroyed, or many shells lodged in them. Some have steps up them—used for observation towers. At Soissons we stopped for lunch at L'Hotel de la Croix d'Or. This hotel was used during the war as a mess hall for officers of all armies—French, American, English, German, Italian, etc. This town is likewise a mass of ruins. The cathedral of Soissons has been simply shot in two. It seems strange that the peasants do not improve their homes while rebuilding them, but they seem to disregard any foreign ideas. They love brilliant colors and a lot of gingerbread on their houses. Vivid pink and blue houses are quite popular, and of course they are all of stone. Along all the roads one sees "Octroi" stations. They are at the city limits of Paris, and upon leaving the city they make a record of the number of gallons in a car. On returning the chauffeur has to pay a tax if he brings more into the city than he leaves with. Considering the value of exchange, gasoline is about 75 cents per gallon.

"Our trip via Meaux, Belleau, Chateau-Thierry, Rheims and Soissons made a number of 250 miles. One sees all through the country women working in the fields, and much of the male labor, both for the fields and for reconstruction work, is imported from Italy, Spain, Portugal, etc. In the fields where the trenches have been filled in you can trace them along, for the ground has a chalky appearance.

"We are now located at the Continental hotel and quite comfortable. It is very cloudy and foggy here in Paris all the time, so have not been able to take many pictures."

CLARKSVILLE HEARS VIOLINIST

Mr. Kenneth Rose, Director of Violin in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music, is honored, not only in his immediate community, but wherever his masterful execution on the violin is heard. His recent recital here will be remembered with pleasure. Here is the notice of his appearance in Clarksville, Tenn.:

"Kenneth Rose played to one of the largest audiences last night ever assembled in Clarksville to hear a musical recital. That he thrilled his hearers was shown by the enthusiasm manifested and the repeated calls made to him through their applause.

The program consisted of music of great beauty. From the opening with the Andante from the Mendelssohn Concerto to the last number, the artist held his hearers by his genius. The encores which he offered in response to the insistent demands made upon him were of great delight. Especially were the Meditation from Thais by Massenet and Beethoven's Minuet heartily received.

Kenneth Rose has not only amazing technique, but delicate phrasing and wonderful expression.

Mrs. Hazel Coste Rose, the gifted wife of the artist, added much to his recital. She ably supported him throughout and showed she was a finished pianist as well as a splendid accompanist."

MILESTONES!

We are glad to note that our sister publication, the annual "Milestones," has begun to make itself noticed. At the election held Tuesday morning, Martha Vordenburg was elected Editor-in-Chief, and Virginia McMillen Business Manager. Both are bright, capable girls, and we are sure that this *Milestones* will be the very best ever. The *HYPHEN* extends its best wishes and heartiest co-operation for the success of the annual.

VARIED PROGRAM GIVEN BY KREISLER

(From the *Tennessean*.)

After a lapse of several seasons, the celebrated violinist, Fritz Kreisler, gave at the Ryman Auditorium last evening his third recital in this city, having appeared here twice in 1916. A large crowd of Kreisler worshippers sat enthralled by the magic of his playing and clapped wildly for encores.

What more can one add to the glowing pages of tribute already written on this consummate artist?

With his dignified bearing, he gets the instant attention of his audience the moment he appears. His technical and interpretative skill is second to that of no other violinist, while the depth of feeling in his singing tone and the finely spun gossamer

(Continued on page 4.)

CALENDAR

Feb. 11—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.
Feb. 18—Alma Gluck.
Mar. 1—Sophie Braslau.
Mar. 11—Martinelli.
Mar. 21—Mabel Garrison.
Apr. 8—Philharmonic Orchestra.

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The returns of the election for the second semester Student Council are as follows:

President—Della Jeffries.
1st V-President, Margaret Moore.
2d V-President—Myrtle Ridgway.
Secretary—Sara Elizabeth Bryant.
Treasurer—Marjorie Lou Moore.
Proctor of Pembroke—Dorothy Atkinson.
Proctor of Fidelity—Julia Price.
Proctor of Founders—Lucile Humphreys.
Proctor of Heron—Helen Coe.
Proctor of North Front—Anna May McClain.
Proctor of Cottages—Linda McElwraith.
Chapel Proctor—Betty Stouffer.
General Proctor—Thyra Speer.
This is a splendid Council; let us give them all the co-operation they deserve—unanimously!

I'M ALWAYS CHASING ZEROS

(To the tune of "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows.")

At the end of exams there is happiness
And to pass them, how hard I have tried!

But my life is a race—just a wild-goose chase
And the A's have all been denied.

I'm always chasing zeros,

Watching C's racing by.
My dreams are just like all my schemes,
Ending in the sky.

Why have I always been a failure?

What can the reason be?
I wonder if Miss B—'s to blame,
I wonder if it could be me.

I'm always chasing zeros,
Waiting to find a little A plus,
In vain.

MISS TYLER IN CHARGE

Wednesday morning, Feb. 9, 1921, Miss Florence Tyler, president of the Presbyterian Board in Nashville, addressed us in chapel. She opened her interesting talk telling of a girl who decided to write her annual thesis on the Presbyterian church because her teacher was an Episcopalian and the girl thought that she consequently would know little of the Presbyterian church. She was surprised, however, when the instruc-

trous told her that she had left out the most important part of the whole Presbyterian work, namely, missions. Determined to retain her subject and "make good," the girl spent weeks in the library reading on missions and became so interested that she herself determined to go to China.

But not only foreign missionaries are needed, Miss Tyler told us, but also home missionaries. She told of the keen desire of the mountaineers to learn to read and write; how the people of these mountainous parts would try to learn reading and writing even when they were twenty-eight.

After this she told of the need that the immigrants held for home and foreign missionaries and of the opportunities college people had to help the world. Miss Tyler said that we could be so easily used in foreign lands as teachers and she told us of the desire of the Chinese and the Japanese and women of other lands to follow the American women. Miss Tyler showed us how important it was for the people here at home to help the missionaries in foreign fields. To illustrate this she told the story of a monument to Fred Young, a gallant youth, who lost his life trying to save a child who had fallen overboard. Fred Young lost his life because the people on the shore didn't hold the rope of his life preserver. Are we to let someone thus perish because we didn't "hold the rope"? Miss Tyler closed with a very fitting quotation from Kipling, saying that it takes

"The everlasting team-work of every blooming soul."

The same evening Miss Tyler led an open discussion in cabinet meeting.

PERSONALS

Miss Helen Wheeler spent Wednesday afternoon with her mother in the city.

Miss Ruth Wallace was the guest of Mrs. H. C. Parrent Sunday.

Misses Catherine Smith and Ruth Bellingrath spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Nelle Gunn.

Misses Helen Fletcher and Mabel Smith spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Abele.

Miss Louise Conley spent Sunday with Mr. Arthur Jarvis.

Miss Eleanor McCuan spent the past week-end with her mother in the city.

Mrs. Bowers of Dresden, Tenn., is visiting her daughter, Ida Mae.

Misses Mildred Parkes and Nadie Candler were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McCalister.

Misses Sara Bransford, Bessie Jackson and Annie Grace Phillips spent Wednesday afternoon with Miss Leron Tolmie.

Student to Miss Gilkerson—Are you sixty-five?

Miss Gilkerson (haughtily)—No. Student—Well, then, are you thirty-five?

Miss Gilkerson (indignantly)—Well, I suppose if you wish to know my exact age—

Student—Horrors! I meant your table number!

WOES OF A COLLEGE GIRL

I will sing a merry rhyme
Of a "once upon a time"
In a college that was built unique
for girls.

Sooth, it's still a lovely place,
Full of winsome, girlish grace,
Powder puffs and smiles, and lots of
rougish curls.

There the stately trees and tall
And the ivy on the wall
Set a picture that is pleasing to the
eye;

And the statues are seen
Basking on the campus green
Just as in the joyous golden days
gone by.

But of all the halls and dorms
That have weathered sun and storms,
There is one I fain would picture in
this rhyme;

'Tis a bungalow so sweet
Built, I think, of white concrete,
Where the roses in the summer love
to climb.

It is close beside the Tower
Where at some unearthly hour
Goes a frightened lassie creeping up
the stair—

There to meet a sheeted ghost—
(Pale as death herself almost.)
Who questions her spectral, formal
questionnaire.

But my pretty bungalow,
Simple, homelike—don't you know—
'Tis the pest-house for the college,
dear me!

There Disease with glaring eyes
Haunts the air with groans and sighs,
Just as fretful as an ugly imp can be.

(Continued on page 2.)

VESPERS, FEB. 6

The vespers last Sunday night were led by Jean Cooper. The order of service follows:

"Hymn," "Crown Him With Many Crowns."

Scripture from Deuteronomy—Read by Clotilde Brazilton.

The Lord's Prayer.
Hymn, "Fairrest Lord Jesus."
Talk—By Dr. J. M. Whitson.
Benediction—"Day Is Dying in the West."

Dr. Whitson chose for his Scripture Matt. 24: 25-28. His short talk was on "Reputation" and "Character." He told us how we should never hide the rotten things inside and try to look well outside. To illustrate this he told the story of a man who wished to repay a carpenter who had worked a long time for him. To do this he had the man build a house to suit himself. The temptation to gain some money was too great and the man used poorer material where it would not show and put the best on top. Then his employer told the man that this house he had built was to be a gift to him. And the carpenter had to live there in that house with the good outside and the poor inside. (This was a story Dr. Whitson wrote, himself.) So it is with us, if we have wrong things in our character but have a good reputation.



ALMANAC
Weather very damp;
oh, well—it always is
after exams.
You tell 'em; Mid
Goetz everything she
wants!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

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 Assistant Editor.....JULIA PRICE
 Business Manager.....MARATHA VOORHEES
 Assistant Business Manager.....LOUIS JEAN
 Art Editor.....JEAN COOPER

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 MARTHA BAIRD
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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

Lo! the poor teacher! For many years, until the recent wave of "the dignity of labor," a goodly number of our teachers were impecunious gentlemen, who felt that teaching was the only genteel means of earning a livelihood. Then, with the advent of the new, democratic attitude toward honest labor, however menial, the pendulum swung to the other extreme. Underpaid teachers flocked to the profitable and easy positions offered by the great factories and by offices which needed large clerical forces. As a result, there was a dearth of teachers felt throughout the entire country. Now, the extremes have adjusted themselves. Communities realize that the teacher who plays so important a part in molding both the ideas and the ideals of the next generation, must not only be carefully selected, but also adequately rewarded. They will, to put it commercially, "pay the price"; but will they have "value received"? The colleges and universities today are full of men and women who see the great opportunity before them; not only in America, but in every country, there is a crying need for education. If we have some particular inclination or ability, let us share it with others; do not wait for the world to "make a beaten path to your door," as Emerson advised; in this modern time, it is better for us to go out into the world and cry our own wares. It matters little what they be; in Science, English, History, Music, and every other branch of education, there are splendid openings. The idealistic teacher, who dreams of the education of the world, as well as her more practical-minded sister, will find her place in the world today. No longer is she looked upon as just the school-teacher; she has taken her rightful place as a powerful influence and a vital factor in the intellectual life of the community. Her cry has gone out for disciples. Who will answer?

Proverbs

Brevity is the soul of wit, but not of love letters.
 Flirtation is attention without intention.

The most curious thing in the world is a woman who is not curious.
 Old friends are like cheese—the strongest.

Modern woman wants the floor, but she doesn't want to scrub it.

Exams are like the poor—we have them always with us.

Great bluffs from little study grows.

EXCITEMENT
REIGNS IN
CLASSROOM

Recently one of the most peaceful and restful hours of the day was marred by a strange disturbance.

It was in Dr. Baziat's French III Class. Just at that point of the lecture where a deathly silence always reigns, when the old and seasoned sufferers are lapsing into unconsciousness and the Peabody girls have been struck dumb by the intensity of Dr. Baziat's eloquence, a piercing and despairing shriek was heard in the rear of the room. A lovely co-ed was seen to leap high into the air and to descend rapidly upon a bench. In rapid succession the remaining co-eds went through the same maneuvers. During these contortions many displayed their surprise and a few even their indignation.

When the other members of the class were able to tear their enraptured gaze from the view in front, the cause of the disturbance was ascertained. There was an aged and rather under-nourished mouse performing an aesthetic dance under the radiator.

Dr. Baziat, with his lightning perception, immediately appointed an investigation committee. After the election of a chairman and other officers, the committee got down to business and were soon able to report that it was a regular mouse with no pronounced peculiarities, either physical or spiritual.

This important question having been settled, an attacking force was formed, after a few simple drills, and a disastrous target practice, an advance was made.

Just when all were tense with excitement at the prospect of a pitched battle, the mouse departed through a small hole with the greatest speed possible at his advanced age, and all was again quiet.

HOW TO KILL A SCHOOL PAPER

1. Don't subscribe; borrow your roommate's paper. Be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and then trade with the other fellow. Be a chump.
3. Never hand in news items, and criticize everything in the paper. Be a knacker.
4. Look over the funny column and frown—nothing funny in it. You are the funniest girl in school, and you have the cleverest sayings imaginable, but you never hand one in. Be a crumb.
5. Tell the staff that the paper is fine; tell your roommate that the whole paper is rotten. Be a goop.
6. If you can't get a hump on your self and make the paper a success, then be what you ought to be—a corpse!—Exchange.

Nothing is quite so convenient as a charge account at

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Ward-Belmont girls will be welcomed to our charge customers' lists. Just have your parents sign a note requesting it.

Exclusive Agents for
 Princess Distinction in Dress
 Apparel for Women
 Peggy Paige Dresses

Make Lebeck's Your Meeting Place When Shopping.

(Continued from page 1.)

And he wanders to and fro,
 Now as in the long ago,
 Tagging this girl, that girl, for his hapless prey.
 Oh, he has diphtheria,—
 Chicken-pox, bacteria,—
 Germs of every sort and fashion, so they say.

When he tags a pretty maid,
 All the others grow afraid,
 And they quickly bundle her up close and tight.
 Down the elevator dark,
 On her journey they embark
 Each poor victim to the "pest-house" out of sight.

In the "pest-house" there's a nurse,
 Sometimes good and sometimes worse,
 Who must disinfect their dishes,
 Clothes and food;
 Even letters that they write,
 She must bathe in bichloride,—
 Do you wonder that the love germs think her rude?

They have candy, lots of it,
 And they read a goody bit,
 And they *sometimes* have the doleful college blues;

They have comp'ny once a day,
 When the doctor drives that way,
 With his welcome jokes and cheery bits of news.

But old Time goes on the run,
 With his mingled shade and sun,
 Like a river gliding on to meet the sea;

And he ends my little song
 With some fumigation strong,
 Setting all my eager "pest-house" victims free.

—By Oma O. O.

Rapp—"If hens laid oranges instead of eggs what would the little chicks say?"

Tapp—"Go on, I'll bite."

Rapp—"Oh, look at the orange marmalade!"

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A La Mode.

Once Ethel was so debonaire,
 So sparkingly demure and fair
 Her curls near broke my heart asunder—
 (And those who'd seen them didn't wonder,
 Each was so wondrous an affair.)

But now I offer up a prayer,
 Oh, please to make her see I care
 About those curls, and of her blunder—
 She's bobbed her hair;
 Alas! gone the graceful girlish air
 Which God gave Ethel and to spare
 In those same curls which rippled under—
 Neath her chin, and now I thunder—
 She looks Bohemian and bare—
 She bobbed her hair!—Jester.

The chaperone was sitting on a street car when a quiet looking young man, in getting in, accidentally trod on her dress. She talked to him for ten minutes and wound up by saying, "A gentleman would have apologized."

The young man bowed calmly and said: "A lady would have given me the chance."

"She says no one understands her."
 "Hereditly, my dear."

"How come?"
 "Her father's a train announcer."

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MURDERING SLEEP

A man visited his physician one day recently. The man really needed help, and he talked frankly with his medical adviser. He was unable to concentrate in his daily work, he told the doctor, he couldn't feel that he was his "real self," he was all run down, his nerves were not half as good as they used to be, and he couldn't, some how, get a grasp of things and push a job through to the end.

The man of medical knowledge swept his office with a glance that rested first on a row of books, then on a collection of bottles, and finally on the ceiling. "How much sleep do you get?" he asked the visitor suddenly.

Oh, there wasn't anything wrong about his sleep, the man said, with a feeling of disappointment at the way the doctor had started into the diagnosis. He went to bed usually about 11 o'clock at night, sometimes later, and he was usually up before 6 o'clock, sometimes by 5:30, in the morning. Of course, if there was a show, he explained, or a rather long motor ride, it might be after midnight before he "turned in," but his sleep was sound, and he had never thought anything about the matter at all.

Then the physician settled down to a lecture. He told his visitor what the latter had heard before; that sleep was the best medicine known, that "late hours are shadows from the grave"; that loss of sleep was the beginning of many forms of ailments, and that the tearing down forces of the body would gain the ascendancy prematurely if sleep was not had until complete refreshment followed.

The amount of sleep necessary must be determined by each individual, continued the doctor. Most persons need eight hours, some can get along with considerably less, and many demand even more. General Grant, for example, said he could do nothing without nine hours' sleep. Napoleon wanted only five hours, and frequently did well with less. Yet both men were great military leaders, possessed of unusual physical vigor, concluded the physician.

The man was advised to add two hours to his usual sleeping time and to report on results in three weeks. He was assured that he needn't take anything, or do anything except get not less than eight and a half hours of sleep.

About fifteen days had passed when the physician by chance met his patient at a downtown street corner. The man didn't wait for an inquiry as to his state of health, but declared at once that he had followed directions and was feeling better than he had at any time since he was a fifteen-year-old, and lived back in the country. "You're a wise old doc," exclaimed the man slapping his counselor familiarly on the shoulder as the two separated.

"You are now in the ranks of the few," the doctor called back. "Seventy-five per cent of the people don't get enough sleep."—K. C. Star.

Ruby—I intend to graduate in two courses here at W.-B.

Nelleen—What two?

Ruby—Oh, in How to Entertain Dates and in the Course of Time.

Stale!

"Did you hear about the breadman's getting shocked yesterday?"

"No."

"Well, he sat on a raisin cake and came in contact with the current."

Same Old Stuff.

Same old girl.
Same old boy;
Same old car,
Same old joy;
Same old ride,
Same old moon;
Same old stories,
Same old croon;
Same old kisses,
Same old lies;
Same old hugging,
Same old sighs;
Same old country,
Same old house;
Same old good-bye,
Same old talk;
Same trip home,
Same tired head;
Same old pillow,
Same old bed.

—Virginia Reel.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD

My friends, have you heard of the town of Nogoood,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blows the Waitwhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasy grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatattheuse,
In the province of Leterside,
That Tiredfeeling is native there,
It's the home of the reckless Idont-care,
Where the Giveupts abide.
—New Haven Register.

1st Lady Medic—"Between ourselves, I'm engaged to that young doctor."

2d Ditto—"But I thought you came here to get an M.D."

1st Ditto—"I did, but I got him a little sooner than I expected."

ANATOMIC QUERIES

1. Where can a man buy a cap for his knees? Or a key for the lock of his hair?
2. Can an eye be called an academy because there are pupils there?
3. In the crown of his head what gems are found?
4. Who travels the bridge of his nose?
5. Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
6. Can he sit in the shade of the palms of his hands, or beat the drums of his ear?
7. A bucket of water from "All's Well!"
8. A garment for the naked eye?
9. An egg from a nest of thieves?
10. Some of the yeast that makes the sun rise.
11. The chair in which the sun sets.
12. A hat for the head of a nail.
13. A key to fit an elephant's trunk.
14. A splinter from a sunbeam.
15. A pair of spectacles to fit the eyes of potatoes.
16. A new vest and pants for a house with a new coat of paint.

Stage struck maiden (after trying her voice)—Do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Stage Director—Well, it might come in handy in case of fire.

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 a Specialty*

406 Union Street
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**VALUED PROGRAM GIVEN BY
 KREISLER.**

(Continued from page 1.)
 threads of his highest notes are unsurpassed.

The D minor concerto (1853), the fourth of six written by the Belgian, Vieuxtemps, served as the first part of the program. While not so familiar as some other works of its class, it gave ample opportunity for a display of Kreisler's virtuosity.

The Andante brought forth the heavenly beauty of his cantilena, and the odd rhythmed scherzo was dashed off with the greatest apparent ease, for all its difficulties. The encore was a lovely Debussy Prelude.

OLDER CLASSICS.

A group of older classics followed. The familiar Gavotte from the Bach E Major Sonata, the "Andantino," by Padre Martini, and brilliant "Tambourin" by Leclair, and then "The Chase" by Cartier, which received much applause.

The Tartini Variations, familiar to many possessors of talking machines, were superbly played, and after storms of applause the violinist gave two encores, his own enchanting "Caprice Viennois" and the rollicking "Molly on the Shore," by the ever-original Percy Grainger.

The final group was made up of many of Kreisler's own superb arrangements. No violin program today is complete that does not contain one or more of these pieces, which have an appeal to the modern audience possessed by few other compositions, and when played by the master himself, brings joy unspeakable to may a listener.

ORIENTAL MELODY.

The Dvorak "Indian Lament" was followed by the charming Oriental melody which the Indian merchant sings to "Sadko" in the great Russian Rimsky-Korsakoffs fantastic opera (1895) of Old Novgorod of the eleventh century. This song has been sung here by Alma Gluck. Schubert's dainty "Moment Musical" the "Spanish Serenade" of Chaminade, arranged by Kreisler, repeated because of the storms of applause produced by the ethereal delicacy of its closing tones, Kreisler's own clever arrangement of the familiar Paderewski minuet, and the lovely Viennese popular song, "The Old Refrain," closed the printed program.

But the audience wildly demanded more, and received for reward three other familiar Kreisler numbers, "Liebesfreud," the Beethoven "Rondino" and "Schoen Rosmarin." The magnificent violin used was a Stradivarius.

Carl Lamson has appeared here on every occasion with Kreisler, and is an ideal accompanist, performing his difficult share of the performance in brilliant style.

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**PROFESSOR DE-
 CLARES EXAMS
 ARE BARBAROUS**

Chicago.—University examinations were denounced as "barbarous and ridiculous survivals of the dark ages" by Prof. Frank A. Barnstorf of the language department of Northwestern University in an address before a group of sophomores.

"A student's final grade should depend upon his daily work and intelligence," he said. "We have outgrown the period of examinations. Since they have outlived their usefulness, why don't students get together and sign a petition to have them abolished."

W.-B. No. One: "You're a friend of mine, aren't you?"

W.-B. No. Two: "Sure."

W.-B. No. One: "To the end?"

W.-B. No. Two: "Yes, to the end."

W.-B. No. One: "Lend me a half."

W.-B. No. Two: "That's the end."

Girl: "I'll marry you on one condition."

He: "I'll accept any condition."

Girl: "Get Dick's consent. I've been engaged to him for a week, and the old-fashioned dear might want to keep me."—*Tar Baby.*

Dr. Hollingshead: What is space?

Student: I can't think of it just now but I have it in my head.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1921

NUMBER 14

TEA FOR FACULTY AND SENIORS

The tea of Thursday afternoon, given by Mrs. Blanton, in order that the seniors might be presented to the members of the faculty and home department, was an altogether delightful affair. A beautifully appointed tea table was laid in the drawing room, and another in Miss Mills' sitting room. Over each of these pretty tables two postgraduates presided, serving tea, delicious sandwiches and salads. Lucile Oliver and Corrie Crawford were in Miss Mills' sitting room, Margaret Garner and Dorothy Cochran served in the drawing room. All our girls looked attractive in their black dinner dresses.

Mrs. Blanton and Miss Mills, assisted by Mrs. Rose, received the guests. Mrs. Blanton appeared in shiny gray and pink; Miss Mills in becoming figure georgette, and Mrs. Rose in black georgette.

Almost every member of the faculty and home department was present. The seniors considered it a rare privilege to meet Miss Norris and all the teachers in this way and to greet friends of the class room (who, perhaps, a few hours ago had found it necessary to scold them for incomplete parallel reports or other such delinquencies. Hand clasps and friendly smiles are much pleasanter than zeroes!)

The seniors had the privilege, too, of meeting Miss Hood and Miss Aaron, whose names must always be associated with the history of Belmont.

There are eighty-six seniors, and the president is Clotilde Brazelton. All the seniors were there and enjoyed the party immensely. The tea was a very pleasant affair, and no doubt created a feeling of cordiality between faculty and seniors that could not have existed but for this lovely gathering.

NEW MILE-STONES STAFF

The Milestones election was completed in chapel Tuesday morning, and the complete returns are as follows: Editor-in-chief, Martha Vordenburg; Assistant editor, Thelma Caffall; Business manager, Virginia McMillan.

Assistant business manager, Assistant editor, Dorothy Ink. Assistant editor, Bess Murphy. Reporters—Coroile Kessler, Miriam Wood, Sadie Adickes, Dorothy Cosier. This is a dependable and capable staff, and it is deserving of our most intense support, both in spirit and in material contributions.

Bess Murphy has returned to school after a prolonged stay at her home in New York.

It don't take an Alexander to tell you hard it is going to be at the end of the quarter if you don't keep that notebook up.

MRS. BEARD READS PAPER

An extra event for Miss Ross's advanced English classes was the reading of a paper on Henry James, by Mrs. W. E. Beard, the paper having recently been read before the Centennial Club's literary department. The work upon which Mrs. Beard based her criticism was the novel, "The American." A comprehensive synopsis of the book enabled us to follow her in the criticism, interesting remarks being interspersed between the various situations of the story. "The American" is a vivid picture of its period and teaches us to support the various phases of social adjustment. His philosophy is that of the ultimate triumph of good and the possibility of gaining happiness, even through renunciation. The novel unquestionably teaches a great lesson, and not the least among the points it makes is the trivial uselessness of revenge. There are excellent character portraits of various types, and the technique bears James's characteristic exquisite polish. It is almost history in its presentation of detailed and vivid pictures of the period. Mrs. Beard's interpretation of the analytical philosophy of Mr. James has aroused and stimulated our interest in this valuable novelist.

A. K. DANCE.

One hundred guests enjoyed the hospitality of the A. K. Club in a dance given on the evening of February 12. The affair proved to be one of the most enjoyable events of the year. Enthusiasm and "pep" seemed to fill the whole dance from the very first dance until "Home, Sweet Home." Vito's orchestra deserves some credit for this, as the music was exceptionally good and seemed to have the spirit of the evening.

The gymnasium was cleverly decorated in red, carrying out the idea of Valentine in showers of red hearts. In one corner of the room was a booth made of lattice work, covered with red paper and hearts and lighted with red lamps. From this booth punch was served throughout the evening.

Confetti and serpentine added to the amusement, and no one escaped a shower. It seemed fatal for any one to laugh or talk with their mouths open.

The big event of the evening came after the thirteenth dance. Every one was requested to be seated. There was a general rush for seats, and while we were wondering what the while we were wondering what the treat in store for us was an archer (Eleanor Foster), with a bow and arrow, walked into the middle of the floor, shot an arrow into a large red heart at one side of the room, then retreated.

(Continued on Page 4.)

CALENDAR

Feb. 22—Washington's birthday.
Mar. 1—Sophie Braslau.
Mar. 11—Martineil.
Mar. 21—Mabel Garrison.
Apr. 8—Philharmonic Orchestra.

NOTES OF ART STUDIO

The Nashville Banner of February 13 gives the following interesting notes concerning our Art Department:

"Preparations are under way in the art department for another public exhibition of the remarkable work done by the students in interior decoration, costume design and poster advertising. Answering the comment made by an admiring visitor to one of the exhibitions of the fall that the interiors depicted were only possible to be copied in a rich man's house. The director of art, Mrs. Cora Gibson Plunkett, and her assistant, Miss Louise Gordon, have set the girls to work to produce a series of interiors for the house of moderate means and the poor man, which illustrate excellently how artistic taste can convert humble quarters into a place of beauty when the correct handling is given. Some of these specimens are remarkable for their inexpensive outlay and will be widely copied by would-be builders and decorators who want the beautiful in their homes and still must economize.

"Among the new interiors seen in the art studio which are especially attractive is a poor man's living room done in greens and yellows, that is warm and lovely and yet not costly. Others of special interest are a living room in blue and orange, another in which the green, violet, and orange colors are used, and a typical English living room of unusual charm. "Something new are treatments of entrances and courts in analogous color schemes that are very lovely. Miss Nellie Walsh, who has been a student of art in New York for several years, is spending the winter at her home and taking a special course in the Ward-Belmont art classes. She is giving her attention particularly to interior decoration."

SOME SPREAD!

Weren't those nightmares Sunday night awful? Why, I thought a man was following me with a butcher knife all night! But it is no wonder. Think of those sandwiches, olives, salmon, pickles, salad, nut bread, fruit cake and all the many "goodies" we had! Oh, I can almost taste them yet! Catherine Cox and Mary Kennedy furnished it all, and the rest of us certainly weren't deficient or bashful when it came to eating. I wish you'd been there!



ALMANAC
Regular crush weather! You tell 'em, hinge! You're something to adore!

SENIOR MIDDLES GET THEIR "PRIVILEGES"

X. L. VALENTINE PARTY

Wednesday night the X. L.'s had a most wonderful Valentine party in the gym.

To begin with, we had received attractive invitations inviting us (as invitations usually do) to come to a "kid party," and there were all manner and sorts of kids, too. Tom-boys, schoolgirls, dainty little girls all dressed for a party and even little boys, who were quite popular.

Between dances a program was given. Harriet Gregory, accompanied by Alberta Smith, gave a modern song in costume and a musical reading as an encore.

Then more dancing, and we stopped again to hear Margaret Garner give two appropriate Valentine poems. Lucille Bragg played two piano solos, and Beryl Dodson finished the program with a song, with a pantomime by Lucille Bragg and Ruth Bond.

Dancing again, and then refreshments of frappe served from a heart-decorated table, attractive red and white candles, and we then were brought straight back to our childhood by ice cream cones. As we left we were given "bucking" Valentines. Ever see one?

Margaret Chandler had charge of the party.

STUDIO RECITAL AT W-B.

Miss Massey's piano pupils in the Ward-Belmont Conservatory of Music gave an artistic recital on Saturday afternoon before a student audience, and exemplified in their manner of playing their good style and technical facility, the excellent training they have received. The program was well selected and was carried out as follows:

Evening Song (Guntton), Miss Louise Turpin.
Tarantelle (Dennie), Miss Leta Johnson.
At Evening (Hunter), Miss Rovene Murdock.

Valse Caprice (Scott), Miss Elizabeth Taylor.
Cradle Song (Cimadon), Miss Jim McWilliams.

Rushing Waters (Orth), Miss Virginia Howard.

Larghetto (Prime), Will o' the Wisp (Rogers), Miss Ruth Wurtzbaugh.

Fragrance from the Garden (Pesce), Miss Ludie Emerson.

Elegy (Nollet), Miss Clotilde Brazelton.

Firebrands (Orth), Miss Alice Gray.

Fliee as a Bird.

Fame is just like a fleeting bird—
'Tis not of much avail
To even try the old-time dodge
Of salt upon its tail.

Have we got them? Well, I should say! Why, the privileges, of course. Haven't we waited four long months for them? Yes, but we were rewarded today when we went to our post office boxes for the afternoon mail. In each senior middle and college specials' box was a yellow slip of paper.

It told us that we could go to town on Wednesdays and Fridays, as these are our special shopping days.

For the benefit of the girls who have gym on Wednesday and hygiene on Fridays, we sincerely hope that they will be allowed to go to town on other days and use their privileges.

The privileges are as follows: Wednesdays and Fridays are senior middle- and college special shopping days.

Senior middles and college specials must shop at least two together.

All senior middles and college specials go into the city with one chaperon. This chaperon goes to Loveman's where a comfortable place has been provided on the second floor.

Senior middles and college specials may leave the car at Castner-Knotts, shop on Church Street to Fifth, on Fifth to Loveman's on Union Street, and down Union to Meadors.

They may also shop in the Arcade, but must not go through the Arcade to Fourth Street.

When shopping is finished, senior middles and college specials return with chaperon.

By arrangement with chaperon and accompanied by her senior middles and college specials may go for afternoon tea.

All of party must be together at this time and no further shopping done.

No senior middles or college specials are to go anywhere for refreshments or to a picture show unchaperoned.

Any violation of these regulations means loss of all senior middle and college special privileges.

ANTI-PAN KITE

We know you wonder
Why we selected kite
For the title
Of our column.

That is the reason—
We must tell you truly—
Just to make
You read and wonder.

On February 9 the Anti-Pan Club formally welcomed its new members. Among these were Maxine Hirst, Frances Scott, Gladys Settle, Bernice Nance and Dorothy Welzel. After this a short business meeting was held in which the semi-annual election of officers took place. The new officers are:

President, Elizabeth Meyers.

(Continued on Page 3.)

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

Once more the laurels are descending upon an "ex-HypHEN staff, but strange as it must seem, our relief at surrendering the task is mingled with regret. The incoming staff is essentially capable, and we are confident in expecting great things from them; but we still cherish for ourselves one thing which, however, may easily be shared with the next semester's staff without marring it for us. It is the splendid co-operation of the entire school body in supporting this year's Hyphen. Not only has the enthusiastic endorsement stimulated us to our very best efforts, but the actual contributions from many varied sources have lent material aid. We note especially Janice Boardman, reporter of the Athletic Association; Margaret Neville, of the Y. W. C. A.; and Frances Davis, of the Senior Middle Class, besides a number of class, social club and State club reporters, all of whom have been notably faithful in contributing material. These, with those rare few who contribute for sheer love of the Hyphen (we hope), have really "made" the Hyphen for this year, and we trust that their effort will again serve in establishing its success the second semester. So the outgoing staff surrenders the reins of office to the new officials with its best wishes for success. We know that the co-operation of the school will bring this to pass. So support the new staff loyally. Good luck to them!

CAMPUS KICK

"Let there be light" was the magical term which brought the world from chaos to order—for there was light. But how long was the light supposed to last? In fair Ward-Belmont we settle down peacefully to study, when suddenly our faithful desk lamp begins to glow less brightly, and abruptly ceases to throw its light on Psych or Trig. Heaven knows, we need all the light possible, electric or otherwise! Or perchance at the psychological moment of dressing, five minutes before the dinner bell, we are again left in darkness and grope in vain for halpkins and powder puff. (Yes, Mrs. Charlie, we know that it isn't always the fault of the light plant, don't we?) At any rate, the campus is kicking, and we earnestly hope that conditions may be improved. Seriously, the situation is becoming more tense every time, and we fear that eventually there will be a complete relapse into the primal chaos. Ask the librarian; she knows!

ORCHESTRA RE-
DID SPLEN-
DID PROGRAM

Minneapolis Symphony Gives Great Performance, but Crowd Is Poor.
(By Alvin S. Wiggers, Music Critic of

The Tennessean.)

About five years ago the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra covered itself with glory here in Nashville with a wonderful rendition of the Tschalkowsky Fourth Symphony, among other things, but a concert last evening at Ryman Auditorium by the same fine organization, under the same inspired conductor, Emil Oberhofer, drew a lamentably small crowd.

The orchestra is unquestionably one of the finest in the country, and one of the largest that has visited us. The 85 players are all artists and play in such a finished manner that the effect produced is truly that of a virtuosic organization. The great number of strings have a clarity of sound and elasticity of unance that is exhilarating.

Emil Oberhofer is one of the most pleasing conductors it has been our good fortune to watch. His every movement is full of grace and poetry, and he combines with his musicianship a seriousness of artistic purpose and a sweep of imagination which he imparts to players and audience.

Beethoven's fourth overture (1806), the "Leonore" No. 3, to his only opera, "Fidelio," with its pictorialization of despairing grief followed by exulting joy, is a master work, but in contrast with the orchestral riot of the moderns seems like a dull mathematical problem to hearers looking for pichness of coloring and rhythms of compelling interest.

The "Scheherazade" Symphonic Suite (1899) of the Russian, Rimsky-Korsakoff, contains all this. Here is all the intoxicating perfume of the East, the sensuous appeal to the eye and ear, the sea in its varying moods, and the spirit and atmosphere of ancient Bagdad. Several of the "Thousand Nights and a Night's Tales" told by Scheherazade to Shohrigar, king of India and China, are suggested by instrumentation of the most piquant, exotic character. This suite was played here once by Altschuler's Russian Symphony Orchestra.

Superb, overwhelming and monumental are faint words to use for the transcendental playing of the "Tannhauser" Bacchanale and Venus scene by Oberhofer's forces. This music, written by Wagner in 1861, for the Paris premiere, sixteen years after its first performance in Dresden, is in his more mature "Tristan" manner. The pulse of life in this tremendous work was overpowering. Through

all the riot of sound, the perfect independence of each instrumental voice was luminous and distinct, as the great composer intended, and the splendid performance of his dazzling work would alone stamp this orchestra as being one of the first rank.

Serenely beautiful was the familiar Andante Cantabile from Tschalkowsky's first string quartet in D (1871). The last part was repeated.

The show "Valse Triste," from Sielbius' incidental music to Yarnfield's Finnish tragedy "Kuolema" (Death), represents the dying mother in the presence of her son, fancying that she is once more in the ballroom, a scene paralleled by Peer Gynt's mother, who believes her deathbed a sleigh.

Chabrier's colorful Spanish Rhapsody "Espana" (1883), of original air, closed the enjoyable program. The Cincinnatians played it last year. This, as well as every other number, was applauded most heartily, and Oberhofer was recalled time and again.

A clever paraphrase orchestrated by the conductor on Dvorak's "Humoresque," introducing "Swanee River," was an encore heartily enjoyed. The concert master and harpist were applauded for their admirable solo work in "Scheherazade."

NEW HYPHEN STAFF

The Hyphen staff for the second semester has been elected, and will assume the operation of the paper in the next issue. The members are:

Editor-in-chief, Louise Jerrell.
Assistant editor, Katherine Cox.
Business manager, Cecelia Adickes.
Reporters—Marian Sullivan, Mary Dyer, Nelleen Camp, Florene Ashcroft.

We hope that the enthusiastic support of this staff will be even greater than that extended the first semester's staff. Let us not fail them.

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SUNDAY VESPERS

The Vesper service on Sunday night, February 13, was led by Louise Bell. The following is the order of service:

Hymn—"O Zion, Haste!"

Responsive reading—Isalah 35.

The Lord's Prayer.

Scripture reading—Isalah 30, Sara Elizabeth Bryant.

Hymn—"Jesus Calls Us."

Talk—"The Hold of the Immigrants Upon Us," Sara Elizabeth Bryant.

Benediction Hymn—"Now the Day Is Over."

The talk that Sara Elizabeth Bryant gave was very interesting, telling us of the many, many immigrants in one little section of the country. She said how so many of us had thought of immigration colonies as our "Little Italies" and "Chinatown," but she took us with her to Colorado and showed us the pitiable condition of some real immigrants. She told us how greatly home missionaries are needed and how these peoples need teachers, for they now speak only their own language and know not one word of American. They still keep their own churches and customs, and the only way to better these conditions is through Americanization.

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COLLEGE SPECIALS ENTERTAIN

Three cheers for the college specials! They gave us a glorious party. It was a wonderful night, and we had a marvelous time.

Last Monday night it was when the college specials escorted the seniors to a Valentine dinner dance at Woody-Crest. Everything was ideal. It was one of those starchy, "moony" nights that make romance and Woody-Crest look like Cupid's bower itself. Oh, it was delicious!

We danced to heavenly music, had the best dinner with clever entertainment between courses, and danced some more.

The program consisted of a group of songs—"Hinder Chant," "All the Leaves Were Calling Me," "The Waters of Minnetonka," and "Values"—beautifully sung as only our Miss Kirkham can sing them.

Two readings—one a love satire, given by Clara Haddock, the other a dialogue, "Nanon and Nnette," which was read by Floyd Rice and Clara Haddock; and a dance by charming little Leslie Davis, looking just as we think a true Valentine should.

The event assembled a large company of students, since there were 110 of the hostesses and 85 honor guests. These were received by Miss Boyer, sponsor of the college specials; Miss Miss sponsor for the seniors; Miss Lucile Hempling, president of the college specials, and Miss Clotilde Brazelton, president of the senior class.

The affair was over all too soon, but we are sure that every one of us would love to be seniors all over again if we knew another such party was in store for us.

PERSONALS

Beulah and Norma Stevens spent the week-end in town with their father.

Mabel Smith, Dorothy Holdings and Elizabeth Parsons spent Sunday in town with Mrs. Hardcastle.

Constance Caldwell was visited last week by her mother.

Margaret Howard spent Saturday in town with her mother and sister.

Nancy Lawson and Lula Ward spent Sunday with Mrs. Percy Maddin.

Mrs. Mayfield is in Nashville to see her daughter, Josephine, who has been ill for the past several weeks, but who is now improving rapidly.

Beatrice Johnston spent Sunday and Monday with her father, who was visiting in Nashville.

Mrs. Schenek is visiting with her daughter, Emily.

Madame Graziani chaperoned Mary Coulson, Catherine and Lols Moore, Ruby Aves and Ruby Sams to town Monday.

Josephine Cathcart went home for the past week-end.

Julia Price, Marie Walters, and Louise McCrellan spent the week-end in Franklin.

Katherine Cox and Mary Kennedy enjoyed Monday spent with Mrs. Nelums in town.

Mrs. George Harris is visiting her daughter Frances.

Sadie and Celia Addicks, Catherine and Lols Ware, Ruby and Gretchen Avis, Ruth Nolan, Thera Speer, and Frances Harris were the guests of Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Mayfield at Alexander Wednesday night.

LECTURE OF MRS. PRICE

One of the most inspiring lectures of this year at Ward-Belmont was given to the advanced literature classes on February 10 by Miss Elizabeth Price, who spoke on the recent works of Algernon Blackwood.

Miss Price represents the best literary culture of Nashville. However, her influence is felt much more widely than in her native city, as she has delivered lectures with much success in Chicago and other places in the North and West. She is a member of the Nashville Press and Authors' Club, the Tennessee Woman's Press and Authors' Club and the League of American Pen Women of Nashville.

It is to Miss Price that Nashville owes its introduction to Algernon Blackwood, for in her literary tea at the Centennial Club last spring she introduced this author to a choice circle of friends. Her own discovery of him was such a pleasure to her that she wished to share him with others. Blackwood's books do not appeal to the casual reader, and Miss Price felt they were too beautiful to be missed. Her own enthusiasm has led many others to become acquainted with them. While music is Miss Price's specialty, yet her broad culture and fine artistic taste have identified her with all lines of vital interest, and she is much in demand for talks before clubs upon widely varying subjects. This she does in a most delightful, interesting and original way. Her reviews of Algernon Blackwood's stories have shown her a literary critic of perception and thoughtful discrimination as well as a genuine enthusiast. Her talk at Ward-Belmont last spring was considered one

of the choice events of the year, and she was begged then to promise another for this year.

ANTI-PAN KITE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Vice President, Nora C. Nelson. Treasurer, Laura Connell. Secretary, Theo. Thomas. Then refreshments of chocolate ice cream and cake were served.

On February 16 a literary program was enjoyed very much. Pearl Kaplan outlined some very interesting facts about Abraham Lincoln. A short sketch of the life of Washington was very cleverly given by Mary Mumford. After the literary program a George Washington spelling match was enjoyed by all.

Now do you wonder
Why we selected kite
For the title
Of our column?

You may wonder,
And keep on wondering,
About our attainments
In the future.

Mrs. Robinson—Who is that girl with the cute little nose?
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PATRIOTISM

"Girls, what is patriotism, anyhow?" asked Dr. Hollinshead last Wednesday night as he spoke to the Twentieth Century Club. I dare say there is not a girl who there was who is now either ignorant of a good definition for patriotism or of some of the men, and women, too, for there was that guiding spirit in Joan of Arc or Joanne d'Arc, as our French students please to call her, who have lived in the traditions of the nations as their patriots. Greeks had hers. Each one gave the best that was in them for the strengthening of those ideals for which their nation stood.

Just at this time in the year our thoughts are turned to our own great spirits. Washington, surrounded with all the stories of his deep concern for the success of the struggling colonies, passes through our minds in a flash. There are others who in those first days who were co-patriots with the "Father of his country." Not many of us know that Robert Morris gave from his private fortune much for the support for the poverty-stricken forces. For this he was never remembered by the Congress of the newly conceived nation. So has it been all down the pages of our history. Looking around us each of us can find our place for being just such patriots as these have been.

So it was Dr. Hollinshead encouraged and stirred anew in his desire. To every T. C. C. girl this privilege of listening to Dr. Hollinshead is one that is looked forward to with greatest pleasure, first, because he always leaves with us, as it were, food for thought, and, secondly, he always concludes an evening with us by just tantalizing us with the mysteries of hypnotism after he had tried to make clear some of the seemingly unusual and phenomenal acts of the ever mystifying Alexander. He shook hands with some of us, and much to our horrorification we could not relinquish our grasp. Ask some of those present if it was possible to go about the room just as it pleased one. They can tell you how it felt. But surely the Twentieth Century Club of Ward-Belmont never enjoyed an evening quite so fully.

A. K. DANCE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Then Pierott (Betty Hume) bursted through the heart, and following her came Pierottee in his black diamond suit. This pair then gave us a clever solo dance, carrying out the idea of Pierott and Pierottee.

After this came the refreshments of ice cream with small red hearts in the center, cakes with heart icing,

and red and white heart mints. The refreshments were served by six girls dressed resembling tiny Valentines themselves in their dresses of white crepe paper and red hearts.

The orchestra next played "Home, Sweet Home," and every one expressed their regrets at that being the last dance of the most enjoyable evening. After that came the leave-taking, when we all carried away the memory of a never-to-be forgotten evening spent at the season's Valentine dance.

Mrs. Whitson, the club's inspiration in all its undertakings, was the official chaperon of the dance, but the A. K.'s were very pleased to welcome Miss Mills and the other members of the faculty to their first public affair of the year.

Misses Elizabeth Meyers, Ruby Mae Pigford and Emma Norton spent Monday in town with Miss Gordon.

Misses Dorothy Holditch, Elizabeth Parsons, and Mabel Smith were the guests of Mrs. Hardcastle Sunday.

Miss Lydia Mangana spent the week-end in Franklin the guest of Miss Lily Green.

Miss Laura Robinson spent the week-end at her home, Courtland, Ala.

Miss Mildred Parks visited her parents in Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

Miss Helen Wheeler spent the week-end at her home at Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Christine Dortch spent the week-end in Columbia.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1921

NUMBER 15

PANTHER PRE-LIMINARY MEET

The Panthers held their preliminary meet on Saturday, February 19, at 3:25. The college, preparatory, and intermediate girls all competed together. The results cannot be fully determined, but the results will be given as they stand now.

For the entire Panther meet:

College—Johnston, first; Boardman, second; Eastham, third.

Preparatory—Hassler, first; Deckinson, second; Sconce, third.

Intermediate—Hollinshead, first. Johnston (college), first; Hollinshead (intermediate), second; and Hassler (preparatory), third.

The results of each event were:

Fifty feet front—College: Eastham, first; Johnston, second; Boardman, third. Preparatory: Hassler, first; Jackson, second; Deckinson, third. Intermediate: Hollinshead, first; Howe, third.

Plain dives—College: Silber, first; Johnston, second; Connett, third.

Preparatory: Hassler, first; Deckinson, second; Sconce, third. Intermediate: Hollinshead, first; Howe, second.

Plunge—College: Johnston, first; Eastham, second; Boardman, third.

Preparatory: Hassler, first; Deckinson, second; Sconce, third. Intermediate: Hollinshead, first; Howe, second.

Back—College: Boardman, Johnston, Dent, first. Intermediate: Hollinshead, first.

Form—College: Johnston, first; Boardman, second; Eastham, third.

(Continued on Page 3.)

ALL HAIL—F F'S

Last Wednesday night the F. F.'s had a very clever and original Valentine party in honor of their new members. Valentines were given every member and a gift to each new girl.

The program, which was in the shape of a red heart, when opened, read like this:

"Dance—Emeline Boyer.
"Mad Scene—Dorothy Bentley.

"Song—Dot Hamel.
"All's Understood—Maggie Waysdown (Margaret Middleton), Lika Otheoline (Helen Hainline)."

Each one of the numbers proved very entertaining, and the last number disclosed many pasts and futures of the different members.

Refreshments consisting of frozen fruit salad and wafers were served.

Every girl enjoyed the evening and was sorry when the bell rang and study hour commenced.

The new officers for the remainder of the year have also been elected.

They are as follows:

President—Bess Murphy.
Vice President—Margaret Middleton.

Secretary—Nabe Edgar.
Treasurer—Helen Hamline.

Sergeant-at-Arms—Sara Simpson.

Saturday afternoon Misses Dorthea Powell and Frances Scott were with Mrs. Sanders.



GENERAL MONITORS MEETING

GEORGE WASHINGTON DINNER IS BRILLIANT AFFAIR

The annual dinner in honor of George Washington's birthday was held Tuesday night. This has always been one of the most anticipated and enjoyed dinners of the whole year, and this one came fully up to our expectations. Everybody assembled in Recreation Hall and admired the costumes (secretly thinking hers was best), while waiting for George and Martha Washington to come down the beautiful steps leading from South Front, which call up remembrances of colonial belles. The officers of the college classes comprised the "crowd" and preceded George and Martha, who were most excellently portrayed by Della Jeffries and Fatine Dowdle. Philip and Jane Hall were "miniatures" of them and acted as pages.

We then went to the dining room, beautifully decorated with school colors and flags. An orchestra played national airs, and we all sang "The Star-Spangled Banner."

A delicious dinner was served, and there were attractive menus and hatchets for your memory books or to send to some one to show what attractive things we do have at Ward-Belmont.

After dinner the minuet was danced, and then the colonial was discarded, and we closed the evening with the modern American style of dance.

The marriage of Miss Eleanor Turney, of Fairfield, Iowa, to Mr. James Turner Riggs, February 5, 1921, is announced. Eleanor was graduated from Ward-Belmont three years ago.

"ARKANSAS AGAIN"

Our grand old Arkansas Club with our president, Margaret Moore, and our lovely sponsor, Miss Leavell, in spite of the snow and sleet Saturday afternoon, found our way to the Knickerbocker for a wonderful movie. Then through some more sleet and snow to Mocker's, where we feasted on "banana splits" and "parbolls" and everything else good.

But then—yes, that's only the beginning of "what came."

We boarded a Belmont Heights car—but, lo! only half way from W-B, the trolley fell down and a million other things happened to the street car so it could not run.

But we all have those "grand old Arkansas dispositions" (Ahem!), and we didn't let this little trouble interfere with our good time.

And pretty soon Leslie and Leftwich came after us in the school cars, and "we rode home in state."

Then, still better, Mrs. Robinson had saved us some food, and we had special tables and a real dinner party about 7.

Now what state will try to beat this for a real party?

OSIRON CLUB ACTIVITIES

At the Osiron Club meeting for February 16th the two new members—Mildred Jones and Willa Barr—received most of the attention. After the short formal ceremony of initiation, the informal celebration took place, and Mildred and Willa proved themselves entirely worthy of Osiron.

A called meeting of the club was held on Saturday when Addie Crouch Read was elected treasurer to succeed Martha Vordenburg, who has recently assumed the duties of Milestones editor.

February 23 was the date for Osiron business meeting. New Committees were appointed to be in charge of program, entertainment, and "food" for the second semester, and other business matters were settled.

The short program which followed was in charge of Erma Fagerstrom. It took the form of an extemporaneous debate on the question, "Resolved, That Ward-Belmont should be made a co-educational school." Some brilliant speeches were made for both sides. Martha Vordenburg, Coralie Kessler and Lelia Wood spoke for the affirmative, and Helen Emberson, Sara Elizabeth Bryant and Beatrice Johnson for the negative. After much discussion of the relative merits of the two debating teams, the judges decided that the affirmative side had presented the most convincing argument—a decision which, when announced by Miss Middleton, was readily approved by the club as a body!

CALENDAR

Mar. 1—Sophie Braslau.
Mar. 14—Martinelli.
Mar. 21—Mabel Garrison.
Apr. 8—Philharmonic Orchestra.

ALMANAC

Feelings hurt? You tell 'em, Sunday school; they all cut you.



REGULAR PRE-LIMINARY MEET

The Regular preliminary meet was held Monday afternoon at 2:30. The results for the high school and intermediate girls are not determined, as so many of the girls were absent. For the college girls the meet stands:

Thera Speer, first; Mary Dyer, second; Virginia Sells, third.

The results of the events for the college were:

Fifty feet front: First, Speer; second, Inez Adriene; third, Sells.

Plain dives: First, Sells; second, Dyer; third, Edee.

Plunge: First, Speer; second, Speer; third, Sells.

Fifty feet back: First, Speer; second, Adriene; third, Sells.

Form: First, Dyer; second, Newman; third, Edee.

Fancy dives: First, Sells; second, Newman; third, Turner.

Underwater: First, Dyer; second, Speer.

Hundred feet front: First, Speer; second, Adriene; third, Sells.

Mary Dyer is to be especially praised for her underwater and plunge records. Thera Speer also broke by one second the back record made by Lelia Wood.

The officials were:

Starter—Miss Sisson.
Judges—Miss Morrison, Miss Margaret Morrison, Janice Boardman.

Recorder—Doris Cone.
Assistant Recorder—Jean Cooper.

Judges' Assistants—Margaret Connett, Rachel Penn.

Propertymen—Dorothy Atkinson, Mariette Hoog, Madeline Markham.

ANNUAL MILESTONES DINNER

Thursday afternoon, February 16, persistent rumors said, "Tonight is Milestones dinner." But no official announcement was made, so it was with pleasant yet doubtful expectation that we started down to dinner that evening. But the moment we entered the dining room all doubt vanished. Streamers of blue and gold, the school and Milestones colors, hung from the lights, and the Ward-Belmont orchestra was playing "Margie" with a pep and swing that sent a festive thrill to our very soul.

As we sat waiting for the first course, still expectant, the air was suddenly pierced by wild, rasping yelps and Ahoni, the independent, willful aristocrat, the one snob in Ward-Belmont, came madly dashing through the dining room, his reserved conventionality gone, eagerly chasing a frantic, panic-stricken gray cat.

When this excitement had died down, the orchestra began "Back in Indiana," and led by Miss Katherine Kirkham, the Indiana girls, scattered throughout the room, rose to their feet. Then followed Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland songs and "Dixie." When a Southern girl hears "Dixie," she feels like letting out a "whoop," so to speak, so intense enthusiasm greeted this. But at every

(Continued on Page 4.)

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief LOUISE JERRELL
Assistant Editor KATHERINE COX
Business Manager CECILIA ADICKES

REPORTERS

MARIAN SULLIVAN
MARY DYER
NILEEN CAMP
FLORENCE AIRCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

We, as the new Hyphen staff, want to express our appreciation of the confidence placed in us by the Ward-Belmont girls. We most sincerely assure you that we will do our best to maintain the high standard which has been set for us by our predecessors and will strive to our utmost to make the Hyphen this semester a paper which will truly represent Ward-Belmont.

But we can't do this unless you help us. We believe that a paper should concern every girl in the school and not just the seven or eight girls as the staff. We don't always know when you have a spread or when you are invited out. Won't you please drop a note in our post office box telling us about it, or better still, write it up yourself? We are not *flexiblers*. We can't tell when you have an idea for a clever write-up. Wish we could! There's an opportunity for you to either try your hand at writing yourself or pass on the idea to some one else. Don't be selfish with your brilliant thoughts. You don't know how much more interested in the Hyphen you'd be if you'd take a part in writing it. Please help us, won't you?

Then, maybe you're the type who, modestly not thinking yourself capable of writing, yet can plainly see the mistakes of others. We need your assistance, too. Tell us our faults and give us suggestions for improvement, for we want to improve, and that's the only way, you know.

In other words, we want you to cooperate with us in making the Hyphen a paper which will be the most interesting to you as well as expressing the true Ward-Belmont spirit.

CAMPUS KICK

"To sleep—perchance to dream. Ay! there's the rub!" And just as we settle down to our hard-earned rest, those blithe souls who "step" to every concert and recital downtown come home with more noise and clatter than an amateur brass band. "Rest for the weary" is our motto. If you persistent theater-goers never tire, please, we pray, have mercy on us poor ordinary mortals who need our eight hours' rest, and be just a little more considerate when you get in late. Not only your suite-mates suffer, but the girls on the next floor below really expect you to come right through sometimes! And in regard to sleep, we might mention the other end of the night, when alarm

clocks rend the morning stillness about 5:30—but then we've "kicked" enough for one time; the rest can wait!

WHO'S WHO IN WARD-BELMONT

There is one in Ward-Belmont to whom we run with all our troubles. Always she encourages and inspires us. She seems never too tired or rushed to give us a cheery smile and a few sympathetic words. If you work too hard, she warns you; if too little, she kindly admonishes you. What would we do without her? She settles our perplexities, she guides us over the rough places. Miss Norris, we appreciate you!

HOSTESS PARTY

"This is our Valentine day; Let us be merry and gay. If you're on time, With Mrs. McComb, you'll dine."

So read the invitation that summoned Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills, and the hostesses to a dinner on Tuesday night, February 15, with Mrs. Charlie D. McComb as hostess.

Each guest responded in rhyme to their invitation.

The special table in the dining room, which proved to be the center of attraction, was decorated in Valentine colors, a basket of red carnations forming an attractive centerpiece.

After the four courses were served, it was said to be a "hearty" dinner. You see everything was served in hearts!

"Why not let this be a traditional dinner given annually for the hostesses of Ward-Belmont?" says "Mrs. Charlie."

X. L. NOTES

Wednesday night was a program meeting, and Geraldine Parker had charge. Modern short stories were discussed, as modern novels were last program meeting.

First, Felicia Russell gave a sketch of Mary Anton's life, then the story of her story, "The Lie." Lucille Bragg told "What Happened to Elana," by Kathleen Norris, and Florence Hensley gave the life of one of our best known young short-story writers, Fannie Hurst. Geraldine Parker interestingly told "The Hepatica," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

Then Josephine Adams read one of Madeline Z. Doty's war stories, "Little Brother," which left us all weeping copiously.

Margaret Garner closed by reading an Italian poem and an Irish one.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

"What's that—a birthday party? Where?"

"In my room, right after the show." Thus Saturday evening a bunch of us gathered in Elizabeth Colson's room to help her celebrate her birthday. Such a display of food you never saw! Bashful? Instead we nearly disgraced ourselves eating, and when we left at 9:45, I guess Elizabeth understood we all enjoyed her birthday party as well, if not better, than she did.

"Oh, why don't birthdays come every day?"

T. C. C.

If some inquisitive or uninformed person should ask a T. C. C. girl what she did at the last meeting she would probably be answered with, "Oh, we had a dandy time!" The fun, like Topsy, "just grew."

Beginning with a drawing contest and ending with a dance, the meeting was truly a social one. It might be said that the climax was reached with the coming of the fruit salad and wafers, for what W.-B. girl is not "frilled fru and fru" at the sight of fruit salad—real fruit salad, topped with whipped cream!

Let the uninformed one be convinced that we didn't have anything else but a good time, thanks to Anna May McAdams and her assistants.

THE ACORA CLUB "STEPS OUT"

On the night of Wednesday, February 14th, the Acora Club in all its glory "stepped out" to the Nashville Golf and Country Club.

As the "special" drew up before the school, every girl was ready to

hop in and grab a seat for her particular friends and herself.

We arrived at the club and found violets bloomin' 'n' everything. Ain't nature wonderful?

Some of us danced, some of us sat around, and tried to imagine ourselves at home at our own club with him, while still some of us just talked and had a good time in general.

No bell called us to dinner. Just a soft-footed maid announced that dinner would be served. Gee! it was great! The food, the toasts, the service, the whole world in general seemed to appear in a rosier hue.

Between courses "toasts" were given and were surely enjoyed. Helen Shelby surpassed her usual ability at toast-giving and amazed all her friends at her eloquence. The toast included one to the school, our sponsor, our president, and to the old girls and to the "crushes."

The time came, as all times must come, for us to leave, and once more travel back to our studies, etc. As we "trolled" back we all hoped that once more we might go with the very same girls to the good old country club for another good time such as we had just had.

The club was much pleased to have their sponsor, Miss Thach, and Miss Mills and Miss Nellums as their special guests.

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PERSONALS

Misses Katherine Davis, Woody Dixon, and Eleanor Best spent Saturday afternoon in the city with Mrs. Means.

Mrs. Eastham, of Denison, Texas, has been a guest of her daughter, Sara Frances, for several days.

Miss Hollinger chaperoned Julia Price and Marie Walters in town Saturday afternoon.

Misses Helen Fletcher and Mabel Smith spent Saturday evening with Mrs. C. W. Abele.

Mrs. J. O. Price had as her guest Sunday Miss Beatrice Lindsey.

Frances Callender was a guest of Mrs. Warren's Sunday.

Monday Mrs. Grigsby had as her guests Misses Nelda Butler, Caroline Laslee, and Mildred Perry.

Misses Joan and Gertrude McFarlane spent Monday in town with Miss Katherine Hebert and her father.

Miss Louise Bell spent the week-end at the home of her parents in Nashville.

Miss Neva Woodall and Minnie Mae French spent the week-end with Miss Helen Wheeler at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

Miss Gordon chaperoned Misses Katherine Garrett and Bess Murphy in town Saturday.

Mrs. McElrath had as her week-end guest her niece, Miss Nettie Lee Wier.

Miss Irma Isaacson spent the week-end in the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. Rich.

Miss Jama Sharp returned Monday from Gallatin, Tenn., after having spent the week-end with her parents.

Misses Helen Hyman and Geneva Campbell spent Monday in the city with Miss Beulah Stephens and her father.

Miss Louise Gershon was a guest of Mrs. Chas. Cohen Sunday.

Miss Nancy Lawson spent Sunday with Mrs. Will Waterfield.

Miss Marjorie Clark spent the week-end in Franklin, Ky.

Mrs. Wiggers entertained Misses Leola Blackman and Leta Johnson Saturday afternoon.

Miss Adele Weiss was a dinner guest of Mrs. Sam Berger Saturday.

Miss Elizabeth Schuabum spent the week-end with her aunt, Mrs. Will Billings.

Misses Virginia Carlton, Charlotte Simpson, Virginia Peebles, and Myrtle Taylor spent the week-end in Lebanon, Tenn.

Miss Sara Frances Eastham spent the week-end in Nashville with her mother.

Miss Edith Hoffman spent the week-end with her aunt, Miss Iser.

Miss Viola and Elizabeth Sudekum spent the week-end at the home of their parents in Nashville.

Monday Miss Willa Barr spent the day with Mrs. E. P. Murphy.

Miss Elizabeth Garner spent the week-end with her parents in Nashville.

Miss Crawford chaperoned Misses Betty Stanfer, Dorothy Smallwood and Ethel Caster in the city Monday.

Misses Olive Rainwater, Margory Eools and Nellen Camp had Mrs. Lowry chaperon them in Nashville Monday.

Miss Frances Davis spent the day Monday with Mrs. Corlette.

Miss Frances Harris spent the week-end in town with her mother, who is here from Wichita Falls, Texas.

LOVERS RIVAL ALMA GLUCK IN APPLAUSE

They were seated high in one of the extreme side sections of the balcony at Ryman Auditorium last night, and for spot light attention they shared honors with Gluck and Zimbalist.

The reason was their affectionate inclinations, which, together with their isolated position in the midst of a group of vacant seats, naturally attracted the eye.

The man's arm slipped from the back of the seat around the girl's shoulder's. He looked in her eyes, and a kiss was momentarily expected. Apparently they had drawn the circle about themselves and excluded the rest of the world.

Between two numbers of the program a giggle ripple waved over the two sections of Ward-Belmont girls. The couple had been discovered.

All eyes in the balcony followed those of the girls. Scores of opera-glasses were trained in the one direction. The commotion, suppressed but insistent, was noticeable.

Finally the girl glanced around to see what it was all about. Another giggle. She knew she was the center of attraction.

Down went her hat a little further over her eyes and up went a hand before her face.

But the man was game. His right arm never budged an inch.—Tennessean.

Mrs. Eastham of Denison, Texas, had as her guests Monday her daughter, Sara Frances, and Misses Virginia Glascock, Ruth Hanson, Catherine Pease, Jean Cooper, and Mary Elizabeth Gee.

VESPERS

The vespers on February 20 were led by Elizabeth Clements. The service was a patriotic one, and the order of the service follows:

Hymn—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Psalm 43—Responsive Reading, the Lord's Prayer.

Violin Solo—"Andantino" (Padre Matine Kreiser), Cecelia Adickes, accompanied by Fattie Dowell.

Scripture Lesson—"Peace be with in thy walls and prosperity ever after."

Talk by Elizabeth Clements on Washington and Lincoln.

Hymn—"America the Beautiful."

Benediction of the Y. W. C. A. During the service it was brought out that by sincerity and conscientious service, the greatest men are made.

PANTHER PRELIMINARY MEET.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Preparatory: Adams, first; Hassler, second; Jackson, third. Intermediate: Hollinshead, first; Howse, second.

Fancy dives—College: Johnston, first; Boardman, second; Sulber, third. Preparatory: Hassler, first. Intermediate: Hollinshead, first.

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Underwater — College: Boardman, first; Dent, second; Johnston, third.
 One hundred feet front—College: Eastham, first; Boardman, second; Johnston, third.

The meet as a whole was a good one and well attended. The sensation of the day was Beatrice Johnston making and breaking the plunge record of fifty feet.

The officials were:
 Starter—Miss Sisson.
 Judges—Miss Morrison, Miss Margaret Morrison and Doris Cone.
 Judges' Assistants—Jean Cooper, Dorothy Atkinson.
 Recorder—Rachel Reem.
 Recorders' Assistant — Mariette Hoog.
 Propertyman—Madeline Markham.

ANNUAL MILESTONE DINNER. (Continued from Page 1.)

table the Northern girls were eagerly waiting for "Yankee Doodle," even trying concentration for it to come next. "Dixie" has no thrills for them. And when instead "The Eyes of Texas as Are Upon You" followed and a hundred girls rose with pride for the "Lone Star State," the expectant Yankees were harassed beyond words. But their beloved "Yankee Doodle" finally came after that to their gratification, and then the Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Virginia, Ohio and Florida songs were played.

Between courses interesting talks on the Milestones were made. After introductory remarks by the editor, Miss Martha Vordenburg, Dr. Blanton spoke on the value of our annual, starting off with these words: "I guess the new girls know as well as the old ones what the Milestones means—first, a certain outlay of money." He then told how highly he valued the annuals of his senior and junior years at college, saying he would give two hundred dollars for them now. He closed with, "The Milestones will beat any memory book."

Miss Norris, the next speaker, asked, "To whom does the Milestones belong?" And answering this question, continued, "It belongs to the Senior Class; to Miss Mills, its sponsor; to Miss Rose, the 'fairy godmother' of the English Department; to Dr. Blanton, to me, and to the printer. The Milestones belongs to all of us. So here's to us and our annual!"

Martha Vardenburg in introducing the next speaker, said, "The person who gets the most out of life is the one who puts the most into it, so the girl who gets the most out of the Milestones is the one who puts the most interest into it and backs it up." She introduced Margaret Garner as the "power behind the throne," since she has been appointed critic in place

of Miss Scruggs last year. Margaret Garner spoke of attitude and co-operation, asking that each girl contribute something to the contents of the annual.

Virginia McMillan, the Milestones business manager, then explained that checks were on each table, and that opportunity would be given for every girl to procure an annual by simply signing the check. A splendid response followed this, as 520 girls signed.

In closing, Miss Vordenburg asked for suggestions, and Mrs. Solon E. Rose announced that for the next five years she would present a gold medal for the best contribution of literature to the Milestones, either poetry or prose. This announcement was received with enthusiasm by all, and the Hyphen wishes to thank Mrs. Rose for her assistance to its sister publication. We want her to know how much we appreciate not only the gift, but the sincere interest in the Milestones that prompted it. May we be stimulated by this offer to make our annual this year the very best that Ward-Belmont has ever had!

Menu.

Fruit Cocktail.
 Chicken a la King.
 Sweet Potato Croquettes
 Cinnamon Sauce.
 Peas. Mushrooms.
 Shredded Lettuce.
 Thousand Island Dressing.
 Neapolitan Cream. Devil's Food Cake
 Coffee.



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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1921

NUMBER 16

PRE-LIMINARIES

On Monday evening at 10 o'clock the girls who did not go in the Panther-Regular swimming preliminaries are given the opportunity to compete.

Although the final results were not changed, several of the girls made changes, altering some of the individual points. Results were also computed for the Regular, prep and intermediate departments. They were: for the whole meet, Speer first, Dyer second, Yandall third. The prep results: Yandall first, Tandy second, intermediate, Mercer, Jackson. The college results were given last week. The girls who went in were: Griggs, Bradford, Tandy, Wood, Gil, Nelson, Matthews, Kenney and Lee. Officials: Scorer, Miss Sisson; Judges, Miss Morrison, Miss Margaret Morrison, Janice Boardman; Referee, Beatrice Johnston; assistant scorer, Sara Francis Eastham.

This finishes the preliminaries. The final results for the clubs are: Panthers, 344; Regulars, 314.

The Panther-Regular meet will be held around March 14. Only girls holding the best records will be allowed to compete, so the meet should be most exciting. Then, too, several new features are going to be added, and everybody better pep up for the event.

MISS PAYNE VISITS W.-B.

Miss Alma Payne, recently returned from overseas, visited for two days in Ward-Belmont en route to her home in Passagrille, Fla. Miss Payne was formerly in charge of the Student Bank both in Ward's and Ward-Belmont for fourteen years. During the war she was engaged in fifteen work in Mrs. Vanderbilt's station overseas. At the close of the war she was occupied in relief work in Serbia and Roumania, and later created an orphanage in Ruthenia. At present she is on her way to visit to her father, after which she will enter into business in Baltimore.

AGORA

A very clever program was enjoyed on Wednesday night, February 23, by members of the Agora Club. One of the most interesting numbers was the describing of the "person next to you." Here are some of the questions and the answers given by club members:

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of a clam? A. Because he is so soft!

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of a ukelele? A. She is popular "instrument" always lying round in the room, and you can easily "string" her.

Q. Why does the person next to you

Get Out.

She—Do you like tea?

He—Yes, but I like the next letter better.

remind you of a Ford? A. She has a body, is a good spokesman and can always be depended on in any kind of weather.

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of a peeled onion? A. Because she keeps you at arms' length.

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of an oyster? A. Her teeth are like pearls.

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of a key? A. Her brother is from Yale and she "fits" in all circumstances.

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of a piece of cheese? A. She is so strong.

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of a billboard? A. Her clothes fit as if pasted on!

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of a permision? A. She has made many a mouth "pucker."

Q. Why does the person next to you remind you of steam? A. She is crazy with the heat.

TALKS BY MISS GILKESON

On Tuesday morning, February 22, the student body was delighted with Miss Gilkeson's announcement that she would deliver a series of lectures on "Education." We who are so fortunate as to be in Miss Gilkeson's classes realize her value as an instructor and her first informal talk convinced the ones who for the first time had the privilege of hearing her, that she is a most interesting speaker. Her subject is one of practical value to all students. The first lecture dealt with the development of education from primitive times, while the second was concerned with the necessity of exercising the aesthetic instincts at the time when they appear.

We appreciate the interest Miss Gilkeson has shown in the students and look forward with real interest to the lectures which will follow.

"FOR THE LOVE OF LEONARDO"

(Or "All for Art." A tragedy in one act.)

Scene: Table No. 34.
Time: Rice pudding tones.
Gwendolyn (in grievous tones): "And she said I looked like Mona Lisa."

Clara: "Mona Lisa? Who is she?"

Martha: "Oh, she's the girl with the million-dollar smile. Don't you know her?"

Clara: "No; where does she room?"

Erma: "Infidelity, they say."

Gwendolyn: "Don't let Erma kid you, Clara. Mona Lisa's the lady in the great Italian picture."

Clara (superciliously): "Oh, well, of course I wouldn't know, then. I never keep up with the movies."

(Martha and Erma seize their glasses and drink to prevent fainting.)
Gwendolyn: "Pass the greens!"
Curtain.

UNCLE ARCHIE

Our beloved Uncle Archie is gone! It is hard to think of the place without him. He was one of the first persons we met when we came, and throughout the years a good friend. Our packages were more welcome when he brought them to us and delivered them with a smile, glad to have us pleased. Our specials were twice as exciting when his knock—a little rap distinctly Uncle Archie's—came at the door and he handled us the letters with a knowing twinkle in his eye, a chuckle in his voice. The letters he mailed every night! The friend he admitted at the door! The countless favors he did for us! We were as proud of him as we were of anything or anybody at school. He was not a mere servant—he was never servile. He had a distinctiveness that was entirely Uncle Archie's, and yet represented the beautiful dignity of his kind—his kind that is rapidly passing from the South. And he is gone! His service has been long and faithful. May his soul have the peace he has dreamed of, the rest he has earned.

PANTHER TEAM

The Panther swimming team is announced as follows: Boardman, Eastham, Johnston, Connet, Silber, Dent, Wood, Hollinshead, E. Jackson, Hassler, Dickinson, Adams, House, Matthews.

WARD-BELMONT JAZZ

Feeling that so worthy an organization and one which afforded us so much pleasure should, by rights, receive some sort of a recognition, I tucked my question book snugly under my trusty right arm and sallied forth the other day to interview one of the members of the Ward-Belmont Home Talent Orchestra.

After going through the customary "red tape" necessary when one is to obtain a personal interview with so important a personage, and after pushing my way rudely, in true Ward-Belmont style, through the long lines of less fortunate reporters, guards, butlers and ladies in waiting, I at last reached the doorway of her boudoir. Upon being presented to her, I gathered together my remaining strength and acknowledged the introduction politely, if a bit self-consciously. After this final exertion, I sunk wearily into the friendly recesses of a large upholstered arm-chair which was placed directly



ALMANAC

Spring Styles Appear.
You tell 'em, Nellie;
You're ahead!

in front of one of her large French windows.

Finally I gasped: "How—did—the—orchestra—originate?"

Then in her sweet, melodious voice she explained as follows:

"Why, it did not have any definite origin to my knowledge. It just sort of happened. One night the mandolinist was in my music room, and seeing my saxophone lying upon my Grand piano, she asked me if I was the musician. Blushing, I acknowledged the fact. Then an unusually bright idea seemed to penetrate the deep and dark recesses of her cranium, for her whole countenance became illuminated as she exclaimed: 'Let's get a violinist and a pianist and start an orchestra.' We agreed to meet the following night in a practice room and begin practicing, which we did. A few nights later a company of our schoolmates were wandering about in the vicinity of our practice studio, and hearing our melodious ensemble music, enthusiastically invited us to come to Heron and play for one of the nightly halls held there. After being sufficiently urged we made our appearance in the Heron ballroom. Of our debut that and all the rest since then you are familiar."

"Eer—is your organization very—er—lucrative?" I timidly ventured.

Like the tinkling of silvery bells, her laughing voice answered: "Lucrative? Why, no! We began playing for our own pleasure, and now play for the pleasure of others, and shall be glad to continue doing so as long as they enjoy our music."

Began playing for themselves, and now! Truly great oaks from little acorns grow!

Girls, isn't that proper school spirit? Yes! Let's give three rousing cheers for our own orchestra! Vive la home talent!

"Oh, long may they play
In the same old way!"
(The verse is all wrong, but the sentiment is there, all right!)

ANTI-PAN KITE

At the weekly meeting of the Anti-Pandora Club in room X on February 23, the progress of a vigorous debate entitled "Women should be more highly educated than men," was watched with enjoyment by the members of the club. The affirmative was upheld by Frances Scott and Catherine Thompson; the negative by Ruth Elizabeth Hill and Nell Ashlee. The judges, Mrs. Tarbox, Miss Gilkeson and Margaret Connet, rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative, with the best speech belonging to Ruth Elizabeth Hill. The club enjoyed the company of Mrs. Tarbox very much.

The debate was followed by a saxophone solo by Lucile Bell, accompanied by Lucille Haggard. Also Mildred Jewell gave a vocal solo, accompanied by her guitar.

The program was in charge of Katherine Spence, with the general supervision of Catherine Thompson.

At the meeting of the Anti-Pandora Club, held on March 2, all the members participated in a tacky party.

LOOK COQUET-TISH, PLEASE

I arose one morning two minutes before the breakfast bell for the express purpose of "fixing" myself for the "annual" picture. The fact that I arose two minutes before 7:15 shows how serious I was, because nothing but a fire, death or marriage could ever make me get up before that time usually. Well, to make a long story short, I washed my face and combed my hair (which is another unusual proceeding of mine).

Well, after my first period class I had my three-minute date with Mr. Thuss.

"Now, sit back in the chair, please—no—no—no—don't move your feet. Lean back, young lady—I didn't say lean forward. There now—there now—that looks beautiful. Just a minute now—just let me fix your head—there now. Now look coquettish—you know the way you look at the boys. There now—don't squint your eyes. Just let the lower jaw relax a little. There now."

By this time I could have murdered the whole Milestones staff. Is there anything that makes you feel more like an idiot than having your picture taken? Answer me that!

But this is just the beginning. After all that misery those pictures should be beautiful. Now, dear reader, I cannot tell you about them—my emotion is entirely too deep. Amen.

SUNDAY AT SCHOOL

Last Sunday, being the fourth Sunday of the month, was the day for church out at school. We all assembled in chapel at the ringing of the bell and found, to our surprise and extreme pleasure, that the speaker for the morning was to be Mr. Harry Comer. He is by no means a stranger to us, for he has spoken to us before and we all knew, as soon as we saw him, that a treat was in store for us. Nor were we disappointed, for his talk Sunday was well up to his usual standard. The writer ventures to say that there were fewer new dresses planned and fewer summer recesses indulged in during that one brief hour than any other Sunday this year. Everyone was too interested and held by Mr. Comer's talk on "Service to Man" to allow her mind to go chasing off after rainbows of the future.

Of so gripping a sermon little can be said, for description cannot do it justice except that Mr. Comer told us about the ideal life, that in which service to and unselfishness toward fellowman is the supreme object. Miss Miriam Walton, a town pupil of Miss Sloane, rendered a beautiful solo number, "How Beautiful the Mountains." We enjoyed Miss Walton's song very much and hope that she will sing for us again in the near future.

"What do you call a man who plays a saxophone?"
"It depends on how rotten he is."—Yale Record.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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FLORENCE ACHRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent to the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

"Be Ye Prompt," if we had our way, would be the eleventh commandment. Fulfill your obligations and do it promptly. That's our motto.

Did you ever stop to think how much of your own time and other people's you waste by not doing what you are told to do when you are told to do it. Your club president announces in club that you are going to have a dance and to please hand in, immediately, the names of your guests—and your money. You put it off and then forget it. Probably the treasurer then takes the trouble to write out a note to you (and the other delinquents) and Miss Swift places it in your postoffice box. You read it, thrust it in your pocket and that's the end of it until the poor suffering treasurer, driven to desperation, drags wearily up to your room. Then, if you are at home, you pay your debt. If not, another trip must be made. So it goes! All that trouble and time taken because you are careless and tardy.

Then, when you are told to go to a committee meeting, for instance, are you always on time or do you keep all the rest waiting simply for the reason that you didn't "start to get ready in time"? Do you always come straggling in late to meals and classes? Never quite ready for anything when it comes along?

Girls, it's an awful habit, this tardy one. If you don't think so, ask "Mrs. Charlie." She's the best reference along this line we know. Be on time! It pays! Doesn't it, "Mrs. Charlie"?

THANK YOU!

We appreciate very much the response which several girls have made to our plea for HYPHEN material. We only hope more will follow their good example. However, we are obliged to remind you that writing must be on only one side of the paper and all copy must be in the editor's postoffice box the Tuesday before the following issue. Keep up the good work!

"WHO'S WHO IN WARD BELMONT"

Miss Swift and Miss Shea are two Ward-Belmont characters whom we girls consider most important. Always they are on hand to put up those long-looked-for letters. They tirelessly hand out specials and packages, and now, to cap the climax of their helpfulness, they put up the regular Sunday mail so that we may have that letter to cheer us through the long day. We certainly appreciate your kindness, Miss Shea and Miss Swift.

PERSONALS

Friends of Mary Kenney Webber will be interested to learn that she was married on February 8 to Mr. Charles Stephens Spears at Paris, Ky. Announcement of her marriage was received by one of "Kenney's" old friends at Ward-Belmont. Mary Kenney attended school here in 1918-1919.

Miss Ruth Willette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Willette, of 2122 Lincoln Park West, and Herbert Somerby Nock, son of Mrs. J. L. Van Derveer, of San Diego, Cal., were married last Saturday at the Fourth Presbyterian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Nock will live in Chicago.

Mrs. Nock is an old Ward-Belmont girl, and this announcement was received with interest by her friends here.

Mrs. J. S. Hainline, of Macomb, Ill., spent last week-end with her daughter Helen.

Miss Mary Hagan, a day student, has discontinued school on account of the ill-health of her mother.

Mr. Hobart Massey, of Louisville, Ky., spent the week-end visiting with Miss Vera Pickett.

Miss Lillian Margraves has been enrolled as a day student at Ward-Belmont.

Miss Edna Lawrence returned Wednesday from St. Louis after having spent the week-end with her parents.

Miss Virginia Eckley spent the week-end in St. Louis with her parents.

Miss Helen Price spent the week-end at her home in Illinois.

Sunday Misses Elizabeth Garner and Dorothy Hicks spent the day with Miss Garner's parents.

Miss Pearl Kaplan will return this week from Camden, N. C., where she spent the week-end with friends.

Mrs. Crowell had as her guests Monday afternoon Misses Mary Kennedy and Virginia Howard.

Misses Clotilde Brazleton and Sara Elizabeth Bryant spent Monday in town with Mrs. Gold.

Louise Wicker spent the day Monday with Mrs. Boyers.

Miss Brooks chaperoned Misses Marion Williams, Sarah Middleton and Magdaline Rogers in town Monday.

Lucyella Oliver and Thera Speer spent Monday in town.

Eddie Lou Buford spent the week-end with her mother in the city.

Saturday evening Dr. Bailey had as his guest his daughter Margaret, and Misses Dorothy Cockrum, Irah Watson, Emily Schenk and Rachael Rean.

Miss Ida Mae Bowers spent the week-end at her home in Prestenberg, Ky.

MISS NORRIS' TEA

Thursday afternoon Miss Mills, and seven of us girls drove to the home for afternoon tea. Arriving there we gathered around the cozy grate fire and, while the hostesses served us with tea and sandwiches, listened to interesting experiences told by several of the guests, as well as by our hostesses. Everyone was so interested that the time passed all too quickly and it was with difficulty that Miss Mills persuaded us that we were not invited to a slumber party and so must go home. Politely we departed, thanking Miss Norris and Mrs. Bowen for a most pleasant afternoon.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Sunday was a bright, happy day for Lucie Neel Dekle. It was her birthday and many beautiful gifts sent special brought her the "best wishes" for the day. Flowers came from the thoughtful young men; a box of "eats" from mother in Florida, far away! Her suite-mates and "Ted" prepared many miniature gifts and later presented handsome ones to her. Then, last but not least, there was a big cake with candles, the number of which we'll not tell. May she have many more happy birthdays, but always remember the thrill of her Ward-Belmont party!

The dynamite business is booming.—Punch Bowl.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Alaska?"

"That depends on where you are."

From a theater program:

1. Luncheon at the Peacock Tea Room will make you feel like eating at home.

2. Buy a box of our bon-bons; once tried you're satisfied.

CAMPUS KICK

"Tempus fugit"—and it "fugits" especially fast in boarding schools. Everyone knows that we busy students have to plan our work a whole week ahead if we make both ends meet. But when we are incarcerated in Lab. for two hours, and the notice is sent that we will "go out" in the evening, we sigh for the vanishing study hour and dread the reproaches of our teachers in our six classes on the morrow, for which we are entirely unprepared. Yes, we enjoy going out—even to accommodate the Ryman Association—but please! give us warning in time to study; why must our work suffer thus?

ILLINOIS CLUB

The Illinois Club has had several exceedingly interesting meetings. Plans for a dance are being made, and with Miss Sisson as our sponsor, it's sure to be the best ever. The officers have been elected and are as follows: President, Mary Hasler; vice-president, Helen Hainline; secretary, Emily Schenck; treasurer, Lynette Brown. Watch and wait for March 26.

Great accident! Founders ran into Rec. Hall.

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NOTICE! SPRING POEM CONTEST

A very desirable prize will be offered for the best spring poem, not over two stanzas long, which is submitted to the editor by Tuesday of next week. All names will be withheld but name must be signed to the manuscript. Several of the best of these poems, together with the prize poem, will be printed in next weeks issue of the HYPHEN.

VESPERS

At Vespers last Sunday an unusually large crowd attended. Cecilia Adicks directed the program. The service was opened by a hymn, "How Firm a Foundation." The Scripture lesson was taken from the last chapter of Mark. This was followed by a solo by Louise Reiffer, accompanied by Margaret Vener, "O, Lord, Be Merciful to Me."

The subject of the meeting was "Phases of the Y. W. C. A." Adele Bounds spoke on "Girls in the Cities." She told of the recreations of the teachers for all subjects, of the personal interest taken in the girls, of club life, of the cheapness of meals to the girls and of the room-registry. Jean Reiniker spoke next on the Y. W. C. A. to the industrial girl and the college girl. She told us how the industrial girl could go to the Y. W. house to play and meet her men friends. Then we learned that the Y. W. had classes that she might attend in order to catch up with her lost work of any kind. She said that both the college girls and the industrial girls had the opportunity of attending summer conferences and meeting other girls. She told us of the challenge that was flung out to us college girls for service.

Geraldine Parker spoke next. She spoke of the work of the Y. W. among colored people and then of the world Y. W. C. A. She said that the Y. W. C. A. worker was not only in the United States, but in Great Britain, Canada and all over Europe and Africa. The benediction, "Day is Dying in the West," closed this very interesting service.

Dye, Dye Again.

A Washington chemist pleads for "license for dyes." It sounds reasonable. We know a lot of folks who would die for licenses!—Cartoons Magazine.

'AGORA INITIATION'

Twelve new girls took the vow to become loyal members of the Agora Club on Wednesday night, February 9, in the Agora Club room. They are Ruby Avis, Gretchen Avis, Ruth Nolan, Inez Adrian, Florence Bradley, Louise Eckert, Sarah Engel, Mabel Frasier, Trélie Allen, Thelma Farin, Margaret Moore, Hortense Reynolds. All Agora girls welcome these "new" girls, but they already seem "old members." We wish them a very happy club life at Ward-Belmont!

"Papa, what is the board of education?"

Father: "Why, when I was in school, it was a shingle!"—Exchange.

Too True!

C. Adicks: "Don't I look a sight this morning?"

R. Avis: "Yes, sir. I get so discouraged every time I look at the mirror, don't you, Celia?"

"AND SO—"

Scene I.

Time: One week before club meeting.

Place: Lonely spot on campus.

Enter Polly Norton, thoughtfully.

P. N. (desperately): "What shall I do? A program for next Wednesday night and here I am without the vestige of an idea. If only some kind spirit would offer her assistance?"

Enter Spirit.

Spirit: "Here I am. I have been waiting for you to call me."

P. N.: "Who are you? Can you help me? Can you offer any suggestions?"

Spirit: "Suggestions is my name, and I think I can help you. What are you worrying about?"

P. N.: "A program for next Wednesday night."

Spirit: "Hm-m-m! Twentieth Century, isn't it? Well, no trouble there with all that talent. Let's see—we have Jean Rineking, Rosina Rosenstein, Cecilia Adicks and her sister Sadie. Then there are Louise Reiffer and Betty Lindsay, and any number of others. Why, you needn't worry."

P. N.: "I hadn't thought of them."

Spirit: "That is what I am for. We can have Jean Rineking play."

"Buddy" Rosenstein is a charming expressionist. She might—"

P. N.: "Oh, let's ask her to recite 'The Courier,' one of Henry's stories."

Spirit: "Fine! Now, Cecilia will play 'Minuet in G' and 'Sousvenir' for us. Her playing of the violin is exquisite, while her sister's—"

P. N.: "Isn't she a dear?"

Spirit: "She is that and a clever one, too. Suppose we ask her to give us an interpretation of 'The Suburbanites.' Then Louise Reiffer will sing

for us, I am sure. Have you heard her sing 'The Star'? I heard her the other day and I know the girls would enjoy it, too."

P. N.: "Oh, Suggestions, how can I ever thank you?"

Spirit: "Now, I have a charming little story for you to read, 'Under Three Steeples,' which will about finish the hour. Ask these girls to do these for you and I know they will respond gladly and you all will have a delightful evening. Goodbye."

Exit Suggestions.

Finis.

They all did and so—we did!

The Ward-Belmont girls say, As at vespers they pray:

"Help us good maids to be;

Give us patience to wait;

Till some subsequent date—

World without men. Ah me!

The Past—Grad's Soliloquy.

To wed or not to wed—

That is the question,

Whether 'tis better

To remain single

And disappoint a few men—

For a time,

Or marry

And disappoint one man—

For life!

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A. K. MEETING

To be a girl, the saying goes,
One must wear ruffles, frills n' bows,
And always be most prim and precise,
Just extraordinarily nice.

Now we are nice and all of that,
But we don't sit and sew n' tat.
We do everything, you see,
We A. K. girls of W.-B.

The A. K.'s have had some very enjoyable meetings of late. The girls have planned the programs in such a way that some are very educational as well as always entertaining.

Our meeting of February 18 showed us that the A. K. girls possessed rare talent. Margaret Howard, dressed as a black-faced comedian, gave us two very amusing readings in negro dialect; Frances Black rendered a beautiful piano solo; Phi Delta Evans sang, and Esther Terry gave artistic readings.

The next meeting was educational and a great success as an entertainment. The theme for the evening was "Indian Music." Club members read clever papers on Indian music and its writers, and several girls illustrated the subject with songs and piano numbers. The whole program was exceptionally good.

Our last club meeting showed the artistic side of our club girls in the style show that Phi Delta Evans and Autumn Hurley carried out. Tables with pretty colored lamps were set around the roof garden, making it look very attractive. After we were seated we were served with delicious frozen fruit salad. While we were eating, Monsieur Frantz Seguin (Phi Delta Evans) presented eight charming models attired in costumes. All were exquisite and the models were suitably selected. Following the style show the chorus sang, "Love Nest," followed by a song by Eleanor Foster and chorus. The finale was a solo dance given by Frances Black in her fascinating manner. The bell rang after this and we all adjourned to our rooms after bidding each other and our sponsor, Mrs. Whitson, "good night." Everyone expressed the hope that the meetings of the future will prove as interesting as the past ones.

To Seniors.

You were freshmen once, you know;
But all you did was grow and grow.
It took four years to make you so;
Why laugh at us while trying to grow?

Miss Ross—Who was Milton?

N. W.—He was a great poet who wrote "Paradise Lost"; then when his wife died he wrote "Paradise Regained."

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SLANG

My little dimpled maiden
At conversing's so uncouth;
If you say Bernard Shaw is good,
She coos, "Ain't it the truth?"

In speaking of great topics,
If a question's at her hurled,
She's capable of one reply,
Which is, "I'll tell the world."

In hashing o'er philosophy
To ponder she's unable,
Without a thought she springs this wit:
"That's me all over, Mabel!"

But when she's decked out in her best,
Primped up in fur and fuzz,
Does she crowd all the boys about?
Does she? "I'll say she does!"
—Exchange.

Dorothy McLellan returned Tuesday from Florida, where she has been for several weeks with her grandparents.

At the home of her parents in Pikeville, Ky., Miss Magdaline Rogers spent the week-end.

Misses Mary Chancelot, Elveta Minter, Elizabeth Henderson and Ruth Guitier spent Monday in the city with Mrs. J. S. Hainline and her daughter Helen.

Miss Marie Walters spent the week-end in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walters, of West Bend, Wis., who are guests in the city.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1921

NUMBER 17

INTERESTING OUTCOME OF POEM CONTEST

The poem, "In the Spring," was considered the most worthy by the judges. The author, Margaret Garner, will be awarded the prize. Following is the winning poem, together with other good ones submitted. We are sorry we have not space to print them all, for every one handed in merited publication.

IN THE SPRING

When the grounds burst into flower
From North Front back to the Tower,
It is spring.

When for clothes each maiden bashful
Parades every shop in Nashville,
It is spring.

When upon the campus green
Neath the moonlight's silver sheen
Strolling crushes may be seen,
It is spring.

When the little Senior Middies
Plot and plan and talk in riddles,
It is spring.

When we dream of graduation
And plan fondly for vacation,
It is spring.

When our daily tasks are clearer,
When the golden sun seems nearer,
When our friends grow daily dearer,
It is spring.

MARGARET GARNER.

SPRING

(With apologies to Tennyson.)
In the spring a tinge of crimson
Comes upon the bursting buds;
(Continued on Page 4.)

MISS SIEU YUE IN VESPERS

The vespers last Sunday night opened with the hymn, "Love Divine." The hymn was followed by the responsive reading taken from John 15, after which the "Gloria" was sung.

Then Miss Sieu Yue, of Peabody, was introduced. She is a Chinese girl who has been in this country for only two and one-half years, yet she speaks excellent English. The first year of her stay in America was spent in Kansas City, Mo. She then came to Peabody. This summer she goes home to teach in a normal school in China.

Miss Yue began her address by saying that she knew there must be some difference between the Americans and the Chinese, but that she had not been able to find it. She told us something of the Chinese boarding school, their rules, their good times, their lessons, and we are inclined to agree with Miss Yue in thinking the Chinese school very similar in many respects to our Ward-Belmont. From this she passed to the serious side of the Chinese school life and the opportunity which each educated girl of China has to serve her own people.

The service was closed with the benedictory hymn, "Day Is Dying in the West."

SENIOR-MIDDLES ACCEPT SENIOR CHALLENGE

We are very proud of the way so many loyal Senior Middles turned out Saturday morning to show their class spirit. They met in the chapel at seven o'clock and marched from there to the campus.

Lead by the president and vice president of the class, who were carrying a dummy as a representative of the Senior Class of '21, they snaked-danced around the campus crying "Senior Middies!"

A few minutes before the breakfast bell rang they gathered before South Front and gave fifteen rabs for Miss Mills, sponsor of the Senior Class, fifteen for the Senior Class, fifteen for Miss Ransome, Senior Middle sponsor, and fifteen rabs for their own class seniors.

A few seniors had gathered by that time and tried to "ork" their way through the crowd to pull down the dummy, but the sturdy Senior Middies had foreseen their purpose and had massed themselves more closely around the dummy, so the attempt was a failure.

It was about this time that the bell put a stop to all the fun. However, each Senior Middle wants to show the seniors in just what spirit they accept their challenge for a field day on May 18.

SPRING IS HERE

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thought of love."

Thus wisely sang Mark Twain in his "Commentaries on Caesar." Now, not being very well acquainted with young men and their fancies, we really cannot make any statement concerning the degree of truth and veracity contained in that priceless gem of poetry, but noting the increasing number of groups of "twos" which are beginning to dot the campus, we may just as wisely observe that "in the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of crushes."

These love-lorn groups of sentimental campus lizards are enough to give any sane-minded girl and give her mental indigestion. But, like the poet, the crushes we have with us always, so we will pass lightly over this indication of spring time as a necessary evil.

The blooming part of spring is putting in its appearance also. By the many brilliant hues of red, blue, and green which have been blossoming forth ever since the warm, spring, like days began, we know that crushes have not entirely monopolized the minds of the girls, for, as always, they seem to have reserved enough grey matter to use in solving.

(Continued on Page 3.)



ALMANAC

Weather very stormy.
Senior - Middle - Senior
activities begin.

SHELBY PARK PLAY- GROUND FOR SENIORS

CAMPUS KICK

This is the "kick" of the minority, it is true, but just the same we feel that we are deserving of notice. For years—often three—we College Specials struggle nobly in our chosen branches of art, but we still have the same old privileges we had the first year in college. Surely we who have been here for three years are entitled to some more privileges from the Horn of Plenty which feeds the fortunate seniors and even more fortunate postgraduates so bountifully. Please, Powers That Be, may we not have just a few more privileges? "Well done, good and faithful servant"—but where are our joys?

EXTRACTS FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB'S DIARY

March 5—We left South Front at 8:30 P.M. and soon arrived at Woody-Crest. The old country club certainly looked good to all of us, and brought back fond memories of our first week-end spent within its walls and of initiation. Everything was in readiness for us. Even the fireplaces were blazing brightly. Until long after 10:15 we spent the evening in various ways. Most of us tripped the "light fantastic," some read before the open fireplaces or wrote letters, while still others found other things to do, such as discovering a "Negro romance."

March 6—Sunday, and it has been an ideal day. Most of us played around outdoors all day, taking pictures or tramping. After tea we had an exciting game of "Run, Sheep, Run." When Miss Kirkham came back from church, we had a short religious service. No light bell rang for us this evening!

March 7—About nine o'clock we left Woody-Crest, and oh how we did hate to leave! We all enjoyed the change so much. Woody-Crest, here are nine rabs for you, for the Twentieth Century Club certainly liked your hospitality, and we are coming again.

DEL VERS TAKE IN NEW MEMBERS

At the regular meeting of the Del Vers Club on March 3 three new girls—Elizabeth Mearns, Frances Callender and Marjorie Gridley—were formally initiated. After the initiation ceremonies were performed, the evening was devoted to a business meeting.

Mrs. Turner, of Ridgewood, N. J., is visiting her daughter, Dorothy. During the week-end she entertained Evelyn Smith, Jane Van Cleave, Mildred Korzel and Helen Watson.

Miss Nanine Grier, of Thompson Station, is desperately ill with pneumonia at the Protestant Hospital.

Lost, strayed or stolen Monday afternoon between Ward-Belmont and Shelby Park the ever-present dignity of the seniors! At three o'clock the jolliest and most gay crowd assembled at North Front to await the inevitable "Special." However, every one was in such high spirits that the arrival of the much-slendered car was greeted as a dear old friend. Signor de Luca, waiting for a downtown car, was so impressed with the hilarity of the youngsters, never once suspecting they were seniors, that he needed no second invitation to join the picnic.

With this addition to the party, the journey began. Nine rabs were given for Miss Mills, Signor de Luca, Clotilde's new suit, little Jane Hall, and the seniors. Who said a special was always quiet? When Shelby Park was reached, the entire crowd rushed off and raced wildly over hills. Something had been said about boat rides, and regardless of the fact that there were hours left to enjoy them, everybody wanted to be the first in. The boathouse was deserted, except for the boats. But what is the value of boats without oars? But Martha Vordenburg, Ellana Born and Nellie Bell Dent just couldn't wait for the oars, so they unfastened the chains and stepped in. To every one's horror and before any one could catch hold of the boat they were drifting, oarless, out on the lake. Em Neville Cochran frantically climbed a pole and rang the boatman's bell. A many buttoned and uniformed policeman arrived.

(Continued on Page 3.)

MILESTONES A. B. C. CONTEST

Last week a contest was conducted by the Milestones, in order to find out which girls were the most A-tractive, B-aautiful, C-lever, D-ignified, etc. each letter in the alphabet standing for some characteristic, and last but not least the A. B. C. Ensemble. Of course there were many joking allusions as to whom should be voted for, one girl even going so far as to stand before the bulletin board and make stump speeches for herself, pointing out which characteristics she thought she had, and no doubt she did possess them.

The most coveted honor was the A. B. C. Ensemble. Who would be the best all-around girl? The importance of this was impressed upon us when two girls wanted it bad enough to vote for themselves. Who said some girls wouldn't take a dare?

The outcome of the contest will not be announced until the Milestone is published. This will give us a long time to day-dream and content ourselves with which one we hope to get. It will also put off the disappointment which is bound to come to so many of us, for there will be only twenty-six lucky girls, perhaps twenty-seven. The other doomed nobodies will have to console one another.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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 MARY DYER
 NELLEN CAMP
 FLORENCE AIRCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

When spring comes and old mother nature is alive, alert, awake, developing the beautiful signs of a Tennessee spring around us, what are we doing? Now we may be dragging lifelessly around to classes, daydreaming and lazy, wishing we could follow an inclination to sleep a week or two. Then, possibly we are trying to be as energetic as mother nature and vigorous and full of pep are taking advantage of every opportunity for growth and development. We are hoping we'll all follow the latter course, but it's needless to go further. You see the point.

XL NOTES

The X. L.'s had one of the most interesting meetings they have had this year on March 2.

A short business meeting was held at first and Frances Harris was appointed chairman of the program committee for the second semester, and then Geraldine Parker took charge.

A miscellaneous program was given. It gave much variety, for everything was discussed from the latest news about Levitski to Charlie Chaplin.

First Mildred Kenzel spoke of the Passion Play and something concerning the disappearance of Antoine Lang. Miss Sison told most entertainingly of the last passion play which she saw.

Lois Moore gave a current event on the method of teaching the Greulich school. Lydia Stevenson gave a short synopsis of three recent works, "Main Street," "Moon Call" and "Mia Lulu Bett."

Lucile Bonham "current-evented" about all the latest news from the music world. How Galli-Curci is receiving \$2,500 on appearance, and something about Levitski, Shevline, Paderevski, Lada and Schumann-Heink's coming recital in Japan.

Lora Sears told how to "Caravan with Books," and we all immediately decided this was the ideal way to spend our vacation.

The others given were: "Art in Russia," Dorothy Simon; Eleanor Best, "Charlie Chaplin," which explained exactly how he felt about us; and Helen Curran closed the program by reviewing some of the plays which are now running in New York.

Misses Katherine Killebrew and Clotilda Mitchener, day students, spent the week-end with friends in Mt. Pleasant.

Miss Ernestine Dortch spent the week-end in Columbia, Tenn., at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Dortch.

F. F.

The meeting of the F. F. Club of March 2 was not only important from a business standpoint, but proved interesting, instructive and entertaining as well. Interesting it was because the subject was an uncommon one, "The Indian of the Wild West," in spite of because the audience was given an insight into an unfamiliar but charming section of the land and its inhabitants, and last but not least, the dissertation afforded entertainment due to the cleverness and first-hand information of the lecturer of the evening, Miss Dorothy Bently.

Miss Bently is a citizen of "The Wild and Woolly West," and not only did she vividly and uniquely portray the Indians and cowboys, but pictures, descriptive and narrative, accompanied her talk. The Indians, said Miss Bently, are almost extinct, but the remaining tribes (Crows, Blackfeet and Cheyennes) are revered and admired by "The White Man." The former are noble characters, reserved, yet always eager to respond to altruistic causes.

One intimate picture portrayed the determination and virile chief of all tribes in America. Another, the twigs popping out of the tops of wigwags, and showing the war implements.

The cowboy is not as rough as movies portray and not always does he wear the large brimmed hat or the red bandanna, insisted Miss Bently. At one happy time they often indulged in a beverage or two in the Diamond Bar or at the Bucket of Blood, but now all this is ended.

Miss Bently's talk was so interesting that her time for entertaining was over only too soon, and her Indian war whoop was postponed. Marietta Hoag also informed us of the miracles of the geysers of Yellowstone Park.

The business of the club was of dire importance and demanded much attention of all members. The new officers are splendid, and through them the F. F. will surely attain all ideals and aspirations.

PERSONALS

Miss Virginia McMillan had tea Sunday evening with Miss Elizabeth Liggett.

Misses Elizabeth Schnaubaum and Sara Courtney took tea Sunday evening with Mrs. Will Billings.

Misses Nancy Lawson and Lelia Wood spent Sunday with Mrs. J. L. Kesler.

Misses Wilma Lyou and Leola Blackman spent Monday with Mrs. Wiggers.

Miss Elinor Foster spent the week-end at her home in Bowling Green, Ky.

Miss Zola Sinclair spent the week-end in Nashville with her father, who was here from Sutherland, Ind.

Miss Helen Hainline spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. J. S. Hainline, of Macomb, Illinois.

Miss Velda Butler spent the week-end with friends in Shelbyville, Tenn.

Misses Thelma Farlin, Gwendolyn Edee, Felice Baratine, Louise Eckart spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. W. C. Fraser and daughter Mabel.

Miss Lucile Nell Dekle left Sunday for Marlanna, Fla., for several weeks' visit with her family.

Miss Virginia Glascock returned Monday from Vincennes, Ind., where she visited friends.

Misses Dorothy McCellan and Lucille Oliver spent Monday in town.

Misses Lucile Hemphling and Elizabeth Clements had dinner with Mrs. I. Jones Saturday evening.

Miss Katherine Garrett returned Tuesday from Louisville, Ky.

Miss Pearl Kaplan has returned from Cowden, N. C., where she visited friends.

Miss Louise Bell spent Monday with her mother in Belle Meade.

Fatime Dowdie was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Liggett Sunday.

Miss Sara Engels spent Monday with Miss Leah Karman.

Miss Alberta Smith spent Sunday with Mrs. A. F. March.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Stephens, of Morgan, Ill., visited their daughter, Virginia, last week-end.

Miss Eddie Lou Buford spent the week-end with her mother in Nashville.

Misses Lydia Moznana, Lorena Redman, and Elizabeth Mann spent the week-end with Miss Helen Wheeler at her home in Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

Miss Elizabeth Garner spent Saturday afternoon with her mother.

Mrs. Tolmie had as her week-end guest Miss Sara Bradford.

Miss Sara Morgan was called to her home at La Grange, Ga., by the illness and death of her father.

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TRI-K

What's all this about the big inter-collegiate track meet at Ward-Belmont? Oh, haven't you heard? Why, the Tri-K's had a big meet several weeks ago, and it was a dandy. Yale, Harvard, Stanton and Ward-Belmont all entered teams. Stanton carried off most of the prizes, but the other teams were consoled with ice cream cones. At the next two meetings the Tri-K's showed talent nearer home and had more serious, though just as interesting meetings. The general topic was, "The Development of Woman," and the two meetings traced her development from pagan woman to modern English authors. Other meetings will take up different phases of her development. Papers were read and were uniquely illustrated by girls who represented different historical figures brought out in their talks. Each girl gave some interesting anecdote about the woman she characterized.

The Tri-K's have had interesting meetings all year and expect to "out-Herod Herod" from now on. Just watch us!

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SHELBY PARK PLAYGROUND

(Continued from Page 1.)

rived. He listened to the sad story, but only smiled, for at that moment the lost derelict was carried to the other shore and the scared occupants disembarked. After that the more brave and energetic used limbs of trees and boards for oars. No one was disappointed in not getting a ride if they were willing to work for it. However, no speed records in the boating world were broken, it is said.

The children's playground attracted the younger ones, for soon the swings and slides were full. It was reported several had not been on a dry-land slide for years. That was clearly shown by the disastrous results in the numerous graceful ways of "landing." Very uncomfortably flat was the most popular method.

It was wonderful to be free to roam about as you chose! Bicycles to ride, the old Dutch windmill to investigate! Anything you wanted to do you could do.

Nevertheless no hell was required to call the starved party to the lodge. Tired, happy and hungry, they piled in. Then, on a long table before the fireplace, were stacks of sandwiches, frozen fruit salad, wafers and cake. Benches were pulled up along the river bank on the outside. Each took a well-filled plate and sat down to enjoy—well, hardly the beautiful scenery. When it seemed it was impossible to eat another mouthful, Miss Mills called us to toast some marshmallows and pop some corn. Signor found some sticks, and the popper of corn was brought out.

What more was needed to make it the happiest day the seniors ever spent? Impossible to think of a thing! Eight o'clock came too soon, for that ended one of the most delightful days of the senior year.

Three cheers for Shelby Park, Miss Mills and Clotilde Brazelton!

SPRING IS HERE.

(Continued from Page 1.)

ing that ever-present question of "What shall I wear?" 'Twas ever thus with women since ye olden days, when Eve had to solve that all-absorbing question every morning of "Shall it be a fig leaf, an oak leaf, or a leaf off of the family magnolia tree?" But, as our friend, Mr. Poe, would say, that is another story.

To return to twentieth century college girls, though from nowhere in particular, five hundred or more gingham dresses have appeared as if by Alexander's magic, and the serge dresses and Hott suits have apparently been relegated to the bottoms of the trunks. Just as miraculously have five hundred black spring hats appeared, and white shoes! Well, we have been informed that, on the first warm day, the Nashville dealers had to send a hurry call to the factory for an immediate shipment of another carload of white shoe polish, owing to the excessive demands for it made by the W-B. students.

Not only by the appearance of crushes, the riot of colors on the campus, and the numerous bottles of white shoe polish appearing in the dormitory windows, but also by a myriad of other signs and indications do we know that "spring has come." Neither solely by the peeping up of the little crocuses, nor by the brighter shade of green which the grass and trees are assuming, nor by the combination of all these, but also by that spring spirit within every one

of us which seems to sing, "Spring is here! Spring is here!"

At this particular season of the year there arises within us an unusual aversion to the cooped-in-ness of being indoors. Especially is this noticeable in class exams, and a restlessness and a longing to be out in the open in the glorious sunshine of a glad spring day. That same restlessness of spirit and craving for exercise which leads the small hoy to the ole swimmin' hole on the first warm day leads us to the swimming pool, the tennis courts, campus circling, and the walking links. Even "Ah Out," feeling that same spring call, capers madly about pursuing and being pursued by his many playmates. The blood-thirsty Seniors and Senior Middles open hostilities.

Answering the cry for open air exercise, outdoor "gym" begins. This offers an excellent opportunity for the campus hounds to sit around and "hurrah" their less fortunate sisters whose "gym day" it is. Thanks to the law of compensation, though, "every dog has his day," and every girl has her two gym days. The next day the "hurrahing" party is reversed, and the teasers of the day before are grinning on the other sides of their faces.

These are only a very few of the indications that our beloved and much-sung spring is upon us, but they are "sure signs." Get yourself all ready for the best of treats, new girls, for in a very short while our campus will be resplendent in all its glory of var-colored tulips and hyacinths—so beautiful that it just hurts you to look at it all. 'Tis hard to believe that there is to be more beauty to come, but seeing is believing, so wait and see.

The good die young, and the others go to college.

X L INITIATION

Wednesday, March 9, the X. L.'s held their initiation in the club room, when Juanita Ellis became a member.

Afterwards a social meeting was given in honor of the occasion.

First, we danced. Then Katherine Moore gave us little programs. (Much curiosity, what could all those words mean?) She relieved our curiosity when charades were announced. They were most clever, and some of us found out we were not as bright as we thought. This was carried out further, when we had to guess the names of girls in the club. First, a bell was rung. Marvelous deduction. Sis Bell.

The cards were collected and the prize was given to Helen Ballard. Louise McClain won the booty—a knife, "to sharpen her wit." Wonderful refreshments ended the meeting, closed at rather late, we admit, but much appreciated.

You Don't Say!

Don't you tell 'em, geyser—even if you do mean well.

Don't you tell 'em, bootlegger—you keep still.

Don't you tell 'em, corkscrew—you wind around too much before you get to the point.

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**INTERESTING OUTCOME OF POEM
 CONTEST.**

(Continued from Page 1.)
 In the spring a young maid's fancy
 Lightly turns to thoughts of duds.

In the springtime all forgotten
 Are the flunky's dismal groans;
 In the spring his highness Ah-Qui
 Gayly digs for buried bones.

In the spring downtown to Loveman's
 Blithly we repair,
 And blithly still we smile
 As we count out street car fare.

We look at frocks and shoes and veils
 And newest things in spats.
 But alack, alas, what we can't wear
 Is brightly colored hats!

Then back we fare to school again
 To be both good and clever,
 For spring may come and spring may
 go,
 But school goes on forever.

"ROBIN'S NEWS"

The robin first trilled it from high in
 the birch
 The jay joined the refrain from his
 own leafy perch,
 The jonquil awakened shot up his
 green spear,
 And together they sang, "The spring
 is here!"

Then the hyacinth 'roused jumped up
 to see
 Just what all this noise and shouting
 could be,
 And the hare bells tinkled both far
 and near—
 "The spring, the spring, the spring
 is here!"

A POEM OF SPRING

Just a redbird in a tree,
 But it sounds like spring to me;
 And I think of other redbirds in trees
 so far away.
 And my heart just starts a-sinking
 and forgets how to be gay.
 Just a redbird in a tree,
 But it sounds like home to me.

Just a bright moon in the spring,
 But the memories it brings,
 For I think of other bright moons in
 other distant springs,
 And I wonder what he's doing—if to
 other girls he sings.
 Just a bright moon in the spring,
 But, oh death, what it does bring!
 FLORINE ASHCROFT.

I stole a kiss the other night.
 My conscience hurts alack.
 I believe I'll go again tonight
 And give the blamed thing back.

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 immediately after lunch in the Y. W.
 room." Now we won't tell you the
 name of the girl who makes this an-
 nouncement in the dining room quite
 frequently, but perhaps you'll be able
 to guess. However, just to help you
 a little, we'll give you another hint
 or two. Wherever she is, the group
 around her are having a jolly time.
 for she herself is always laughing,
 always making others laugh by her
 clever remarks and actions. Then,
 recently in a certain class demonstra-
 tion she marched with an exceedingly
 popular, though lifeless-looking crea-
 ture wearing a checked suit. But we
 must stop; you'll have no fun guess-
 ing if we say another word. How-
 ever, please excuse us, for you see,
 our subject is such a popular young
 lady that we could just rave on in-
 definitely. Can't you believe it?"

Iiah Watson (at dinner)—Mr. Mar-
 tin, you may have my piece of pie.
 I don't want it.

Mr. Martin—Thank you very much,
 Miss Watson.

Iiah (giggling)—Te-he! I just can't
 wait to see you eat two pieces of
 pie.

Mr. Martin (politely)—Then, Miss
 Watson, you may be excused.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1921

NUMBER 18

MARTINELLI PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE

(By Alvin S. Wiggers, Music Critic of The Tennessean.)

Just like several years ago when Graciarri, assisted by Miss Aldea Waggoner, sang to a great crowd at Ryman Auditorium, Nashville, was again indebted last night to the generosity of Dr. Blanton of Ward-Belmont for his invitation to hear Giovanni Martinelli and the assisting artist, Miss Helen Sloan.

His voice is lovely in quality and of tremendous volume, with vitality and pealing sonority. Truly, the grand opera voice, with its strength and resonance, Martinelli's ringing tones carried the packed house by storm. Yet in the lighter songs in Italian, French and English, his polish and restraint are remarkable.

The famous aria, "O Paradiso," from Meyerbeer's "L'Africain," began the program. In this, as in his other operatic numbers, his outbursts of passion are convincing, even on the concert platform. His encore was "The Stars Were Shining," from Puccini's "Tosca."

In the matter of a distinct surprise was the auspicious debut of Miss Helen Todd Sloan, member of the Ward-Belmont faculty, whose voice has been trained the last three years by Signor De Luca, director of the voice department.

Her girlish appearance, self-possession and rare sweetness of voice made quite a hit with the audience, and after her first aria, "Non mi dir," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," she was recalled to give "Robin, Sing Me a Song," by Spross. Her tones are light and bird-like, and charmingly limpid. Martinelli next gave a group in English. (Continued on page 2.)

ATHLETIC BOARD MEETING

A meeting of the Athletic Board was held Thursday evening, March 10. A great many questions were brought up. Among them were: Did you know that Ward-Belmont was going to have a swimming meet on April 11, with Peabody. Also we are going to have a track meet in the spring. Then Margaret Garner, our prize scholar, has entered the ranks of sports—she is archery manager. Helen Hainline is also bicycle manager. See the announcement elsewhere.

We certainly are going to have a busy season this spring. Really, I don't see when we are going to study but guess we will somehow—some way. Always do, you know!

There was a young man named McCarthy,

Whose hatred for Britons was harsh,

In Dublin one night,

He licked six in one night,

And thought it a sociable party.

EXPRESSION RECITAL

Inauguration of the spring recitals in the expression department of Ward-Belmont took place the past week with a program given by Seniors, who have been admirably trained by Miss Townsend and Miss Middleton. Each of the girls displayed talent of an unmistakable degree, and their individual gifts were illustrated to the best effect in the work presented. Each student was heard in a number that was expressly fitted to her individuality and style. Miss Dora May Fry gave the quaint "Old Peabody Pew," with appropriate character character work, and portrayed indistinctly the old-time reserved girl of early New England days. "A Lyric" was given by Miss Ruby Rives of Nashville, who is a post-graduate, and a reader of unusual gifts that places her near the professional line. Miss Margaret Garner's quaint grace and expressiveness found an ideal opportunity in "A Looter," a semi-humorous sketch, and Miss Helen Darnell, in giving Dorothy Dix's clever opinion of "Mirandy on Post-Mortems," was fine in dialect and type work. "Apple Orchard," Miss Mildred Coby and "A Lyric," Miss Eliana Born, were each charmingly done.

The second part of the program was a short eighteenth century play that is welcomed wherever it is given. "A Fan and Two Candlesticks." With the setting of old-time speech, costume and minutest music, Miss Eliana was a wonder of a star in the leading part, and was ably supported by her two cavaliers, whose parts were taken by Miss Rives and Miss Fry. Miss Born also is doing post-graduate work this year, and promises to make a name for herself in expression work.

The audience, which included patrons and a few friends, expressed unbounded appreciation and admiration in their applause.—Banner.

WHO'S WHO IN WARD-BELMONT

The big event of this week was, of course, the Panther-Regular swimming meet and so just as evidently the girl in the public eye is Thera Speer. There's really little left for us to say for her record-breaking swimming spoke most eloquently of her years of training and her natural ability. However, "Who's Who" likes an all-round girl as well as an athlete, an all-round girl as well as an athlete, but we think all Ward-Belmont will vouch for Thera. She is the kind that, to use a little slang, "is ready with the goods where you want it and when you want it." Thera, here's to you!

A LOVE THAT FAILED.

Pat.—If you love why you don't you find it?
Mike (sadly).—"Alas, Pat, love is blind."

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER

By James A. Sidey.

"Come here, my boy, hould up your head;

And look like a jintleman, Sir;

Jist tell me who King David was—

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"King David was a mighty man,

And he was king of Spain, Sir;

His eldest daughter 'Jessie' was

The 'Flower of Dunbine,' Sir."

You're right, my boy; hould up your head,

And look like a jintleman, Sir;

Sir Isaac Newton—who was he?

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Sir Isaac Newton was the boy

That climbed the apple-tree, Sir;

He then fell down and broke his crown,

And lost his gravity, Sir."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,

And look like a jintleman, Sir;

Jist tell me who ouid Marmion was—

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Ouid Marmion was a soldier bold,

But he went all to pot, Sir;

He was hanged upon the Gallows tree,

For killing Sir Walter Scott, Sir."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,

And look like a jintleman, Sir;

Jist tell me who Sir Rob Roy was;

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Sir Rob Roy was a tailor to

The King of the Cannibal Islands;

He spoiled a pair of breeches, and

Was banished to the Highlands."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,

And look like a jintleman, Sir;

Then Bonaparte—say, who was he?

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Ouid Bonaparte was King of France

Before the Revolution;

But he was kilt at Waterloo,

Which ruined his constitution."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,

And look like a jintleman, Sir;

Jist tell me who King Jonah was;

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"King Jonah was the strangest man

That ever wore a crown, Sir;

For though the whale did swallow him,

It couldn't keep him down, Sir."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,

And look like a jintleman, Sir;

Jist tell me who that Moses was;

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Shure Moses was the Christian name

Of good King Pharaoh's daughter;

She was a milkmaid, and she took

A profit from the water."

(Continued on page 4.)



ALMANAC

Panthers can win a meat but can't Spear a fish.

PANTHERS WIN SWIMMING MEET

ANTI-PAN KITE

It seems very appropriate to use that title for our column, especially for this week. The general topic of our meeting on March 9th was "The Living Musical Artists of Note," but this had a far deeper meaning than is derived from that subject.

We have had some very good talks in the chapel by Miss Gifferson on preparing ourselves for the future. Miss Norris has tried to impress upon us our responsibility as students.

We have been having it impressed upon us that we have wonderful opportunities for service; that the faculties given to us should be trained to make this world a better place to live in; that we should not content ourselves with existing just for ourselves, but should make our age better for the living of others less fortunate than ourselves.

In accordance with these ideals we have studied the lives of noteworthy musical artists. The life of Alma Gluck, was sketched by Ellen R. Polk; that of McCormack was given by Maxine Hirsch; that of Caruso by Lenore Cornwell; that of Schumann-Henk by Gladys Settle; that of Tetravini by Louise Miller; that of Galli-Curci by Catherine Thompson. These persons are examples of people who have done things. It may seem hopeless to some of us, that we should accomplish so much, but we must remember that a kite is started from the most common material; when fashioned it arises from the lowest plane, namely the earth, and seeks its position in the sky among the clouds; not even content with that, it tugs and pulls at the string that holds it to the earth in the desire and hope of being allowed to go still higher in the broad expanse of the sky.

DEL VERS NOTES

The last weekly meeting of the Del Vers Club on March 9th was one of the most interesting which the club has had this year. We had the opportunity of hearing Mlle. de la Carte speak on "France in Time of War and in Time of Peace." This subject was most interesting and educational, and every club member thoroughly enjoyed the meeting.

THE SHIFTER CLUB

"Are you a shifter?" Who has not been greeted by this cry? If you were a good sport and were initiated you know the hidden meaning of "Get the checks, Mabel!" Otherwise you may miss the meaning of these magic words and wonder about the record-breaking rush at the Tea Room.

WHERE KNOWLEDGE ENDED.

Maloney—"What do you usually eat in this restaurant?"
O'Callahan—"Don't ask me. Ask the cook. I simply order the menu."

The annual Panther-Regular swimming event was held Monday, March 14, 1921, at 2:30 p.m. It was one of the best and most interesting events that Ward-Belmont has had. The Panthers won 150 to the Regulars' 135. Good enthusiasm was shown by the spectators and clean, snappy work done by the entrants.

Thera Speer, regular, won individual honors, breaking two records and making 39 points. "Bee" Johnston, Panther, who broke a record plunge, was second with 31, and Mary Hassler, Panther, was third with 28. Harriet Hollinshead was first in the Intermediate with 32 points.

The meet had several highly original features, one of the most exciting being the 50-yard dash. This event had never constituted part of the meet before, so Thera Speer set the record for this, 36.8 seconds, a record future participants will have trouble breaking. Some more excitement was the 100-foot back swim. Wood had broken the 50-foot back record last year, and Speer had broken Wood's record in the preliminaries this year. Miss Slison announced this before they swam. Both girls broke the school record of 31 seconds. Wood's time being 30, and Speer's time 28.8, Speer setting the new record. Another new event was the plunge with a time limit of 30 seconds. This Beatrice Johnston won, making the record of 41.0 feet, narrowly defeating Mary Dyer.

The six cent relay was run off (Continued on page 3.)

BICYCLE CLUB

Much excitement! Ward-Belmont is to have a bicycle club. Due to the agitation stirred up by Helen Hainline and Katherine Garrett, we are all going to be given a chance to fare forth on our "bikes" in a cute (?) uniform for a ride some of these days. If you are interested hand in your name to Helen Hainline, who has been appointed bicycle manager.

In order to relieve your mind as to financial arrangements, the Athletic Association will buy the bicycles and rent them to you.

TENNIS!

The tennis courts are in repair now, and all girls who wish to become experts should begin practice early. There is going to be tennis coaching this year—a little later in the spring, so start practice now in order that you may be the star of the class. Any girl who wishes to win her club insignia must play tennis. So a word to the wise is sufficient.

Religh?

Pat O'Rourke had a hefty shillelagh, And he practiced a bit with it delagh, 'Till his mother one day, Stuck her head in the way, The funeral went off very gelagh.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

"Keeping down that Irish temper." A long time ago there was an old Irishman in Ireland named St. Patrick. St. Pt was a good old soul but he had one fault—a most unruly temper, and when he died all Irishmen inherited this said temper. There are two famous kinds of temper—(1) the "external" temper, the kind that pops up unexpectedly some times; and (2) the "internal" temper, which lies in the depth of one's heart.

All ye Irish who deck out in the shamrock on March 17th take heed—please because this is St. Patrick's Day. Remember the commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"—and don't allow that unruly temper of yours to get the best of you.

I thank you.

THE CAMPUS KICK

Why kick indeed? Why, for the public good, of course! No, my friends, the Campus "Kicker" is not a trouble-lover, pessimistic grouch, going about with Diogenes lantern, seeking what she may find to complain about, and doing the same with malicious joy. She is instead (this hypothetical kicker), one who has every interest of Ward-Belmont at heart, and strives to make it even better by picking up complaints heard here and there, and presenting them to our notice for betterment without losing one iota of her happy disposition. Who knows, you yourself may have furnished the material for a "kick." Let us resurrect that one drop of Irish in us all on this cheerful St. Patrick's Day, and try, with that rare bit of an Irish sense of humor (priceless treasure!) to understand that the Campus Kick is not unintentionally a "knocking" organ, but, we hope, an intentional benefit.

P. S.—After the birthday celebration at 9:45 Tuesday night, the Kicker feels she will be backed by the whole school in a universal kick against all subsequent entertainments by fire drills. No offense meant, Dorothy.

VESPERS

On Sunday night, the thirteenth of March, a musical program was held at vespers under the direction of Miss Kathryn Kirkham. The scripture lesson was taken from the thirteenth verse of the thirty-third Psalm. The Gloria followed the lesson. Mrs. Nellums beautifully sang "I'm a Pilgrim." The rest of the service was composed of the singing of hymns.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
—AN EXPLANATION

"Begorra, there's a little bit of Irish in the best of us, I guess."

Yes, our name may not be Pat, or it may not be Muldoon, but nevertheless there's a spot in the heart of every one of us that secretly cherishes 'old Ireland' and the characteristics for which it stands. Confess now at some time in your life hasn't your favorite heroine been a delightful, mischievous "colleen with cheeks like a rose and hair like flame," Peg o' My Heart for instance, or the inimitable little Irish actress in "Seven Miles to Arden"? And in history, haven't you just thrilled to read about the spunk of the Irish patriots down through the ages, and wished you could jump in and help them?

Without doubt we appreciate Irish wit more than any other in the world, and can you recall a year when there wasn't some popular Irish song grinding out to the accompaniment of your favorite movie actor, and elating itself in your ears when you got home and tried to sleep? Mother, Home, Love and Ireland seem to strike the primal chords in the public heart. With this in mind it is strange that every year we celebrate the birthday of St. Patrick, the patron saint of the Irish?

History teaches that St. Patrick was the founder of the Irish church; tradition says he drove the snakes out of Ireland; and experience tells us that about one out of every three Irishmen is named after him. But, seriously, he did do a great work for Ireland, and was a man of not only a deep spiritual nature, but the capacity for action and a conquering enthusiasm.

Many years ago there was a violent dispute about the time of St. Patrick's birthday. Some were certain that he was born on the night of the 8th of March; others knew that he was born on the morning of the 9th. Each stubbornly endeavored to convince the other of his error until finally a good and wise man suggested that "one man cannot have two birthdays," and proposed that the eight and nine be added together and a compromise made by celebrating the seventeenth as St. Patrick's Day.

So let us do honor to St. Patrick this 17th day of March, and wear shamrocks, and anything else green we happen to have (that is unless we're going shopping and feel impelled to wear a dark blue suit). And may America always keep one day in the year in memory of this good man, and of his country, "Auld Erin, the Emerald Isle!"

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NEW GIRLS—

NOTICE!

We have thought that, perhaps, some of the new girls would like to subscribe to the Hyphen. Cecilia Adickes, business manager, will be glad to place your name on the subscription list if you put your name and fifty cents in her postoffice box some time this week. Also, any old girls who have not paid for their subscription as yet, will please do so.

TRAINED FOR A PRIZEFIGHTER.

What made your kid such a scrapper? Circumstances. His ma made him wear curls until he was nine years old.

MARTINELLI PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE.

(Continued from page 1.)
lish, including "That Night" and "Regret," by Vanderpool, a very beautiful and dramatic "Adoration" by the accompanist, Emilio Roxas, and Ward Stephens' "Your Smile a Pearl," which seemed to lie particularly well in the gorgeously beautiful upper part of the tenor's voice. "Just You and I," by Ward Stephens, was added.

What could be more beautiful than his singing of the tender melody of the celebrated air, "A Furive Tear," from Donizetti's "Elixir of Love?" The legato phrasing and nobility of expression, too, were of a very high order. Because of the tumultuous applause, the tenor added the quaintly humorous "Nina" by the operatic coach, Tanara.

Miss Sloan sang "The Wind's in the South," by Scott, the airy "Butterflies" by Seiler, and the very difficult "Staccato Polka" by Mulda. Her runs, trills and staccato are all executed with the greatest ease, and for encore she added the Rossini's rapid "Tarantelle," sung here by Gaili Cunei and Caruso.

A group which showed all the warmth and fire and dramatic intensity of Martinelli's voice were "The Murmuring Forest," by Bettinelli, "Ve-

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netian Vision" by Brogi, Ambrose Thomas' "The Kiss," and "Musica Proibita," by Gastaldon. "La dana e mobile" from "Rigoletto" was the encore.

Emilio Roxas, Martinelli's accompanist, has brilliant technique and gave excellent support at all times.

Miss Alberta Reeves is a skillful accompanist and played with much style and finish.

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN MISSIONARY

Another letter has been received from Miss Mary Heiskell, our South American missionary. Miss Heiskell is at present getting used to the customs and language of the South American countries.

Do we ever give thought of our South American friends who are yearning for education, while, we feel ours is forced upon us?

It is up to us to help our South American friends. Why not wash hair, manicure nails, shine shoes or give up minor necessities in order to help these uneducated American girls who have the same desires and longings that we have?

Are you willing to make a minor sacrifice in order that these girls might receive an education? Answer this question for yourself: Do you think of self alone, or of others?

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PERSONALS

Mary Ruth Baker of Memphis, Helen Chapman of Missouri, and Maurine Yeatman of Arkansas, were guests for the week-end of Margaret B. Moore, Helen Shelby, Della Jeffries and Marguerite Sina. Saturday the girls all went downtown for dinner, and on Monday had lunch in town. After the latter they attended a show. The Misses Baker, Chapman and Yeatman will return to their homes this week.

Misses Ellen O'Flaherty and Katherine Cox spent Monday in the city with Miss Kirkham.

Madam Grazani spent Monday in town with Misses Mary Kennedy and Mary Coulson.

Miss Helen Hyman spent the week-end at her home in Memphis.

Miss Marion Frances Young was a guest of Miss Elizabeth Thuss Sunday.

Miss Sara Engel has had as her week-end guest her father, Mr. O. F. Engel of Topeka, Kan.

Dr. Hollinshead took his chemistry A classes out to the Tennessee Chemical Co. Friday afternoon, so that they might see how sulphuric acid is made.

Miss Elizabeth Conroy spent the week-end at her home near St. Louis.

Misses Emma Fagerstrom and Elizabeth Harwood spent Monday in the city with Miss Sally Beth Moore.

Fern Leopold has had as her guest over the week-end her mother, Mrs. J. H. Herman of Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Miss Boyer chaperoned Misses Nina Woodall, Kathryn Dunham, Mary Johnson and Evelyn Ellington, Monday.

Miss Estelle Dillworth spent the week-end in her home in Memphis, Tenn.

Miss Helen Wheeler spent the week-end in her home in Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

Miss Helen Bouillon spent the week-end with her father.

Miss Fay Underwood spent the week-end with Mrs. W. H. Scott.

Miss Ruby Childers spent the week-end with friends in Chattanooga.

Mrs. K. Hardcastle entertained Miss Dorothy Hoditch, Sunday.

Janice Boardman and Jean Riencine spent Sunday with Mrs. H. McDonald.

Dorothy Simon was a guest of Mrs. Leo Swartz Sunday.

Misses Henrietta Singear and Jacqueline Hill were in town Monday morning.

Miss Elizabeth Paul has had as her guest over the week-end her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul of Cambridge City, Ind.

Misses Clotilde Brazleton and Sara Elizabeth Bryant spent Monday with Mrs. Gold.

Misses Louise Bell and Frances Kenney spent Monday with Mrs. Bell.

Misses Janna sharp and Catherine Smith were guests of Mrs. McMahon Monday.

Miss Louise Galloway was a guest of Mrs. M. M. Goodlet Sunday.

Misses Fatine Dowdle and Aileen Festress took tea Sunday with Mrs. Alfred Howell.

Miss Beatrice Lindsey spent Monday with Mrs. O. J. Price.

Frances Hunt was a guest of Miss Sara Fisher Monday afternoon.

Misses Betty Stouffer and Corrie Crawford spent Monday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Batton had as their guest Sunday Miss Lucyle Oliver.

Misses Nancy Lawson and Lella Wood were Sunday guests of Mrs. P. Maddin.

Sophie Warshauer was a guest of Mrs. H. Nell Sunday.

Lucile Hymeman was with Mrs. K. Church Sunday.

PANTHERS WIN SWIMMING MATCH.

(Continued from page 1.)
for the first time, the Panthers setting the record of 1 minute 6-10 seconds.

The girls participating were:
Panthers—Inter, Hollingshead, Howse, Preps, Adams, Jackson, E., Matthews, Dickinson, Hassler, College, Boardman, Dent, Eastham, Johnston, Conett, Silver, Wood.

Regulars—Inter, Nell, Jackson, M. Preps, Tandy, Yandall, Sella, Thompson, College, Dyer, Eden, Newman, Speer, Turner, Nelson, Adrien.

The relay (teams were: Regulars, Nell, Tandy, Yandall, Sella, Dyer and Speer. Panthers: Hollingshead, Adams, Hassler, Eastham, Boardman and Johnston.

From these Panther and Regulars' teams the 'varsity team was chosen, which is to swim against Peabody, April 12th.

College: Cone, Eastham, Speer and Johnston. Subs, Wood and Boardman. Preps, Hassler, Tandy, Matthews and Yandall. Sub, E. Jackson. The intermediate 'varsity are not as yet decided.

Officials:
Clerk of Course, Miss Slisson.

Starter, Miss Morrison.

Judges and Timers, Miss Norton, Miss Margaret Morrison, Miss Morrison.

Recorder, Miss Rachael Renn.

Assistant Recorder, Miss Doris Cone.

Judge's Assistant, Miss Dorothy Atkinson.

Swimming Manager, Miss Beatrice Johnston.

He—Dearest, every statement I ever made to you is absolutely true—except one.

She—How noble! And which one was that?

He—This one.

THE TOP O' THE MORNIN'

The top o' the mornin' to you, my dear,

The top o' the mornin' to you. Did ye iver see air so fresh and clear?

Did ye iver see skies so blue? You're lookin' so wonderful fair to-day—

I'll be wild if ye go.

I'll be wild if ye a-thay.

But me tongue doesn't tell what me heart wants to say,

So I'll wish ye the top o' the mornin'.

The top o' the mornin' to you, my dear,

The top o' the mornin' to you. There are chimes in the air that I love to hear.

And I want ye to hear them, too. They're playin' a weedin' tune there's no doubt.

And I know that ye know what I'm thinkin' about.

But I'm a-shandin' here dumb, if ye won't help me out,

So I'll wish ye the top o' the mornin'.

There was a young lady from Guam, Who said, "Now the sea is so calm,

I will swim for a lark."

But she met with a shark—

We will now sing the 99th Psalm.

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HAS ACHIEVED
DISTINCTION

Ward-Belmont has had this week a very interesting visitor in a former student, Miss Mary Joe Lazarus, of Bowling Green, Ky. She is here on account of the illness of her mother, Mrs. Harry Lazarus, who is at St. Thomas for treatment. This is her first visit to Nashville since her student days, when she attended Ward Seminary, 1910-12. Since those days many changes have come, along with the years, and the clever young student, who specialized in expression and dramatic work, has become the director of social activities in a great medical institution, the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and has produced two clever picture films, one of which has received the stamp of approval which has sent it out into the picture play world. Its title is "The Making of a Nurse," and its mission is to inspire young women to enter the nursing profession. At the request of Dr. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, she undertook the work, when it was entirely strange to her. The influenza scourge had just demonstrated the appalling and dangerous scarcity of nurses in the whole country. The picture made by Miss Lazarus was an eloquently staged appeal to fill the gaps, and it carried out its mission so happily that a large number of applications for training followed on the heels of its presentation. The picture shows many phases of the training of a nurse, as well as scenes of nursing service.

The second picture was also educational, and Miss Lazarus uses it in connection with her work as social secretary of the Sanitarium.

The duties of the position not only give her direction of the social side of life in the sanitarium, but its scope brings a wide opportunity for ministering to the mind and the personal needs of the patients, just as physicians deal with the medical side. No other woman so young as Miss Lazarus ever held the position. She is brimming with enthusiasm for her work and gives to it the zest of youth and an undivided interest. During the world war she did splendid platform work at the military camps in this country. Her father's illness prevented her serving overseas.

Ward-Belmont girls of today will be interested in the success of this former student of their common Alma Mater. After her graduation at Ward Seminary, one of the parent schools of the present institution, she took special work at the Boston School of Expression and in New York. She has been at Battle Creek for two years, and will return to her duties

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early in April. She is at the Y. W. C. A. while she is here, but expects to return to Bowling Green on Friday.

Night Owl—Set the alarm for two,
will you?

Roomie—You and who else?

THE IRISH SCHOOL MASTER.
(Continued from page 1.)

"You're right, my boy; hould up your
head

And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Jist tell me now where Dublin is;

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Och, Duilín is a town in Cork,

And built on the equator;

It's close to Mount Vesuvius,

And watered by the 'craythur."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your
head

And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Jist tell me now where London is;

Now tell me if you can, Sir."

"Och, London is a town in Spain;

'Twas lost in the earthquake, Sir;

The Cockneys murder English there,

Whenever they do spake, Sir."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your
head

And look like a jintleman, Sir;
For in history and geography

I've taught you all I can, Sir.

And if anyone should ask you now,

Where you got all your knowledge,
Jist tell them 'twas from Paddy

Blake,

Of Bally Barney College."

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That likes Ward-Belmont girls.
That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1921

NUMBER 19

OSIRONS HAVE UNIQUE MORNING

The Osiron Club party of last Monday morning was one of the most unique affairs ever given in Ward-Belmont. The invitations were in the form of three-leaf clovers, and bore in white lettering, the information that the guests might enjoy swimming before the breakfast "danzant," that the hours were 10:30 to 1:30, and that the place was the gymnasium.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, the guests appeared. The scene of the earlier gayeties of the party was the swimming pool, where those who did not swim found sufficient amusement in watching those who did. One of the features here was the group of bathing girls who would have excited the envy of Mack Sennet and all his troupe! Then appeared Jiggs and Maggie. Father had a beautiful time with the beach beauties, and Maggie had an exasperating time keeping up with him. At last Maggie in her efforts to disperse the circle of father's childish charms, walked right off into the water. Helen Emberson was Jiggs, and quite in her glory in a swallow-tail coat. Lydia Kenney was notably true to McManus. Sara Elizabeth Bryant, Willis Barr, Freda Harmon and Nancy Lawson were the attractive bathing girls.

After the swim the dancing started in the gymnasium, which was decorated charmingly.

The tables for breakfast were placed around three sides of the room. Covers were laid for a hundred and seventy guests. Lace paper dollies over green were at each place, with clover-leaf place cards. The centerpieces were of white spring flowers. A delicious four-course breakfast was served.

Between courses the orchestra played for dancing, and special numbers were given by a summertime chorus. Edna Lawrence, Martha Wilder, Erna Fagerstrom, Elizabeth Harwood, Virginia McMillan and Edna Dagenbagen appeared first, singing "Somebody Likes You." The girls looked lovely in bright organdies and black dinner hats, while the "boys" were fitting summer outfits. Then Martha Wilder and Edna Lawrence sang "My Wonder Girl." For the third number the entire chorus came out again, this time in gay sports costumes, and sang "Treasure Isle," with some clever dance steps. Every one of the songs was enthusiastically received.

QUESTIONS.

- I. What height should a girl's skirt be?
Anything above two feet.
- II. What makes the rainbow?
Water, bo.
- III. What do you expect to be when you get out of W-B?
A dignified old lady.
- IV. Why shouldn't I wear calico?
You don't look well in print.
- V. Where did Tooti go after saying "Goodbye Forever" to his wife?

WARD-BELMONT RAISES FUND

In a drive of a few hours on Sunday morning, the Ward-Belmont students raised the sum of \$1,500 for the support of a missionary in the South American field, who has been maintained there by the school for some time, said Monday's Nashville Banner. It was quick, earnest work, achieved under the direction of the school's Y. W. C. A., which brought this remarkable result. Miss Jacqueline Hill, the school's "Y" secretary, planned the work, and acted as leader at the meeting in the chapel at 11 o'clock when the subscriptions were given. Earlier in the morning six of the school's Y. W. C. A. girls, dressed as newsmen, went through the building selling a diminutive "extra," the "Sky Pilot," which gave all the information in regard to the work of the missionary, and the great needs in the field to which she is sent. The paper sold rapidly and the students were prepared to subscribe when the meeting assembled. The school's choir led appropriate hymns, and after a talk from Miss Hill, six other girls—Misses Ellana Born, Henrietta Singer, Lella Wood, Jean Rineking, Della Jeffries and Sara Elizabeth Bryant—made stirring appeals. Miss Louise Reifer sang and the pledge cards were passed. Many of the girls paid their subscriptions in cash, and all will be due by April 15.

The missionary supported by the school is Miss Mary L. Helskell, of Memphis, who was partially educated at Vanderbilt, and afterwards went to the University of Wisconsin, where she was graduated.

MARRIED

Miss Meda Phantely Moon and Mr. William Allen Mico were united in marriage March 16, 1921, at Loganport, La. Miss Moon was in school here three years ago.

IN MEMORY

Miss Susan L. Heron, one of the founders of Belmont College, died at her home in Belle Meade Park on Wednesday morning, March 9.

Miss Heron was born in Scotland. Her family came to this country when she was a young girl and settled in Pennsylvania. During her college days Miss Heron became intimately associated with Miss Hood, and then began a lasting and beautiful friendship, only broken by this death. After finishing their studies preparatory to taking up their chosen work they came South to establish a Southern school, first locating at Pulaski, Tenn.

In 1890 they moved to Nashville and established Belmont College, with which they were actively associated until 1913, when Ward Seminary and Belmont College consolidated, and Misses Hood and Heron retired from the management, Miss Heron remaining as one of the board of directors of Ward-Belmont. Her death was mourned by many former students and faculty members with whom she was associated. Because of her high ideals and splendid character Miss Heron was beloved by all who knew her. The school feels that no tribute which it could pay to her memory would be sufficient to show the respect and admiration which each one associated with Ward-Belmont feels for this strong and pure woman, whose guiding hand had such a strong influence on the educational advance for the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hyle, of Kansas City, Mo., have been visiting their daughter, Miss Dorothy Hyle, for the past week.



ALMANAC

Weather's pretty damp, isn't it, Dr. Blanton? You tell 'em, Shriners!

ANTI-PANS AT WOODY-CREST

On March 21, the first day of spring, the members of the Anti-Pandora Club were given the privilege of visiting Woody-Crest. All felt that it was a splendid opportunity to rest and equip themselves the better for the examinations looming ahead. Every one was refreshed by the seclusion, the quiet and the beautiful surroundings and the flowers. All claimed that they had never seen quite so many violets, and even the bees that swarmed around the wisteria blossoms were not formidable enough to prevent some very brave girls from having their pictures taken in the midst of them.

The members of the club owe much of their good time to the able chaperonage of Miss Gikerson and Miss Shoel. No sickness marred the pleasures of the girls, and it is heartily hoped by all the club that Miss Gikerson enjoyed herself enough this time to make up for any previous disagreeable experiences.

At four o'clock all prepared to return to the school. Every one was very tired, but no regret was heard because the pleasure and enjoyment derived from the day repaid all the girls fourfold.

Twilight Lovers

The sun was setting in the golden west;
Birdlings flying to their dainty nests,
Down the quiet lane str'll lovers true,
Her brown eyes gazing deep into his blue;
And when they came to the low wooden gate,
He opened it for her and did gallantly wait,
But sad it is to say she did not thank him now,
For he was but a farmer's lad—and she—a Jersey cow.

MONDAY LUNCH.

SHRINERS ARE ENTERTAINED

We always like Dr. Blanton's friends, and the two hundred Shriners whom he entertained at dinner Friday night were not exceptions.

At 6:30 the guests and college girls assembled in Recreation Hall.

After a delicious dinner the company went to the chapel, where the peppiest of programs was enacted. Ward-Belmont's part in the entertainment was an Oriental scene, the chorus with the dashing colors of the turban centered about the court of the sultan (see Johnson). Miss Kathryn Kirkham sang a haunting Eastern melody, Margaret Warden and Leslie Davis gave exquisite dances, and Janice Boardman, dressed as a little black slave, whistled. Happy Johnson and Dot Hensel sang their imitable songs, and Nelline Campbell played some of the popular tunes on the Frisco slide while Fannie Julia Phelps danced.

Then came the Shriners' turn, and as some one said, we just wish Ward-Belmont had had as much fun getting ready for its part of the program as the Shriners did. They, too, started off with Oriental dances which were ridiculously funny. Then they played jokes on some of the Ward-Belmont girls, and performed miraculous feats of magic that would have made Alexander himself stop and scratch his head. But the funniest of all was the initiation of five of the men in the Ward-Belmont faculty—Signor de Luca, dressed as a convict, gravely sweeping the stage, Mr. Goodman making his hasty escape from the electrified bed, Mr. Nellums manfully jumping the stick that wasn't there, and Dr. Whitson again riding the goat, presented in novel aspects the dignified instructors we are so accustomed to seeing. But the worst of all was when amid the protests of the audience, especially the girls, they ducked Dr. Blanton in cold water. We want to say how proud Ward-Belmont is to have a president that is (if he will please forgive the plebeian expression) such a good sport, and we wonder what other school could boast of such a head?

But not even dinners and mock initiations can induce Ward-Belmont to stay up late at night, so at 10:15 we bade the Shriners "good night."

TOO TRUE!

Let's contend no more, girls—
Strive nor weep;
All is as before girls,
They won't let us sleep.

Monday is our rest day—
And yet
As any other day,
We rise, the hour is set.

The days are flying by, girls,
Implore them as we will,
It's no use to try, girls,
They're of the same opinion still.
—Contributed.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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NELLEN CAMP
FLORENCE ASHCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent to the Hyphen Box, or to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

"How's your disposition?" Did you ever stop to consider this familiar greeting really seriously? How is your disposition, anyway?

The end of the school year is drawing nearer, and we are all growing tired of work, school, and, though we hate to admit it, we are becoming just a wee bit weary of even our best friends. We're irritable or let the smallest things annoy us and bring forth sharp words which later we regret. Confess now, doesn't this accusation fit every one of us?

But let us think and ponder just one minute and surely this state of affairs will be changed. Do we realize that for many of us this is our last year at Ward-Belmont, and even if we return next year, many of our best friends will not be with us. Some of the girls we love most, we may not see for years, and some, although we hate to think of it, we may never see again. Do we want these girls to remember us as cross, irritable and hard to get along with just because the weather was warm and we were tired? No, no! We certainly do not. So let us take a mental review of our dispositions and resolve to make these last weeks count in strengthening our schoolgirl friendships.

THE CAMPUS KICK

The voice of the Campus Kick has, until now, been chiefly composed of pleas for the college girls, but now we preps feel that it is our turn to speak, since we are rather tired of being "seen and not heard." During these nice, warm spring days it is not so pleasant to stay indoors five straight hours of the day, so we ask the boon of the Powers That Be to allow on the campus the fourth hour each day—promising that we study faithfully. Really, we are just as reliable and just as ambitious as the college girls, and there is no question as to the desirability of staying indoors until 2:15; it's honestly unhygienic, isn't it, Miss Sisson?

WHO'S WHO IN
WARD BELMONT

In the "Who's Who" this week we find Bee and Jan. Is it necessary to say what the big book says about them? Hardly; for every one knows that peppy, fun-loving pair with their many and various stunts. They keep their friends happy, and they cast a cheerful glow on the whole school in general. "Nuff said. What's the use? You know them as well as we do?"

AGORA CLUB NOTES

Such an accumulation of club news! The meeting of March 17 was held in the gym. All the girls came dressed to represent some such seen advertisement, and everything was advertised from meats to chewing gum.

After a "grand march," the judges chose the girls who were the most original, the cleverest, most beautiful, most attractive, the cutest, etc. It was all just lots of fun.

The meeting of March 24 was for business.

The Agora's at Woody-Crest marked a red letter day. All the flowers were bloomin' and the moon was shinin', and everything was perfect, only he wasn't there, but all thoughts of him were soon forgotten when we began our usual good times.

The scariest thing happened! Two white-clad ghosts came walking out in the yard! They fluttered here and there, and no one could catch them. Later on two beds were found with the sheets off! I wonder?

Sunday morning we had steak for breakfast! Well, 'nuff said! Sunday at noon we had spring chicken and strawberry shortcake! Sufficient!

All day long we roamed around doing just what we pleased, having the best time imaginable.

Sunday night an impromptu feature was given. It was very impromptu. Ask all who saw it!

Monday, tired, but anxious to see if he sent you a "special" for Sunday, we returned to Ward-Belmont. Of all the good times we have had at Ward-Belmont, some of the most enjoyable ones have been at old Woody-Crest. The club was chaperoned by Miss Thatch and Miss Sheppe. We also had as our guest a member's mother, Mrs. Cluxton.

X. L. NOTES

The last two meetings of the X. L.'s have been given over to political economy. Margaret Moore was chairman and made both meetings most interesting.

The following papers were given the first meeting:

"Law and Government," Edith Fry.
"Competition in Business," Alberta Smith.
"Organization and Labor," Virginia McCoy.
"Free Trade," Lois Sears.
"Merchandise," Josephine Adams.
"Luxuries," Lucile Bonham.
Those read at the last were:
"Economic Crises," Leslie Davis.
"Immigration," Anita Lavelly.
"Distribution of Immigrants," Margaret Garner.
"Socialism," Leila Blackwell.
"Morals and Religion," Felicia Russell.
"Self-interest," Ruth Bond.

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Apparel for Women
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T. C. C.

Any one visiting the T. C. C.'s last week would have found nothing lacking. Every one had a good joke on the tip of her tongue with which to answer roll call, and every one was equally responsive to the point.

After roll call Adele Bounds, accompanied by Cecelia Addicks, sang "Your Eyes Have Told Me So," which perhaps suggested to us better days to come. Then Bryce Wilson and Jean Reinking played a duet, "A Good Man's Hard to Find, which if we had not already known, would probably have proved somewhat discouraging.

The program was in charge of Marian Coleman, leader of the music group, so every branch of the art was presented. After vocal and instrumental we had one of the sciences—ear training.

After hearing Miss Kirkham play the song, we had only to name it and find the place allotted for it to make an interesting love story. The hero loved a maiden fair to see. "Annie Laurie," whom he met while "Comin' Through the Rye" in the "Days of Auld Lang Syne." It isn't every one who has such a harmonious romance, and such a sad one, for she faded like "The Last Rose of Summer" while "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground."

The pathos of the story was soon overcome, however, by the strains from the Hibart-Allesan Orchestra. It tantalized many toes and ere long a dance was in progress; but—oh, well, what's the use? The bell rang!

HOTEL RULES.

- 1—In case of fire ring the towels.
- 2—If you become too warm open the window and watch the fire escape.
- 3—If thirsty lift the mattress and find the springs.
- 4—Girls wishing to play ball will find a pitcher in the closet.
- 5—If you have a bad cold open the window and throw your chest out.

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IOWA

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Iowa, 'tis Iowa.

The fairest State in all the West—
Iowa, 'tis Iowa.

From wonder Mississippi's stream
To where Missouri's water's gleam,
Oh fair it is, as poet's dream—
Iowa, 'tis Iowa!

Saturday evening the Iowa Club gave its annual dancing party in the gymnasium. The hall was artistically decorated, producing a Japanese effect, which was further carried out in the daintily tinted fanshaped programs.

The features of the evening included a solo dance by little Jane Hall and one by Miss Frances Black, of Oakaloosa, Iowa, both of which were exceptionally good.

About nine o'clock light refreshments were served, and soon afterwards the party broke up.

The success of the party was largely due to the co-operation of every club member, with the aid of their sponsor, Mrs. J. H. Whitson.

Naturally.

'Twas midnight in the parlor,
'Twas darkness everywhere,
The silence was unbroken, for
There was nobody there.

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PERSONALS

Miss Deborah Silber spent the week-end in town with her mother, Mrs. Mark Silber, of Davenport, Iowa.

Miss Eddie Lou Buford spent the week-end in Nashville with her mother.

Miss Elizabeth Coggins had as her guest Sunday Miss Ellana Born.

Misses Josephine Mayfield, Frances Harris and Fatine Dowdle spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. W. F. May.

Nelda Butler spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. A. J. Grigsby.

Misses Thelma Farlia and Mable Fraser spent Monday in the city with Mr. W. C. Fraser, of St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen C. Edee, of Pawnee City, Nebr., spent the week-end in Nashville with their daughter, Gwendolyn.

Miss Anna May McAdams had as her guest her mother, Mrs. Y. McAdams, of Dallas, Texas.

Felicia Russell spent Sunday with Mrs. Rose.

Misses Louise McClellan, Julia Price and Marie Walters spent Sunday with Mrs. S. P. Barton.

Misses Mildred and Irene Garver took Sunday dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Claude Street, in Nashville.

Roselyn Kirsch and Fannie Julia Phelps were with Mrs. Weiner Sunday.

Mrs. Mark Silber, of Davenport, Iowa, is spending a few days with her daughter, Deborah.

Mrs. John Brooks entertained Miss Linda McElrath Monday.

Misses Ruth Wurtzbaugh, Janice Boardman and Zereda Balthrope spent Monday with Miss Lucyle Oliver and her mother, Mrs. Oliver, of Little Rock, Ark.

Elizabeth Parsons was with Mrs. G. F. Carter.

Miss Elinor Foster spent Monday with her parents in town.

Mrs. O. B. Oliver, of Little Rock, Ark., is spending a few days with her daughter, Miss Lucyle Oliver.

Misses Susie Spraggins spent the week-end at her home in Huntsville, Ala. She was accompanied by Miss Marion Williams.

Mrs. O. E. Leslie, of Tuskegee, Ala., had as her guest her daughter, Miss Caroline Leslie.

Miss Dorothy Lehman spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Arthur Lehman, of Peoria, Ill.

Miss Anne Mae McAdams spent the week-end in Nashville with her mother, Mrs. Y. O. McAdams, of Dallas, Texas.

Miss Ailie Belle Huber went to her home in Moultrie, Ga., last Saturday.

Dorothy Stribling spent the week-end at her home in Ashland, Ill.

Miss Ernestine Dortch spent the week-end at her home in Columbia, Tenn.

Dorcas Willard was in Otta, Ind., last week-end.

Mary French Simons visited in Springfield, Tenn., last week.

Harriett Gregory spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gregory, in Parsons, Kan.

Helen Stone visited in the home of her parents in Potosi, Ill.

Faye Young was at her home in McKenzie, Tenn., last week-end.

At Springfield, Tenn., Miss Virginia Carlton spent the week-end in the home of her parents.

Jean Kirkpatrick spent the week-end in Bartlettville, Okla., with her parents.

Miss Louise Reiffer left Wednesday evening for a several days' visit in the home of her parents in Hovendale, Pa.

DINNER FOR SWIMMERS

Due to the forgetfulness of the wayward Hyphen reporter, the big dinner given after the swimming meet was omitted last week.

Take it from us, it was some dinner. All girls who were in the preliminary or final swimming meets, as well as all officials, attended, making about forty-five in all.

The meal was an elaborate one and thoroughly enjoyed by the swimmers whose hunger had increased through many weeks' training.

During the dinner speeches were made, the first and most interesting being Miss Morrison's report of the final outcome of the meet. After that the tenseness wore off, and the dinner grew somewhat hilarious. If you want to know why, ask Kenny to say "Sihon says thumbs up."

As the dinner was such a "howling" success, it is hoped that it will be made an annual affair, held at the culmination of every sport season.

For the girls I want to tell Miss Morrison and Miss Sisson that all the diners are most appreciative and grateful to them for their co-operation.

SOONER HOP

One of the most picturesque dances of the spring season was given by the girls of the Oklahoma Club on Saturday night. The one hundred guests received unique programs that represented Indian wigwams typical of Oklahoma.

The gymnasium was artistically decorated, carrying out the red and white club color scheme. Around each post hung clusters of many colored balloons and from the lights streamers of red and white and chateauxes of

balloons. A quaint feature of the decorations was a small tepee with an Indian camp fire in front. From the pot over the fire a real painted Indian served punch between the dances.

The dance itself was full of zest. From the grand march, led by our charming sponsor, Miss Blackwell, and President Mildred Colby, to the final "Home, Sweet Home," enthusiasm ran high. Excellent music, furnished by Vito's Orchestra, is to be given much credit.

The two special features of the evening were a solo dance by Miss Marguerite Warden, who never fails to delight her audiences, and an Indian stamp by Miss Phi Delta Evans, dressed in a very elaborate Indian costume, which was worn, in former years, by a noted Indian chieftan. This was indeed a rare treat to us all.

The refreshments consisted of strawberries and whipped cream served with dainty individual cakes.

After the refreshments the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home," and every one danced the last dance with regret that the evening's entertainment was at an end.

D. Geissler—Miss Manier, have the French Readers come?

Miss Manier—Sim's?

D. Geissler—No! Geissler's.

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"LAND HOW TIMES DO CHANGE!"

"Daniel Webster, git up frum thar!" exploded Mammy Cindy, when she ran upon the black houseboy sleeping in the sunny doorway of the garage. "Don't you know that 'ar man what you's been named a'ter neber wud a ben a-sleepin' dere when dat car am so dirty dat de missus am gwine to be plum 'shamed to ride in it dis evenin' when me and her takes de baby out!" continued mammy, waxing hot.

"Now, nigger woman, wbut does you know 'bout dat man whut I'm named after? You ain't neber seed him, 'cause he done died long time ago," was Daniel's rejoinder when he had sufficiently awakened to have a thought.

"Well, I knows, all right, nigger! Didn't I hear Mr. James jest a readin' t'other night to little Junior! An' he done read all about dat time Daniel Webster done make dat oratium at de Carbunkle Hill. Yes, sir, an' he tole little Junior dat Daniel Webster stood up dar a lookin' so fine wid bis long hair like one ob dese here artist folks, an' a swallow-tail coat an' pleated-louom shirt or elder a lot of lace up at his throat—I disremembers which. He neber had no great big car ter ride in neither. He done rid down here in a coach dat neber had no springs to bit, an' 'wheels as big an' heavy as de wheels on one o' dese cotton-haulin' wagons. De roads wus muddy an' hard to trabel, calze dey neber bad no pikes an' cement roads in dem days. Nigger, shame on you! Spusin' you had to set up on top ob dat high coach an' drive whar de wind strike you so hard. Ye think ye done ben stabbed! De ladies, dey wear dere dresses long den. De waistes wus tight an' no bigger 'round dan one ob dese embroidery hoops. Dey skirts had puffs on de sides, nigger, but not powder puffs! De powder all went on dere heads. Everybody wore white hair in de olden times. Now dey done change de color an' dey all wants red hair. What does dey call it now? I reckon it must be hyena. Yes, dat's it! Why, den dey neber had no stoves or 'lectric lights, or vacuum cleaners, or 'lectric irons, or telephones, or washin' machines, or sewin' machines. No, sub, dey used candles fer lights, de Lawd knows whut fer stoves, an' brass kettles fer vessels. Lawd, how times do change. You ain't changed none, nigger! I reckon yo' great grandpa must a ben sleepin' in de sun dat very morning. Daniel Webster, you done gone ter sleep again, an' I ben a-wastin' my breaf. Git up frum dar, nigger!"

You'll enjoy shopping in this big store. The variety is so great that every desire can be most satisfactorily filled. Our Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Departments carry especially appealing styles for Ward-Belmont.



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GEO. C. DURY & CO.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

"LOUISIANA"

"Forty of us" fortunate ones, either claiming "La." for our State or a "Louisianian" for our "best pal," had the most wonderful time last Thursday.

About four o'clock a special arrived and we all "stepped on," dressed in grey, blue, pink, lavender, etc., high heels and—O yes, colored hats!

And pretty soon we arrived at the Nashville Golf and Country Club. It is needless to say how lovely it is out there. We all danced and just roamed about.

Then, yes—we went into the dining room where the tables were decorated with jonquils and purple ribbons, the State colors, and, best of all, we had glorious food.

Of course the special came after us too soon, for we had had such a lovely evening we hated to leave.

And we all think that Ruth Wurtsbaugh, the club president, together with Miss Saline Beth Moore, their charming sponsor and "our darling" Mrs. Lowry, as well as every other Louisiana girl, should be highly complimented for their delightful party.

The students were about to board a street car on a pouring wet day. "Oh, conductor," she inquired, "is this Noah's Ark of yours full?"

"No, Miss," the conductor instantly retorted, "there's just room for the donkey. Come on, Miss."

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1921

NUMBER 20

EASTER PLAY BY STUDENTS

A large and interested audience gathered in the auditorium of Ward-Belmont on Saturday evening to witness a play, "Thy Kingdom Come," written by Florence Converse. The scene was the tomb of the crucified Saviour in the garden. The drama was presented in a reverent manner and with infinite art and beauty by the seniors of the Ward-Belmont School of Expression, and some assisting children from Miss Tvert's department. The music, which was an effective part of the production, was given by F. Arthur Tenkel at the organ, and an unseen choir from Miss Boyer's class.

The theme of the play was appropriate and timely for the night before Easter day. The idea was the portrayal of the feelings of the soldiers who guarded the tomb of the Saviour.

The scenic effects were wonderfully achieved. On the rostrum of the school the tomb was built. The spring flowers twinkled in the wavering firelight which the soldiers had built, and a flowering almond tree bowed softly above the tomb. The sets were handled with such art as to produce exquisite effects. It was not a play, but a service, and before the curtain rose, the audience was asked to observe absolute silence, and to abstain from applause. The large assemblage felt that it was a part of the beautiful production.

RECITAL

Among the studio recitals of the spring none have been more artistic and beautiful than that given by piano soloist Miss Annie Ransom, which took place in her studio on Friday afternoon in the presence of a student audience. Each of the performers displayed fine, clean fingering, splendid work, and poetic and intelligent power of interpretation. The program follows:

"Deponere Valse Impromptu" (Lack), Miss Sarah Simpson.
"Woodland Whispers" (Brangardt), Miss Laura Cannett.
"Minuet from 'Don Giovanni'" (Mozart), Miss Elizabeth Sudekum.
"Valse Episode" (Kern), Miss Amelia Provost.
"Tarentelle" (Lamas), Miss Ethel Sloan.
"Presto alla tedesca, sonato op. 79" (Beethoven), Miss Edna Sims.
"Dialogue" (Meyer-Helmund), Miss Lynette Rennie.
"Mazurka, op. 7, No. 1" (Chopin), Miss Mary Padgett.
"Spring Song" (Liebling), Miss Elsie Foster.
"Valse Chromatique" (Godard), Miss Audrey Bright.

Whether there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
When he hit his toe against the bed—
—!!!!— ????— hhhhhhhhhh—

MARRIAGE OF FORMER STUDENTS

Many invitations have come recently to Dr. and Mrs. Blanton, and members of the faculty and student body announcing happy news—the marriages of former students of Ward-Belmont, or one of its predecessors, Ward Seminary or Belmont College. They have been received always with interest, and hearty wishes for happiness follow all of the school's brides. Among them are:

Miss Enid Mary Stafford, who was married to the Rev. Coleman Edward Byram on Thursday morning, February 3, at Christ Church Cathedral in New Orleans. The bride was a former pupil of Ward Seminary, where her standing both in academics and in the affections of her associates was exceptionally high. She did an important work after her school days ended, having served as assistant librarian in the New York City Library, and afterwards held a similar position in the library at Sioux City, Iowa. Mr. Byram is the rector of St. Thomas Church in Sioux City, and it is there they will make their home after April 4. Mrs. Byram's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew Stafford of New Orleans.

Miss Mary Alice Prohaska was married to Mr. S. Thomas Miller, at the bride's home in Morgan City, La., on February 2. They will make their home at Baton Rouge, La.

Another New Orleans girl whose marriage took place in early February was Miss Mary Lou McInnis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. David Emmet McInnis. She married Dr. Emil Naef, and the marriage was followed by a large reception at the home of her parents in Two Everett Place.

The marriage of Miss Sara Eleanor Turney to Mr. James Turney Riggs is announced by the parents of the bride. (Continued on page 3.)

SENIORS HOSTESSES AT COLLEGE TEA

Recreation Hall was the scene of a charming tea Thursday afternoon, when the senior class and their sponsors, Miss Mills, were the hostesses to the faculty, senior middles, and college specialists. The class officers and sponsors received in the drawing room. The guests then entered Recreation Hall where they were served frozen orange ice, sandwiches and minis. Vita's Orchestra was an enjoyed feature of the entertainment.

The afternoon, which was delightful for every one, brought the college girls of Ward-Belmont into a closer bond of understanding with each other. The class of '21 is the first class to return the entertainment given annually for the seniors by the other college classes. It is hoped that a precedent was set which may be followed by future classes.

DEATH OF FORMER TEACHER

With profound regret, friends in the school of Miss Anna Lewis have learned of her death, which occurred on March 2, in a Chicago hospital, after a brief illness. Her sister accompanied her body to the family home in Goldsboro, N. C., where it was interred. Miss Lewis taught for a year in Ward-Belmont after the union of the two schools, and previously had been an English teacher in Ward Seminary for three years. She was not only a woman of splendid scholastic attainments and strong mental gifts, but had a personality of such charm and influence as to attract and hold friends wherever she was known. Her power of winning the interest and affection of her pupils was one of the great factors in her strength and value as a successful teacher. In the Nicholas Senn High School in Chicago, where her last work was done, she was held in very high esteem, and a late issue of the school paper has paid her memory a touching tribute. She was finely equipped for her profession. She was graduated from the University of Chicago with the degree of Ph.B., and besides being a woman of fine literary taste, she was widely read and thoroughly informed.

EMINENT FRENCH LECTURER

Monsieur de Villemont, an eminent French lecturer, gave a most enjoyable illustrated lecture Tuesday evening in the library on "Mont St. Michel." Monsieur de Villemont brought here through the efforts of the L'Alliance Francaise of Nashville. All the French students enjoyed immensely the opportunity of hearing him talk.

W. B. FUDGE

Mix one cup of talc powder and one-half cup of honey and almond cream in a large soap dish. Add a piece of cold cream the size of a walnut and place on the radiator to cook. After ten minutes remove from the heat and flavor with three drops of perfume. Beat with a shoe horn until creamy, then pour into the pin tray. When cool, cut into squares with the nail file and serve on the hand mirror.

VESPERS

On Easter night Margaret Garner gave a lovely reading in vespers. She read to us that beautiful story of the hand of clay and its purpose, by Henry Van Dyke. The benediction was "Day Is Dying in the West."



ALMANAC

Weather. We say it is.
Regular April Fool

SENIORS ENTERTAIN LEGISLATURE

AT LAST— A SOLUTION

Being a monitor, a perplexing problem has presented itself to me. Night after night as I patrolled the empty corridor in the deathly stillness after 10:15, creeping along making the last round, strange and mysterious sounds have issued from the door at the end of the hall. At first it was only a low, rasping, arresting noise in the profound blackness and silence of the night, but then there broke out with a long and blood-curdling regularity, hideous gasps, wild chromatic undulations, and deep murmurs. What could these unusual disturbances mean? I pondered. And then, having been a monitor for five whole days, an illuminating thought struck me. It was a group of girls gathered together for a midnight feed—the nerve of them! To think they could get by me in that impudently daring fashion! I would show them! Cautiously I opened the door, and with a sudden movement jerked on the light. What! Could it be? Alas! there appeared only one innocent girl, sleeping soundly, her mouth wide open.

But now at last, Signor de Luca, our popular director of the department of voice, has come to the rescue with a suggestion of a solution of this grave problem. A friend of his, while taking a Sunday afternoon siesta last week, has inspired a reporter of the Nashville Tennessean to insert this thoughtful comment in the Monday edition:

"A muffler to drown the vocalizations of sound sleepers is a much-needed invention. A lot of us add greatly to the misery of all concerned by sleeping with the cut-out open."

And now, thanks to Signor's friend, there is needed only this clever suggestion, and one of the perplexing difficulties of student government in Ward-Belmont will have disappeared.

EASTER

Easter morning was ushered in at Ward-Belmont with the singing of Easter carols by a white clad committee of fifteen from the school Y. W. C. A. They first went to the neighboring homes and sang the joyful "Christ Is Risen," and then into the dormitories and through the halls of the school, repeating the Easter message of hope and faith. Before the singers began their rounds they held a brief sunrise prayer service in the "Y" room.

The Easter festival was observed again at the breakfast, when every table had its Easter baskets of flowers, greeting cards for everybody and Easter eggs and emblems by each plate. Instead of the usual game, there was a verse from "Christ Is Risen," softly sung by a distant student choir.—Nashville Banner.

Last Monday evening we had the extreme pleasure of entertaining, as our guests, the Tennessee Legislature. They were welcomed in Recreation Hall by the faculty, Student Council, the seniors, and the Tennessee girls, and from there were taken into the dining room. The less fortunate girls were allowed to fill in the remainder of the tables and watch the party from a distance. The dinner was, as usual, the best of "company dinners," consisting of "sugar and spice and everything nice." At the conclusion of the pie course, Dr. Blanton extended a most cordial welcome to our guests, and then Mr. Todd, the Speaker of the House, responded by saying that, in the future, as in the past, the Tennessee Legislature would do everything to promote and nothing to hinder the progress of Ward-Belmont as an institution of learning. His suggestion that there should be a law passed prohibiting examinations was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause—from the students.

After this everybody went into the chapel where, after singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and "Oh, Ward-Belmont!" the senior expression class presented two charming little one-act plays entitled "A Fan and Two Candlesticks" and "Neighbors." Between these two plays the student quartet played popular music. (Continued on page 4.)

STYLE SHOW

Spring has brought its fashion show into Ward-Belmont, where the ambitious girls in the domestic art department, being anxious to let their fellow students know of their success with their needles, gave an up-to-date fashion show that would have done credit to a modern high-class ready-to-wear store. Every girl wore her own creation, be it taffeta silk, organdie blouse and separate skirt, or sport hat. The third-year girls had made the taffeta silks; the second-year students the dainty blouses and smart skirts, and both had made chic sport hats. The fashion parade was held the past week, one evening in Recreation Hall, just after dinner, when all of the school might assemble. Down a palm-lined pathway the lovely young models demurely paraded. Miss Elizabeth Liggett announcing each of the thirty-six girls as they appeared. A program of music by Misses Majorie Eckles, Olive Rainwater, and Lucile Oliver added to the success of the undertaking, which was planned and directed by Mrs. Margaret Kennedy Lowry, head of the domestic science department. The garments were not only beautifully made but were exceptionally smart and artistic in effect.—Nashville Banner.

Kid—How old is that lamp, ma?
Ma—Oh, about three years.

Kid—Turn it down. It's too young to smoke.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

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Assistant Editor KATHERINE COX
Business Manager CECILIA ASKINS

REPORTERS

MARION SULLIVAN
MARY DYER
NELLE CAMP
FLORENCE AIRCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen-Boss, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

The meanest kind of thief is the man who steals another's good judgment by flattering him. Some people are susceptible to praise that, like stroked kittens, they just lie down and roll over whenever they are offered a compliment. The difference between the flatterer and a friend is that the former wants to buy something with pleasant words, and the latter wants to share his mind with you. There has been altogether too much dependence on "smooth talk" in business. If money had depreciated in value as much as have words, there would be very little business done. A man's word of praise ought to be as sound and as good as his word of promise, and that ought to be as good as his bond. The only thing that justifies a compliment these days is that it be detached from any form of self-seeking.—Exchange.

ANTI-PAN KITE

Dear Reader: Because you are so deeply interested in the happenings of the Anti-Pandora Club, I know you want to know how we have conducted ourselves in the past two weeks.

If you remember, the sixteenth of March was just the day before St. Patrick's Day. I was somewhat startled when I entered Room X by the very vivid representation of a festive scene. The room was very carefully decorated in green and white. It is needless to say that the pleasure did not only lie in the decorations. Through the untiring efforts of two girls—Mary Mumford and Catherine Thompson—an entertainment, appropriate to the occasion, was provided. Emma Hibshman spoke on "In the Memory of St. Patrick." In this she told us the origin of St. Patrick's Day. I know that you, as well as I, never think of an Irish party without music. This was furnished by Susie Spraggins. The two Irish melodies that she sang were very sweet and full of the Irish sentiment. After this, Louise Miller and Laura Connitt chose sides for a potato race. However, the event calling for the most ingenuity was the formation of a telegram from the words "St. Patrick." The three best telegrams belonged to Viola Sudikim, Ruth E. Hill and Emma Hibshman. After a gum-drop race, Shamrock ice cream was served.

The program for March 23 was no less interesting than that of March 16, although of a more serious nature. At first Lenore Cornwell gave us a vocal solo. Miss Glikerson made a very interesting talk on "Evolu-

tion." Our curiosity had been aroused at Mr. Chesterton's lecture, and we desired to know more of this matter. We hope Miss Glikerson will speak to us again soon.

We feel sure, dear reader, that your confidence in our accomplishments has not been lost when you have read of our activities. I will write to you again in a short time. A Member.

PENTA-TAU GIRLS
FUTURE TOLD BY A
MEDIUM

Wednesday, March 2, was a very thrilling occasion for the Penta-Tau Club. A wonderful medium told to two young ladies, Misses Jerry Johnson and Ruth Hanson, the future of the Penta-Tau Club members, and as the medium gazed into the candle light she brought to the eyes of the on-lookers their friends in their future occupations.

The first name that presented itself to the medium was Floyd Rice, now a second Sophomore Braslau. After the first concentration the other names came very quickly.

Catherine Gunther—The vamp.
"Happy" Johnson—The chorus girl.
Minnie Mae French—The judge of the supreme court.

"Little Bet" Woodall—The college widow.

Leah Chase—The gym teacher.
Nelda Butler—The flapper.

After presenting their friends in person, the medium now told the future of the other members of the club.

There was Frankie McKinney, the noted New York dancing teacher.

Marie Louise Callender, the insane movie fan.

Madalene Markham and Dorothy Cosler, discussing schools for Paul and Bud, Jr.

Lorena Redman, now cruising on a private yacht.

Mildred Smith, Gladys Smith, Lella Thompson and Natalie Wallace, milliners.

Billy Bowen, house mother at A. & M. College, Texas.

Hallie Fincham at sixty years married an artist, now living in Europe.

Mildred Garvey, living a pleasant life after her third marriage.

Caroline Lashlee, chief cook in a circus.

Sarah Frances Eastman, after refusing six proposals, now starts a home for stray cats.

Lee Ora Rabon, ministers' wife.
Martha Louise Hansen, interested at Reno.

Anna Grace Phillie and Allie Belle Huber, in charge of an alligator farm in Alaska.

Martha Houston, a society matron.
Woody Dixon, Grace Debord, Mar-

Jorie Eckles, Evelyn Ellington, and Edna Duncan, missionaries in China.
Lucile Hempfing, director of piano at Ward Belmont.

"Mickey" Perry, an artist's model.
Olive Rainwater, hard luck, but finally married an organ grinder.

Mary French Simmons, married and living in Kentucky, interested in race tracks.

Betty Garner, head of the Pendergrass pawn shop, New Orleans.

Elizabeth Schnaubaum, the golf champion.

Helen Coe, a Spanish teacher.
Ellen Moss, student at Vanderbilt.

Elizabeth Parsons, student at Seawane.

Lucille Hyneman, married young and later goes to Reno.

Mildred Blackburn, second Miss Townsend.

Florence Blood, a matron.
Eddie Lou Buford, bareback rider in a Texas pony show.

Margie Lou Moore, manufacturer of beauty preparations.

Dorothy Hicks, chaperoning at Ward-Belmont.

Now I am sure you want to know who this wonderful medium was. Well, she was none other than Daphnea Powell.

After the great future was told, frozen fruit salad was served, adding to the pleasure of the medium's visit.

Y. W. C. A. MORN-
ING WATCHES

On Good Friday a half hour morning watch was kept in the Y. W. C. A. room. At both this and the service on Easter morning a talk was made by Henrietta Slinger. Likewise appropriate music was sung both times. The watch on Easter morning was held on the roof garden.

"What is a grass-widow?"
"A woman whose husband died of hay fever."

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PERFESSER

The koledge perfesser is a pekuler pursun. He looks a heep like other men, but he ain't. He is supposed to read a lot an' no everything. You can't tell to look at them wheather they are married or free. A few ain't yet. His noledge is grate all though sum of them can't run a Ford. You wood take them to be very religus, but sum of them hav got the movy habit bad. Nobody ot to kriticise them tho, because they do grate things. Allmost no koledge kud run without them. There maners are beautiful, and they don't oftun get ruff with the gurls an' boys. Most of them hav favrit arthers an' 'sum of them hait to be maid fun of, but it don't do them eny good. Sum koledge perfessers have got sence, an' they ot to be proud of it. Skolers ot to overlook there faults bekose they wuz all skolers there selves onse.—Exchange.

Slami

M. S.—Does Jimmy go to school?
L. F.—No; he's making some money to support me with in later years.

M. S.—Well, he sure is gonna have to work.

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PERSONALS

Mrs. Friend, formerly Miss Silver Wylie, of Salisbury, Mo., visited her Alma Mater, Ward-Belmont, the first of the week, while on her honeymoon. Mrs. Friend was in school here in 1916.

Mrs. J. W. Cathcart, of El Paso, Texas, was a guest at Ward-Belmont this week. Her daughter, Florence, spent the week-end with her at the Hermitage.

Mrs. B. E. LeMaster and Mrs. C. A. Hunt, of Bushnell, Ill., have been visiting their daughters, Helene and Margaret, for the past week.

Lillian Reed, Margaret Driggs and Clarine Curry went to the First Presbyterian Church Easter Sunday with Margaret Hunt and Helene LeMaster and their mothers.

Marion Williams, Clarine Curry, Margaret Hunt and Helene LeMaster spent Monday, March 28, in town with Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. LeMaster.

Miss Marie Walters was entertained at the Joel Cheek home Easter Sunday.

Miss Virginia Glasscock returned Tuesday from Chattanooga, where she spent Easter week-end with relatives.

Mrs. Mark Silber, of Davenport, Ia., and her daughter, Deborah, had as their guests Monday Misses Ellen O'Flaherty, Marion Frances Young, and Sara Engels.

Miss Gertrude Thompson had as her week-end guests her father and brother, of Sullivan, Ind.

Miss Lucille Oliver spent the week-end with her mother in Maryville, Tenn.

Miss Bernice Towle spent the week-end at her home in Harrisburg, Ill.

Miss Lydia Magyara spent Friday afternoon with Miss Lucy Green.

Miss Katherine Mays spent the week-end in Donelson as a guest of Mrs. Ballantine.

Miss Adelaide Miller spent the week-end in Nashville with her sister. Miss Dorothy Hensel spent the week-end in town with her mother.

Miss Mildred Lehman has had as her guest her mother, Mrs. W. O. Lehman, of Defiance, Ohio.

Miss Nancy Lawson has as her guest her mother, Mrs. M. Lawson, of Liberty, Mo.

Mrs. J. F. Papenhagen, of Defiance, Ohio, is visiting her daughter, Edna, this week.

Miss Frances Hunt had dinner Monday with Mrs. Granville Rose.

Miss Esther Potter has as her guest her father, Mr. S. E. Potter, of Detroit, Mich.

Misses Catherine and Lois Moore and Ruby Sams spent Easter week-end in Mt. Pleasant with friends.

Miss Lucile Bragg spent the week-end in Nashville with her mother, Mrs. F. H. Bragg, of Kansas City, Mo. Misses Cecelia Adicks, Sadie Adicks, Lillian Pierce, Blanche Withers, Gretchen and Ruby Avis spent Saturday evening with Mrs. McAdams and daughter.

Miss Dorothy Hyle spent the week-end with her mother in the city.

Ernestine Dortch and Maxine Ronna spent the week-end in Columbia, Tenn.

Nelda Butler spent the week-end in Shelbyville, Tenn.

Virginia Baker spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. M. Baker, of Dallas, Texas.

Dorothy Holditch spent the week-end at her home in Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Mary Pilon spent the week-end in Fayetteville, Tenn.

Misses Alice McElheney and Clara Youngclass spent Easter with Miss Edna Mason.

Misses Thelma Caffell, Leila Wood, and Della Jeffries spent Monday with Mrs. Martin Lawson and daughter, Nancy.

Misses Emma Norton, Elizabeth Meyers, Ruby Mae Pigford went riding Sunday afternoon with Mrs. C. Yates.

Ruth E. Hill was a guest of Mrs. Geo. Moulder Sunday.

Miss Margaret Spademan, Helen Kerr and D. Parmenter spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Esther Potter and her father.

Lillian Reed and Mary Hassler spent Monday with Miss Martha Dickinson. Beatrice Lindsey was a guest of Mrs. Stewarts Monday afternoon.

Catherine Guenther spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Jonas.

Miss Nellie Camp spent Monday in town with Mrs. Bragg and daughter, Lucille.

Misses Jewel Minnis, Helen Shelby, Charlotte O'Flaherty, Katherine Cox and Henrietta Smiger were riding Sunday afternoon with Miss Leavall.

Misses Eleanor Best, Woody Dixon, Katherine Davis and G. Settle spent Sunday with Mrs. Clark, who is visiting her daughter, Miss Marjory Clark.

Lucille Hyneman spent Sunday with Mrs. K. House.

Mrs. M. Silber, of Davenport, Iowa, who has been visiting her daughter, Deborah, left for her home Monday evening.

Misses Caroline Thompson, Frances Culver, Ruth Coles spent Sunday afternoon with Miss H. Dooley.

Mrs. Benton had as her guest Sunday afternoon Miss Anne Yandall.

Miss Inez Friday spent Sunday as a guest of Mrs. Sudekum.

Miriam Coleman spent Monday with Mrs. N. Baker and Virginia.

Miss Gertrude Thompson spent Monday in the city with her father.

Miss Anne Yandall was a guest of Mrs. Miller Monday.

Miss Bess Murphy, Katherine Garrett, Nabe Edgar, Virginia Sells and Margaret Middleton spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Hensel and Dorothy.

Nell Roberson and Amelia Prescott spent the week-end in Chattanooga. Miss Catherine Nelson spent the week-end at her home in Guthrie, Ky.

MARRIAGE OF FORMER STUDENTS.

(Continued from page 1.)
Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Turney. The marriage took place at Fairfield, Iowa, on February 5.

Miss Tommie Stallcup was married to Mr. Frank Rains on Saturday, February 12, at Jefferson, Texas. The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Stallcup.

Of still more recent date was the marriage of a girl whose splendid school record is recalled with unvarying pleasure by her teachers and fellow students, Miss Katherine Margaret Greene, to Mr. Max Dunning. The ceremony took place on Monday, March 7, at Petersburg, Ill., the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Gaines Greene. She received her college prep certificate in the class of 1919, having spent two years in the school.

See—See the dancing snowflakes!
Jan—Practicing for the snowball, I suppose."

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NOTICE—NEW
DEPARTMENT

Owing to requests made by various students for a Department of Expert Advice to the Lovelorn, the management of the Hyphen has made a special effort to produce one who will be efficient along this line. We are very glad to announce that in the next issue such a department will begin under the experienced guidance of the world-famed Miss Samantha Spivens, better known as "Aunt Samantha."

Miss Spivens has saved many a girl from embarrassing situations by her excellent advice, and she takes great personal interest in all her questioners. She gives the very best advice to the lovelorn as to how to win, keep, or regain his affections, and her knowledge of "crush etiquette" is unbounded.

We feel that we have been very fortunate in securing the services of one so wise and experienced. No question is too hard for her to answer most satisfactorily.

Now that we have her on our staff, let us make her feel welcome and at home by showering her with all sorts of questions. Don't be timid, girls, but send your questions right in and help to make this department a success.

Address all correspondence to "Aunt Samantha," in care of the Hyphen.

THINGS TO
THINK ABOUT

We wonder—

1. Why Virginia Sells always TRIES to do fancy steps before a crowd?
2. Why "Hippy" Hensel eats Busy Bread instead of Hershey's?
3. If Peggy Middleton never gets tired of hearin'f herself rave?
4. How Garrett could stand to leave Bess for the week-end?
5. Why Dot Geisler is so jealous of "Pretty" Sims?
6. When will Ruth Guitar cut her hair?
7. How many "Shifter's" dates it will require to fill "Sis" Bell at the tea room?
8. Where Frances Bozeman got her "permanent wave"?
9. If Frances Kinney thinks she is in her "second childhood"?
10. What Elizabeth Brantley would do in case of a fire.
11. What has become of the "campus cop" who infected Heron?

(To Be Continued.)

Teacher—Can you tell me the shape of the world?
Pupl—Pop says its in a hell of a shape.

'You'll enjoy shopping in this big store. The variety is so great that every desire can be most satisfactorily filled.

Our Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Departments carry especially appealing styles for Ward-Belmont.



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CHAPEL ADDRESSES

During Holy Week the student body and faculty had the privilege of hearing two very inspiring addresses in chapel. On Thursday morning Rev. Maxon, of Christ Church, spoke on the subject of "Monday Thursday," followed on Friday morning with a talk by Dean Tolman, of Vanderbilt University, on the significance of Good Friday.

SENIORS ENTERTAIN LEGISLATURE.

(Continued from page 1.)

sic, and Miss Helen Darnell, a town student, provoked gales of mirth with her humorous monologue, "Mirandy on Tombstones."

The characters of the plays were as follows:

"A Fan and Two Candlesticks." Eighteenth century—St. Valentine's night.
Ralph, old and certain of conquest—Miss Rives.
Hugh, young and uncertain—Miss Fry.
Nancy, beloved of both—Miss Horn.

"Neighbors."

Scene—Any Town in U. S. A.
Grandma—Miss Horn.
Miss Diantha Abel—Mrs. Nellums.
Ezra Williams—Miss Parker.
Peter—Miss Fry.
Inez—Miss Colby.
Miss Elmira Noran—Miss Garner.
Miss Trot—Miss Darnell.
Miss Carry Ellsworth—Miss Rives.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1921

NUMBER 21

WARD-BELMONT ORCHESTRA PROGRAM

The concert of the Ward-Belmont Orchestra proved last night that in spite of several other strong attractions in the city, and although it was Wednesday night, that this annual event is very popular with hundreds who flock to the school to enjoy music in its higher forms.

This is the fourth season that Kenneth Rose, director of the violin department, has trained and directed the orchestra, and while many of the student members of the organization change each year, there are a number of indefatigable players of various instruments who for sheer love of art give freely of their time and revel as much as does the audience in the gorgeous effects produced by a large orchestra.

The program opened with the beautiful "Stadella" overture of Flotow, which was followed by Mozart's G minor symphony (1788), the flower of the great composer's genius. This monumental work, the most modern of all Mozart's symphonies, with its vein of sadness and regret, underlying its joy and gladness, was clearly interpreted by the orchestra and was well received.

Quite an agreeable surprise was the fine playing of Miss Margaret Seale. This young violinist, who has been studying under Mr. Rose for several seasons, has everything in her favor, a pleasing appearance on the concert platform, brilliant technique, accuracy of intonation and a big tone. In the Wieslawski D Minor concerto, a very ambitious work for a young student, she covered herself with glory and received an ovation, but after numerous recalls she declined to give an encore.

Mrs. Helen Coate Rose played the accompaniment to the two movements, the well-known Romanza and the fiery Gypsy Air, in her usual artistic manner.

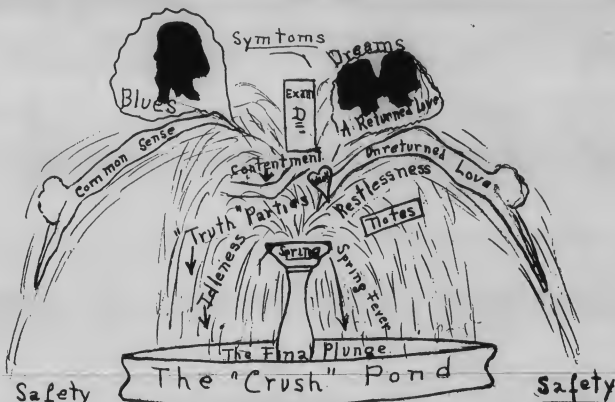
TALKS ON VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

Since so many of us are planning to do some definite work when our education here is finished, we were particularly interested in the three talks which were given in chapel on the subject of "Vocational Training."

Miss Lucy Gage, from Peabody School for Teachers, was the first speaker. She emphasized in her interesting talk the fact that we should find some service to do in whatever phase of life we entered.

Mr. Clarence P. Connell, superintendent of the Nashville park system, was another instructive speaker. He illustrated in various ways how women recruits were needed in both outdoor and interior decorating.

Mr. Paul Busser, field secretary of the New York School of Social Service, spoke of the necessity of trained social workers, with the hopes that some of us might be led to choose that profession.



A "CRUSH" CYCLE

GARDEN TEA DANSANT

Pretty little Robin perched upon a tree

Told a wondrous secret
Which I will tell to thee.

In a fairy arbor,
'Midst blooms of every hue,
T. C. Club will give a dance,
A garden party, too.

On April 4, at 3 o'clock,
To find this garden fair,
Down Academic Boulevard
Descend a flight of stair.

In this way were the guests of the Twentieth Century Club invited to gather in an old-fashioned garden in the gym. A garden not shut in by a stone wall would lose half its charm, and 'tis said that the quiet pool in the center held many secrets in common with the old moss-covered wall. Perhaps Robin Redbreast (Sadie Adicks) overheard them discussing what they knew, for he told many secrets to a little rosebud (Ruth Hines). The old wall bestirred itself and grew more reminiscent still, remembering "a kiss in the old-fashioned garden." For our benefit the characters themselves appeared. Betty Lindsay, as the Confederate soldier, and Dorothy Smallwood, as the little old-fashioned girl.

Memories are fleeting, however, and ere long every one was dancing the most modern of dances, tabulated in a charming little book entitled "Within a Garden Wall." At four-thirty tea was served, consisting of chicken sandwiches, tulip salad, mint ice, flower cakes and candies. The following dance was for favors, in which each guest was presented with a tiny, gay-colored parasol.

MY TRUEST CRUSH

I.
Who am I, with from spring till fall?
Who is she, so fair and tall?
To whom do I always scowl?
My Roomie!

II.
Whose opinion is valued over all?
For whom do I always call?
With whom does time never crawl?
My Roomie!

III.
Who helps me when I'm against the wall?
Who brings joy to all the hall?
Who do I love—best of all?
My Roomie! Jan.

ANTI-PAN KITE

On March 23 the members of the Anti-Pandora Club enjoyed a talk by Mlle. De Lacarte. "France" was the general topic of her talk. Mlle. De Lacarte considered France in two phases: First, France at war; then France at peace. The talk was especially interesting because Mlle. De Lacarte has had personal experiences in France at each of these periods. The members of the club thank Mlle. De Lacarte very much, and hope she will talk to us again in the near future.

Misses Mary Lou Caruthers and Grace C. Thomas spent Sunday in town with Mrs. Gardner.



ALMANAC
WEATHER
SIMPLY
CRUSHING

THE AGORA'S SPRING FROLIC

The Agora Club this joyous spring Gave a dance 'n' everything.
The girls who came all took the cue,
And wore organdie frocks of rainbow hue.

"Surely this isn't Herrer! I never noticed a lovely lattice gate down there. Aren't the lattice work decorations effective?"

But it was Herrer just the same, although we didn't recognize it at first, and soon every one was rushing to fill the cunning programs so as not to waste one moment of that good music. Frappe, served from "ye old oaken bucket," was very popular, but even that was deserted for the lemon special, one of the special dances of the evening. Who can be thirsty with a lemon in her hand, thrust there by some rude person who desired to dance with her partner?

As the Ward-Belmont special, frozen fruit salad was served, Harriett Hollinshead, Helen House and Argie Sherrod Nell entertained us with two spring dances. Then Inez Adrian sang two popular songs in her inimitable manner. Finally two scenes were presented to us—one what we'd like to see on Ward-Belmont campus—men—at least Zereba Rathrop and Esther Ralston were pretty good imitations, and the other, what we do see—crushes!

Finally, after a few more dances, the unwelcome strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were heard, and slowly we departed, thanking the Agoras for one of the most original parties of the season.

Miss Thatch, Miss Sheppe and Dr. and Mrs. Whitson were the chaperons.

WARD-BELMONT GIRLS AT OTHER UNIVERSITIES

Last year students at Ward-Belmont are now attending the following colleges and universities:

Agnes Scott.
Arizona State.
Baylor University.
California State.
Carnegie Institute of Technology, Margaret Morrison Division.
Chicago.
Chicago Normal School of Physical Education.
Emporia College, Emporia, Kans.
Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.
Illinois State.
Illinois Wesleyan.
Illinois Woman's College.
Indiana State.
Iowa State.
Kansas State.
Kentucky State.
Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.
Leland Stanford.
Michigan State.
Missouri State.
Nebraska State.
Sophie Newcomb.
Northwestern.
Ohio State.
Ohio Wesleyan.
Oklahoma State.
Peabody.
Randolph-Macon.
Simmons.
St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y.
Sullins.
Syracuse.
Texas.
Vanderbilt.
Washington University, St. Louis.
Wellesley.
William Jewell, Liberty, Mo.
Wisconsin.

Of these various students, thirty-three have received grades similar to those made at Ward-Belmont, eighteen have raised their marks, while only thirteen have lowered their standings and ten failed outright. From these statistics it can be seen that out of last year's class a far larger per cent has maintained the same standing or raised it than has lowered the average in other schools—a record of which the class of '20 and Ward-Belmont also may well be proud.

X. L. COUNTRY FAIR

Last Wednesday night the X. L.'s entertained the Agoras and Tri K's in the gym with a "Country Fair."

There was everything that ever made a country fair a country fair, and now we will just see what those things were.

Just as you came in there was the midway of many flags and the country folks, fortune tellers, and slide shows to amuse you—the wild woman, who grabbed wildly at you if you came within two feet; the snake charmer, Siamese twins, the human toothpick, and the skeleton labeled "Your Future." Balloons and horns added to the general hub-bub.

After the Virginia reel, hot dogs and pink lemonade were served in true country fashion.

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PERSONALS

Miss Elianna Born and Miss Carrie Crawford spent Friday in town.

Miss Amelia Oberdorfer spent the weekend with Mrs. Lazarus.

Miss Frances Culver spent the weekend at her home in Paxton, Ill.

Helen Emberson spent the weekend in Sparta with friends.

Misses Leila Wood and Nancy Lawson spent the weekend with Mrs. M. Lawson, of Liberty, Mo.

Miss Helen Watson spent the weekend with her mother, Mrs. James Watson, of Highland Park, Ill.

Miss Helen Kerr spent the weekend with her parents.

Miss Marion Frances Young spent Sunday in the Thuss home.

Miss Lucile Bell took tea Sunday evening with Mrs. E. Chester.

Miss Dorothy Turner spent the weekend in the home of Mrs. T. J. Foster in Knoxville, Tenn.

Brice Ellison spent the weekend at her home in Waynesboro, Va.

Miss Elsie Bear visited her parents, (Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Bear, in Pensacola, Fla., over the weekend.

Virginia Baker spent the weekend with her mother, Mrs. M. Baker, of El Paso, Texas.

Miss Janea Sharp, accompanied by Misses Catherine Smith, Phil Delta Evans, Ruth Billingsh and Mary Sanderson, spent the weekend at her home in Gallatin, Tenn.

Louise Bell spent Monday at her home in Belle Meade Park.

Della Jeffries, Marguerite Sims and Dorothy Cochran spent Monday in town.

Miss Leola Blackman spent the weekend with her father, Dr. R. H. Blackman, of Shreveport, La.

Miss Wilma Lyon spent the weekend with her father, Mr. J. J. Lyon, of Shreveport, La.

Mrs. E. F. Young, of Vinton, Iowa, arrived Wednesday to spend sometime with her daughter, Marion Frances.

Misses Ruth Nolan, Leora Rabon and Margaret Garner spent Monday in Nashville.

Beatrice Lindsey was a guest of Mrs. J. O. Price Monday.

Misses Frances Donaldson and Winnie Mae Coats spent Tuesday evening with Mr. R. C. Donaldson, of Tiptonville.

Juanita Bratton and Nabe Edgar spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. A. H. Purdue.

Misses Clotilde Brazelton, Sara Elizabeth Bryant and Catherine Pease spent Monday with Mrs. Gold.

Sophie Warkauer spent Monday with Mrs. Harry Weil.

Misses Margaret Spademan, Mary Bresler, Evelyn Potter, Elizabeth Snaman and Dorothy Atkinson spent Monday with Mrs. F. W. Kerr, of Detroit, Mich., and her daughter Helen.

Miss Eddie Lou Buford spent the weekend with her mother, Mrs. W. A. Buford, of Sulphur Springs, Texas.

Misses Helen Hyman and Elianna Born spent Sunday with Mrs. Jackson.

Misses Julia Hill, Annie Mae McClean and Frances Callender spent Sunday with Mrs. Stagnair.

Misses Margaret Spademan and Martha Vordenburg spent Sunday with Miss Helen Kerr and parents.

Miss Betty Stoffer spent the weekend in Athens, Ala.

Miss Dorothy Dalley spent the weekend with her mother.

Miss Neal chaperoned Misses Vera Pickett, Mildred Burrows, Nattie Lee Wier, N. Nelson, Beatrice Lindsey and Lenore Cornwall Saturday evening.

Misses Marion Mulholland and Katherine Urschel are spending a fortnight at their respective homes in Toledo, Ohio.

A COMMENTARY ON CRUSHES

In boys they call it hero worship, in girls they call it a crush. But it seems to me that it's nothing at all.

But just—well, just plain old "mush." Yet "in the spring a young girl's Fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

So what in the name of the skies above is she going to do if there's none to love?

And what can she do? There is that vacant, pensive sensation before the advent of any absorbing affection in the heart, that feeling you've felt so often yourself.

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense as though of hemlock I had drunk."

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

"And does there breathe a girl so dead,
Whose heart within her ne'er hath said."

"I ain't got nobody much.
And nobody cares for me?"

And then in your despair you saw her:

"She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

"Aha!" you cried, shaking your head with a sigh, "I've found the trouble—I'm in love!"

"Strange fits of passion have I known,
And I will dare to tell;
But in the lover's ear alone
What once to me befell."

Then came the thrill of conquest—something at last to live for, to look nice, to be charming for. And—

"The love that in my thought I harbor,

And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face preseth with bold pretence.

And there campeth, displaying his banner."

Of course after conquest came victory. So what commentary could more appropriately close than with the words of triumphal Miss, secure in the affections of the devotee. "Proud of the spoil the heart has got, of simple hearts through love's shot."

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright;
Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses."

"My pains asleep
And give me such repose
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die
'Longest roses."

A minister at a morning service announced that he would speak that evening on the subject of "Liars." He advised his hearers to read the seventh chapter of Mark.

That night he arose and said: "I am going to preach on 'Liars' tonight, and I should like to know how many read the chapter I suggested." More than a hundred hands went up. Now," he said, "you are the very persons I want to talk to—there is no seventh chapter of Mark.—Ex.

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TO A HAIR NET

(Tune, "Old Oaken Bucket.")
How dear to my heart
Are the thoughts of my hair net.
For stray, struggling locks it holds
In place;
When coiffures upset me
And vain fashions fret me.
As a true friend, I my hair net em-
brace.

When zephyrs breathe mildly
Or north winds blow wildly,
It always consoles me and makes me
less sad;
When old friends forget me.
And new styles beset me,
It makes my froused head look not
quite so bad.

So I sing to my hair net:
I hope it won't tear yet.
My dear little hair net
That served me so well.
(Student.)

A MODEL CRUSH NOTE

Dear ———:
I've long desired to speak.
But fear has kept me mute;
Fear that my words would not suffice;
I hope my pen will suit.

There are no words which can express
The charm of your golden hair;
It seems that millions of gay sunbeams
Were caught and entangled there.

Each day I wait with bated breath
Outside of your ——— class.
In hopes of hearing your words so
wise.

Can any one you surpass?

My mind strays far from my history
notes,
My thoughts are all on you.
If one coy glance or smile I receive,
It thrills me through and through.

I sit in chapel and class and lab—
And dream of walking with you
Beneath the mystic moonlight sheen
On the campus—just we two.

I never dreamed you could mean so
much

To a poor little mortal like me;
I'd die for you, truly, and trembling
I ask a boon from thee.

I humbly beg this favor of you:
I'm sure you won't refuse—

(Editorial Note.—When you fill in
the necessary blanks, this is a good
sample note for beginners. As to the
favor (and crushes always ask favors),
if your beloved has a fourth-hour class,
why not humbly beg that she allow
you to walk from the academic build-
ing to lunch with her?)

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ping in this big
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April 5, 1921:

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Miss Elizabeth Carter.
Aria of Ellse Handel
Under the Greenwood Tree Buzzi-Peccia
Miss Mildred Juhl.
Russian Romance Friml
Miss Esther Potter
Roses of Memory Hamblen
Miss Lottie Mae Rogers.
Adagio Goblines Louise N. Wright
Miss Florence Hayes.
Sometime, Dear Heart Jesse Wynne
Little Black Boy Chittenden
Miss Sue Gordon.
Scotch Poem MacDowell
Miss Evelyn Potter.
You and I and the Moon Phillips
Call of the May Time Brahe
Miss Margaret Dunn.
Novelette Deyo
Miss Dudley Casteel.
When Myra Sings A. L.
Mrs. Elizabeth Nellums.
To Spring Grieg
Miss Elizabeth Conroy.
Rose Rhyme Salter
The Wind's in the South Scott
Miss Clorinne Curry.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1921

NUMBER 22

WARD - BELMONT "SWIMS" OVER PEABODY

Ward-Belmont and Peabody held their annual swimming meet at Peabody on April 11 at 3:15. Ward-Belmont won—94 1-2 to Peabody's 53 1-2. The meet was close and very exciting throughout. Peabody's girls excelling in diving and the Ward-Belmont girls in speed. Elise Morgan and Ethel Gentry from Peabody did exceptionally fine work. Mary Hassler and Thera Speer exhibited some fine speed work, Hassler swimming the 40-yard dash and Speer the 60-foot dash, both back and front. Beatrice Johnston also caused a sensation by breaking her own plunge record of 50 feet and plunging 50 feet six inches.

The Peabody girls have a right to be proud of their work in the meet, and also of the fact that they have the individual winner, Ethel Gentry. Thera Speer and Harriet Hollinshead won second and third places.

The events and their winners are as follows:

60-Foot Front — College: First, Speer; second, Gentry; third, Eastham. Time, 12 1-2 seconds. Intermediate: First, Hollinshead; second, Orr; third, Nestor. Time, 15 seconds.

Plain Dives—College: First, Gentry; second, Cone; third, Johnston. Prep: First, Brown; second, Morgan; third, Anderson. Hassler. Intermediate: First, Brown; second, Terry; third, Hollinshead.

40-Yard Front — College: First, Speer; second, Gentry; third, Eastham. Time, 28 3-4 seconds. Prep: First, Hassler; second, Morgan; third, Thera. Time, 28 1-2 seconds.

Plunge—College: First, Johnston; second, Gentry; third, Allen. Distance, 50 1-2 feet. Prep: First, Yandall; second, Anderson; third, Tandy. Distance, 43 1-2 feet.

60-Foot Back — College: First, Speer; second, Cone; third, Johnston. Time, 16 1-2 seconds. Prep: First, Tandy; second, Hassler; third, Yandall. Time, 18 seconds. Intermediate: First, Orr; second, Hollinshead; third, Howse. Time, 19 1-2 seconds.

Fancy Dives—College: First, Gentry; second, Cone; third, Johnston. Prep: First, Morgan; second, Hassler; third, Anderson. Intermediate: First, Pan; second, Hollinshead; third, Terry.

Relay, Ward-Belmont—1 minute, 27 3-4 seconds.

Officials—Clerk of Course, Miss Sisson. Starter, Miss Collins. Judges, Miss Florman, Miss Morrison, Miss Drumbach. Judges' Assistants, Miss Margaret Morrison, Miss Shenwell. Recorder, Miss Crow. Assistant Recorder, Miss Margaret Connett.

The teams with subs were:

PEABODY.
Grammar.
Brower, Georgia.
Brewer, Addie.
Hester, Sara.
Terry, Mary E.

(Continued on page 4.)

KNITTING

Now that spring is here, the campus hounds are beginning the annual orgy of sweater knitting. Whether this springtime knitting disease comes from the fact that, at this particular season of the year, one becomes unusually energetic and takes up knitting for want of something better to do, or whether it is due to the sweater vogue which has existed since the war days, the writer cannot say. But whatever its origin, the ultimate result is always the same—neglected studies and a perfect riot of sweaters. Sweaters everywhere, of every style, color, and texture. One cannot sit and watch the continual line of promenaders and "reducers" going around the quadrangle in the evenings after dinner without being reminded of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin Town." Instead of rats, though, there are sweaters—gray ones, red ones, purple ones, blue ones, brown ones, black ones, orange ones, green ones, well-knitted ones and poorly knitted ones. Verily, verily, I say unto you, 'tis a sign of spring!

SAMANTHY SPIVEN'S SUGGESTIONS

Aunt Samanthay, you dear old fiber, You art only a fine knitter;
But simple and crazy as you be,
Last week we had a big laugh at thee!

Crushes are somewhat of a rage;
But as far as "eternal triangles,"
You're on the wrong stage.
Now careful you'd better be,
For the Fates and crushes are warning thee!

Dear Anon: Your poetry reminds me of an amateur dancer—the feet are so mixed up! But the sentiment is all right, and you succeeded in conveying your meaning, so I suppose that is sufficient. Let me thank you for writing to me, even though it is only a poetical black-hand warning. So far as the "eternal triangle" is concerned, I was right when I wrote it last week; but by the time it came out in print, you had changed your love. Mercy! Crushes are so transient that I never know when I write about one whether I will be out of date by the time the Hyphen comes out or not. Since I wrote that about you and the "eternal triangle," you have transferred your undying affection to "Connett's Roomie." Fickle one, how can I keep track of you?

My Dear Aunt Samanthay: The president of the senior class and I have a dreadful crush on each other, and each one feels that she cannot live without the other. I'd like to eat at her table so we could be together more. Can you tell me how I can manage it?—Mac.

Answer.—Mac, I am not Miss Blackwell.



ALMANAC

Wonderfully Wet. You tell 'em Peabody.

WARD - BELMONT HEARS SANDBURG

PEMBROKE, 116- 118 ENTERTAINS

On Tuesday, April 12, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Polk were the honor guests at dinner in Suite 116-118 Pembroke. The event was suggested by the arrival of a box sent by a thoughtful mother.

Promptly at 6 o'clock just as the other girls were having their dinner in the dining room, a very novel and interesting dinner was being given in Pembroke. When the guests were first bidden to enter, they were surprised by the dainty spread placed before them. The places of the six persons were marked by unique Japanese hand-painted place cards. In the center of the table was a centerpiece of red carnations, a gift of Mr. Polk to his daughter, Ellen. The Japanese decorations were further carried into effect by a very pretty luncheon set.

After the sandwiches, pickles, cocoa and other food had been served, the desert of ice cream and cake was brought in.

Mr. Polk added zest to the occasion by his reminiscences of the past and his clever predictions of the future. The girls admitted that the dinner served in their room would always be a very happy remembrance to them of their life in Ward-Belmont. They will also hold a fond recollection of how the night watchman suspected Mr. Polk of vamping his daughter, Ellen.

WEDDING OF FORMER STUDENTS

Invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont to the wedding of Miss Imogene Dorothy Stuart to Mr. Jack Berson, on Wednesday evening, April 20, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arley Caldwell Stuart in Texarkana, Texas. The bride-elect was a popular student here in 1917-18, and news of her approaching marriage will be received with great interest. Mr. Berson is of Fort Smith, Ark., where he will take his bride to make their home. They will live at 531 May Avenue.

RAHS

Nine rahs for the Shriners!

Complimenting the Ward-Belmont girls in remembrance of a delightful evening spent at Ward-Belmont on March 17, the Shriners of Nashville presented in the Ward-Belmont auditorium on Monday evening Charles Chaplin's masterpiece, "The Kid."

The Ward-Belmont girls enjoyed the movie thoroughly and extend their heartiest thanks to the Shriners for their thoughtfulness.

It is gratifying to know that Carl Sandburg liked us. After his lecture he expressed himself to a member of the faculty as having been conscious of an attitude on the part of the Ward-Belmont girls of sympathy and appreciation that is unusual in school audiences.

As for the majority of the girls, we felt the power of the man in every word and inflection, every position and gesture. He gripped our attention and held our interest from the moment we heard his great voice. And such a voice! Full of the depth of the man it was, the human understanding, the courage and power, the delicate sweetness, the gentle fun and broad humor of which he is capable. Mr. Sandburg approached us as though we were sane, thinking human beings, and not the ignorant, frivolous young things that some of our visiting speakers seem to believe us. He credited us with a true sense of values, a knowledge of life, and a conception of beauty. He told us a few facts about his work, about himself, and about ourselves.

Then he read from his three books "Chicago Poems," "Smoke and Steel" and "Corn Huskers." Sometimes we applauded, sometimes we sat very silent and still while the poet turned to the next offering, but always we were impressed. "Gross," "Gone," "An Electric Sign Goes Dark on Broadway," "Crabapple Blossoms," "Shirt," "Buffaloes," "Women Washing Their Hair," "Buttons," "Nancy Yank" were among the selections he made for us.

The question of whether or not this was poetry did not enter our minds. We only felt a strength, a surge, a breadth, a beauty, a virility, and a power to stir within us some question, some answer, some desire. And the rhythm of the words was like a great flowing river that had just broken its bonds of ice.

After the readings, Mr. Sandburg told us that he believed in American folksong, and to illustrate his conviction, he sat before us with his guitar and sang a number of appealing Negro melodies and "cowboy lonesome" songs that he has collected. We were delighted with Mr. Sandburg's baritone voice and the air of comrade sling with which he offered them to us.

And so the poet was very convincing in his fine, unassuming way. He gave us a big hour, a stimulating experience. To see the large, unpretentious Sandburg; to look into his face and see the poet's soul shining through; to hear his great, quiet voice; to become acquainted with his work; and to know that this man, who has been fighter, tramp and wagon driver, has the power to write of the truths, the crude ties and the beauties he has found in his varied life so that others may know—this is the priceless privilege that we have had.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief LOUISE JERRELL
 Assistant Editor KATHERINE COX
 Business Manager CECILIA ANDRES

REPORTERS

MARIAN SULLIVAN
 MARY DYER
 NELLEEN CAMP
 FLORENCE ASHCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

"We were the last ones out of the dining room today. Company, you might know!"

Why is it that meals with company present always take so much longer? "Why, you have to be more polite," you say. Of course, we realize you cannot have on your company manners every day, but really, when you think about it, isn't it a shame for the ones you are with daily to have to suffer a demand for food, not prefaced by a "Please" or finished by a "Thank you," when the casual visitor is greeted with the utmost courtesy. We are all rushed and don't have time for much formality, but let's just be a little more careful about our table manners.

Then there is that problem of "table talk." Have you ever been at one of those tables where a whole meal is eaten in dead silence? Perhaps the hostess makes a remark or two, but receiving no response, soon grows discouraged. Isn't it awful? It is the end of the year, and most subjects of common interest are about "talked out," it is true; but if each one would just make a little effort, the meal would be so much more interesting, don't you think? We're sure you'll agree!

THE CAMPUS KICK

Hear ye, lovers of nature! The annual "Return of Spring" has come, and with it our usual desire to spend more of our time on the campus. The days are long enough now for us to sit and walk on the grounds until the 7:20 bell summons us to our varied duties; and there is another point. Some of the most attractive parts of the campus lie beyond the "dead line" of the academic building in that fascinating "No Man's Land"—the back campus. We entreat that we be allowed to include that part of the grounds in our limits, and we promise that we'll be good, and not even try to "step off" once!

ANTI PAN KITE

The Anti-Pans enjoyed an unusually peppy and happy week-end at Woody-Crest. Talk about fun! Any Anti-Pan will tell you she never had so much in her life. There were the games which were our favorites several years ago for the athletic ones, and story-telling by the big fireplace in the hall for the romantic, to say nothing of Susie's hot biscuits for the hungry.

We were delighted to have as our

guests Mrs. Young, who is visiting her daughter, Marion Frances, and Mrs. Thompson, as well, as Miss Gilkerson.

On April 6 the members of the Anti-Pandora Club enjoyed talks on women who have done things to help humanity. The program was as follows:

"Florence Nightingale," Dorothy Rosenthal.

"Beatrice Webb," Dorothy Wetzel.

"Jane Addams," Nora C. Nelson.

"Anna Shaw," Dorothy Becker.

"Ellen Flaggyoung," Laura Connett.

"Clara Barton," Beatrice Lindsey.

OSIRONS AT WOODY CREST

The day was ideal for a Monday at Woody-Crest, and the Osirons were the lucky ones last week. There really isn't much to tell, for it's no need to say we had a glorious time. The food committee starred; but when the scenes shifted to the out-of-doors, we all kept the camera men busy. "Getting next to nature" was the inspiration for numbers of childish games. Should have seen Miss Middleton jump the rope. And say! Did you ever try rolling down the sloping lawn? We were all glad to count Miss Hussey among those present. The question of Woody-Crest versus luncheon and movie in town was unanimously decided in favor of Woody-Crest.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB NOTES

Under the leadership of Evelyn Potter, a very interesting program was carried out at the club Wednesday evening. Polly Norton gave a reading which was quite a success, and which was followed by an encore. Then the choir, some liking the parody better than the real words, left the audience guessing, but the harmony surpassed all. Then Sadie Addicks with her reading, "The Theater," held the attention of all for some time. The conclusion of the program came with a dance by Inez Friday.

Following the program, ice cream cones were passed to us, and we all left at 8 o'clock, after having spent a lovely evening.

X. L. NOTES

For their last two meetings the X. L.'s have been studying socialistic America. Florine Ashcroft has been chairman, and very interesting

papers have been given on different phases of the subject.

April 6 the following papers were given:

"Immigration," Marguerite Seins.
 "The Lower East Side, New York," Felicia Russell.

"Health Conditions," Genevieve Schrage.

"Amusements," Gwendolyn Pyles.

"Negro Problem," Harriet Gregory.

"Attitude of Upper Classes Toward the Lower," Edith Frye.

On March 18:

"New Immigration Commissioner," Evelyn Bonham.

"Hailm," Helen Ballard.

"How a Health Clinic Works," Lucile Craig.

"The Red Cross at Home," Virginia McCoy.

"Fashion," Eleanor Best.

"The Crime Wave in America," Pearl Begger.

THE BICYCLE CLUB

The bicycle club is the newest and one of the most popular clubs among the girls who enjoy sports. Ten new and shining red wheels have been bought, and every afternoon the members of the bicycle club help to wear off a little of the shine.

The fee for the club is \$3, which entitles you to two rides a week, one hour each time. There are certain limits where you may ride unchaperoned. Imagine it! However, it has been noticed that the girls not only ride but walk during these afternoon outings, and the walking is mainly done on the upward stretch of hills. Queer, isn't it?

One of the chief attractions of the club is the fact that longer rides may be taken on Monday, under proper chaperonage, with the privilege of taking lunch with you. This tells of the things that can be done, but the real pleasure is in the doing of these things.

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MISSOURI CLUB

On April 9, the Missouri Club held a meeting to elect officers to fill the places left vacant by the resignations of Sara Elizabeth Bryant, president, and Virginia Mc Millan, secretary. Missouri girls are proud of both of them and regret that their duties as secretary of the Student Council and as business manager of Milestones prevent their continuance in office. It isn't every State club that can say that its members hold such high positions in school activities as the Missouri club can.

Laura Connett was elected president and Coralie Kessler, secretary. These girls both possess ability and will make excellent officers. Missouri Club is looking forward to an active future under their leadership.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever? No, you never.
 Did you ever hear of chemistry as a golden bed of ease?
 Did you ever hear of dear old math, without a line of D's?
 Did you ever hear of seniors without a thing to do?
 Did you ever hear of senior mid-dies that equalled me and you?
 Did you ever? No, you never; for it simply cannot be.

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STUDY OF CLASSICS

(From Nashville Banner, April 10.)
Announcement is made here that the American Classical League will conduct a thorough investigation of the study of classics in the secondary schools of the United States. Dr. Andrew F. West, dean of the Princeton Graduate College and chairman of the advisory committee which will supervise the work, states that the general education board has appropriated \$60,000 with which to carry on the investigation, the purpose of which will be to ascertain the real conditions of instruction in our school system, to consider the plan of extending the secondary course over two more years to include the present seventh and eighth grades of the grammar schools and to find the exact statistics of classical study from 1915 to the present time and to devise a satisfactory plan for the future.

The Boston Evening Transcript states that the latest available statistics show that Latin is being studied in the secondary schools by more pupils than French, German and Spanish combined. Its enrollment is surpassed only by English, history, and mathematics. Although the study of the classics slumped somewhat during the war, its enrollment has apparently been largely regained since the fall of 1918.

ALABAMA-OHIO DANCE

One of the most attractive of our State club entertainments was the Alabama-Ohio dance, which was given in the gymnasium last Saturday night.

The gymnasium was decorated with Japanese lanterns, hung in festoons between every post. In the center of the hall, from an upturned parasol, was a shower of rainbow-colored streamers. Each of these streamers was attached to a Japanese fan, which was later given to every guest and club member as a "favor." Confetti flew about in abundance. Vito's orchestra of six pieces supplied excellent music for the fifteen dances. The musicians sat in the alcove on the east side of the hall, and were partly concealed behind a lattice work trellis covered with vines and dogwood.

The refreshments consisted of frozen fruit salad, cheese nut, and chicken salad sandwiches, candies in pink paper roses, and ice tea with sherbert in it.

The combination of the two State clubs, a true union of North and South, made the evening much more enjoyable to all.

PERSONALS

Misses Helen Hyman and Gertrude McFarlane spent Monday in town with Miss Gordon.

Miss Geneva Campbell is at her home in New Albany, Miss.

Mrs. E. F. Young, of Vinton, Iowa, and daughter, Marion Frances, had as their guests in town Monday Misses Ellen O'Flaherty and Katherine Cox.

Miss Lillian Rhodes has as her guest her brother, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who is a student at the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wis.

Sunday Mrs. E. F. Young and daughter, Marion Frances, had as their guests Misses Deborah Silber and Charlotte O'Flaherty.

Miss Gladys Smith spent the week-

end with her mother, Mrs. G. O. Smith, of Kansas City, Kans.

Miss Agnes Bradley is spending a few days at her home in Manchester, Iowa.

Miss Francis Hunt took dinner Friday evening with Mrs. G. Rose.

Miss Marion Foville spent the week-end with her father, Judge F. F. Faville, of Fort Dodge.

Elinor Foster spent Friday evening with her father.

Misses Sadie and Cecilia Adickes have as their guest their mother, Mrs. M. M. Adickes, of Wichita Falls, Tex. Misses Ruby and Gretchen Avis have their mother, Mrs. J. D. Avis, of Wichita Falls, Texas, as their guest.

Misses Aileen and Lyda Stephenson spent the week-end with their father.

Miss Margaret B. Moore spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Moore, of Clarendon, Ark.

Misses Frances Kenney, Nina Woodall, Wilma Lyon spent Saturday evening with Miss Leola Blackman and her father, Dr. Blackman, of Shreveport, La.

Dorothea Powell spent Monday with Mrs. Saunders.

Felicia Russell spent Monday with Mrs. Walker Edwards.

Miss Sarah Morgan spent Monday with Mrs. J. B. Mason, Jr.

Misses Anna Mae McAdams and Mildred Colby spent Monday with Miss Nelluma.

Mrs. W. C. Polk visited her daughter, Ellen, last week.

Misses Dudley Casteel, Myrtle Graves and Virginia Stephens spent Monday with Judge F. F. Faville and daughter, Marion.

Miss Geraldine Parker spent the week-end in College Grove.

Miss Marianne Crone spent the week-end with her mother.

Misses Marguerite Seins and Dor-

othy Geissler spent the week-end in Miss Geissler's home in Evansville, Ind.

Miss Helen C. Watson spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Watson, of Chicago, Ill.

Miss Margaret Garner spent Sunday with Mrs. M. E. Nellums.

Miss Elizabeth Cade is spending a few days at her home in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Misses Marjorie Lewis, Sena McCoy, and Leslie Davis spent Sunday with Miss Margaret Warden.

Helene Thomas spent Sunday with Mrs. Donell.

Misses Helen Kerr and Mary Bresler spent Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Williams.

Misses Magdaline and Lyda Mae Rogers, Sara Middleton, and Susie Spraggins spent Sunday with Mrs. Williams.

Misses Ernestine Sutton and Fera Leopoldi spent Sunday as guests of Mrs. Sudekum.

Clotilde Brazelton, Virginia McMillan, Sara Elizabeth Bryant spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Gold.

Miss Louise Black spent Sunday with Mrs. J. M. Lewis.

Misses Marion Sullivan and Constance Caldwell spent Monday with Mrs. Bell and Louise.

Miss Marguerite Chandler spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Moore and daughter, Margaret.

Misses Aileen Fentress, Carrie Crawford, and Elizabeth White spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Hollister.

Misses Dorothy Cockrum, Virginia Glascock and Sara Frances Eastham spent Saturday afternoon in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore and daughter, Margaret, had as their guests Saturday evening Misses Margaret Chandler, Marie Biggers, Miriam Wood, Pearl Biggers, and Marian Harrison.

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W.-B. "SWIMS" OVER PEABODY

(Continued from page 1.)

Orr, Virginia.
Rankin, Flora.
High School.

Anderson, Ruth.
Brown, Beatie.
Brown, Eleanor.
Hart, Mary Lou.
Morgan, Elsie.

College.

Allen, Sara.
Culbert, Jane.
Gentry, Ethel.
Harrison, Mitchell.
Houston, Wilma.
Pund, Adelaide.
Williams, Leota.

WARD-BELMONT.

Grammar.

Hollinshead, H.
Howse, Helen.
Neil, Argie N.
Pan, Vosso.

High School.

Hassler, Mary.
Jackson, Elizabeth.
Matthews, Virginia.
Sells, Virginia.
Tandy, Charlotte.
Yandall, Anna.

College.

Boardman, Janice.
Cone, Doris.
Eastham, Sara N.
Johnston, Bee.
Speers, Thera.

F. F.

After many members of many clubs express the desire, "Oh, gee, I wish all our meetings would be socials," but if these mere pleasure-seekers were to participate in a program such as the one Miss Dorothea Hyle prepared for the illustrious F F's—why there would be no objection if all meetings were "intellectual."

Wednesday, March 30 at 8 o'clock sharp, found the F. F.'s leaving Heron Hall, Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.,—all eagerly waiting to alight the good ship "Itinerary" on its voyage "around the world." The entire journey was under the chaperonage of our worthy sponsor, Miss Sheppe, and the special guides at the different destinations were well acquainted with the cities whose numerous attractions, innermost secrets—gold romances as well as grey realities—were vividly and interestingly revealed to the sight-seers.

After Dorothea Hyle wished us "bon voyage" in New York, we visited Rome, Paris, Madrid, London, Scotland, Ireland, Russia, Greece, the Orient, India, China and Japan with the proficient guides, Misses Caffell, Newman (in the vernacular), Grissler, Walters, Bentley, Hoag, Sells,

Schumacher—Fifth Avenue—

OVER KUHNS COOPER & GEARY'S

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Better equipment—more space—enabling us to handle a greater volume of business—

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KODAK HEADQUARTERS

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Edgar, Chancellor, Simpson and Garrett, respectively. We were stranded in South America (why did the bell ring?), but Miss Jeffries will relieve our anxiety next week. Miss Hainline will escort us through Hawaii, Cuba and Porto Rica. Backward, oh backward—turn, ship, in thy flight. Oh, make me a traveler just for tonight!

VESPERS

The vesper service Sunday evening, April 10, was led by Virginia McMullan. After the opening hymn, "Oh, for a Closer Walk with God!" followed by responsive reading, the service was turned over to Mr. Henkle. Only those who have heard Mr. Henkel can appreciate his beautiful, solemn organ recitals. A true spiritual inspiration was felt by each one of us present. We are very grateful to Mr. Henkel for allowing us this opportunity.

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Hats for Women, Misses and Children

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief LOUISE TERRELL
Assistant Editor KATHERINE COX
Business Manager CECILIA ADICKES

REPORTERS

MARY SULLIVAN
MARY DYER
NELLEN CAMP
FLORENCE ASHCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

Consider the roommate. Do you ever stop to think when you look back over the time you've spent in Ward-Belmont, who has been responsible, nine times out of ten, for making your year a pleasant one? Perhaps not; but honestly, is it not most likely to be your roommate?

You may think now that she is the hardest girl to get along with you ever saw, but you do not seem to realize or consider that sometimes you may be just a little bit difficult yourself.

You may envy somebody else's roommate. They are so congenial and play around together all the time, while yours—well, she just seems to be different—and odd. She in turn thinks you have the meeziest temper. You even get up at 7:10 and turn the room upside down, so as to get ready by 7:15. You won't do your share of housekeeping, and are always raving about another's roommate, but never your own.

So take these things into consideration and try to be a little more—well, kind; and remember you are a roommate, too. "All that glitters is not gold," and some of these thought to be perfect examples of roommates may have had just as hard a time, but they overcame, so to speak, the difficulty. So why can't you?

THE CAMPUS KICK

A small but very select body desires to kick. We are the Seniors. For many long moons have we waited for our pin, but in vain. Recognition Day established our position in the school, but we fear that the impression is wearing off, and we wish to strengthen it. This may best be accomplished by the wearing of the Senior pin in a very obvious position by each proud Senior. This, however, can only be done when we have our precious emblems. The club pins have come; why not ours? Hasten! The day of graduation approacheth!

A. K.

When Rachel Renn, the chairman for this week's program, revealed the subject—the attitude of the entire club was one of enthusiasm. The discussions by members of the history of art class included representative painters from the time of Ghiberti to Raphael. A large collection of pictures from the art department promoted more interest. Altogether, this was one of the most interesting as well as instructive meetings of the

year. On Wednesday, April 20, that personage of whom Ward-Belmont audiences never tire favored this club with a call. The illustrious Alexander appeared. After leaving every member somewhat breathless from the startling revelation of her future, this remarkable genius settled very satisfactorily the perplexing questions of each girl. His final and most astonishing feat was the transferring invisibly of a thimble from underneath one hat to another, and the still more difficult act of returning it to its former position. This alone was sufficient evidence to convince the club of Alexander's supernatural powers. It might be noted that in case the original needed any help, he would find Catherine Smith a very efficient assistant.

ANTI-PAN KITE

What are we going to do on the athletic field? Every one was asking this of his fellow member, after noticing the cute little notice of the place of meeting. After the seven o'clock bell had rung and we had gathered on the athletic field on this particular night of April 13, our spirits rose at the sight of a large bonfire. We were told that we were to have a banquet and received a menu as follows:

Nature Dinner.

Menu.

Sliced Mother Goose. Indian Relish. (W.-B. Specialty).

Major Herb. W.-B. Spring Garnish. W.-B. Rarest Delicacy.

(With Squirrel Delight Fillings.) Dates. Crystallized Slams.

Fruit from the Barn Yard.

After-Alls.

Each girl selected five things from the menu and was very much delighted at the eleven representations of the various articles of food. For instance, the first, spring's offering, was water, and the last, after-alls, was a toothpick. The other dishes were characteristic of their names.

After the distribution of the articles on the menu, each girl was given a long pointed stick and loads of marshmallows. It is said that food breeds companionship. Judging by the laughter and general good feeling of all present, the saying is true.

We enjoyed having Miss Mills, Lilian Rhodes and her brother as guests, and hope that they will visit us again soon.

Geneva—Are you going to school in New York?

Helen Hyman—Yes.

Geneva—What are you going to take at school?

Helen—Oh, French and lunch!

SAMANTHA SPINER'S SUGGESTIONS

My Dear Aunt Samantha: Can you tell me how to write a poem beginning with this line, "Jewel is my jewel"?—Anxious Shelby.

Answer—Anxious Shelby, since you cannot find a word to rhyme with "Jewel," why not write to Mr. Sanburn and cease worrying about rhyming words? You should be an excellent poet before summer, if you continue changing crushes with the same rapidity as heretofore. Only a week or two ago you were searching for a word to rhyme with Castor.

My Dearest Aunt Samantha: Does Jo love me? I do not see how she could help it, since I am perfect in every way, but I hear rumors of another one who is stealing her affections. Are they true?—Elegant Eddie.

Answer—We, too, have heard these same rumors, Eddie, but cannot say how true they are. All we can say is that we saw Jo and Marietta playing Romeo and Juliet on the stairs last Saturday night at the Missouri dance. But perhaps you were pacified later.

Dear Miss Samantha: The girls all think I have a crush, because I have been writing crush notes to myself, but now I have just about run out of things to say. Can you suggest something?—Bride-to-Be.

Answer—Why, just begin over again and say the same things, Bride-to-Be, for all crush notes are practically the same. Just say over and over again, "I love you; I cannot live without you," etc. On second thought, when material runs low, why not copy some of Newman's love letters?

The mortality of Pullmans is now exceeded by the birth rate.

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HASH

Hash is the most accepted term for a variable dish containing both animal and vegetable substance. Each element is so camouflaged that you can only guess at what you are eating. It generally follows a Sunday or holiday dinner.

Hash is found in all walks of life; among the rich and poor, at home and at school.

It is also generally known and so universally popular that restaurants are often called "hash houses" and the waiters "hash slingers."

Ask any of the boys who wore the uniform what they knew about hash and they will tell you that Uncle Sam adopted it as an army staple. It appeared so regularly in camp that Monday was known as "hash day." It even followed them across the sea in the form of "canned cornbeef hash."

Hash to the Chinaman is "chop suey;" to the American soldier "corn willy;" to the Mexican, "chile con carne;" to the Hungarian, "goulash"—each in his own tongue. All told, there must be fifty-seven varieties, including both good hash and bad hash.

These facts and fancies, like any old stories if repeated, will be said to be "rehashed."—Exchange.

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PERSONALS

Mrs. Avis and daughter, Gretchen, and Mrs. Adicks, Celia and Sadie Adicks spent the week end in Chattanooga.

Ruth Nolen, Ruth Crowell, Ruby Sams, Mary Coulson, Ethel Caster, Bernice Towler, Frances Harris, Josephine Mayfield, Lois Moore, Catherine Moore, Lillian Pierce, Annie Mae McAdams and Louise Jewel were the guests of Ruby and Gretchen Avis and Celia and Sadie Adicks and their mothers at Loew's last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Bernice Nance spent the week end with her mother.

Miss Lillian Pierce has as her guest her mother, Mrs. H. W. Pierce, of Cooper, Texas.

Miss Leila Wood spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. G. B. Wood, of Kansas City, Mo.

Misses Viola and Elizabeth Sudekum spent Sunday at their home in Nashville.

Misses Helen Stone, Anita Lovely, Caroline Thompson, Frances Culver, Gladys Kennedy, Ruth Cole and Dorothy Bentley spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. J. K. Conroy, of Belleville, Ill., and her daughter, Elizabeth.

Misses Cleo Wisegamer, Alice McElhane and Clara Youngclass spent Tuesday evening with Miss Clements at "Katch-Koo."

Miss Lillian Rhodes had as her guest over last week end her brother, Cecil, who is a student at the University of Wisconsin.

Misses Nancy Lawson and Leila Wood spent Sunday with Mrs. J. Mad-din and Mrs. Wood.

Miss Elianna Born spent Sunday with her cousin, Miss Campbell.

Miss Agnes Robertson spent the week end with her brother.

Miss Sara C. Courtney spent the week end with her aunt, Miss Ederington.

Ruth Krebs spent the week end in Nashville with her mother, Mrs. C. E. Krebs, of Baltimore, Md.

Miss Marion Frances Young spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. E. F. Young, of Vinton, Iowa.

Miss Beryl Dodson spent the week end in Shelbyville, Tenn.

Miss Roveida Misch spent the week end with her parents.

Miss Marjory Lou Moore has as her guest her mother, Mrs. W. F. Moore, of Paris, Texas, and her sister.

Misses Frances Callendar and Dorothy Ink spent Sunday with Mrs. Warren.

Misses Thelma Caffall and Lucyle Oliver spent Sunday with Mrs. W. A. Batton.

Mrs. Pickett entertained Miss Elizabeth Shreve Saturday.

Mary Gaston spent last week end in Fayetteville.

Miss Janie Sharp was at her home in Galati last week end.

Mrs. C. E. Krebs, of Baltimore, and daughter, Ruth, entertained Misses Mary Louise Scott, Dorothy Smallwood and Ruth Wurtsbaugh Monday.

Miss Marianna Crane and parents entertained Misses Lead Abraham, Jane S. Roof, Mary Hassler, Lillian Reed and Margaret Griggs Monday.

Miss Louise Callendar spent Monday with Miss Glady's Smith and her mother.

Helen Price and Anne Yondall spent Monday with Mrs. Emory.

Carrie Neel Herring, Jane Van Cleave and Dorothy Turner spent Monday with Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Misses Marguerite Sims and Dorothy Glissler were with Mrs. Dailey Monday.

Margaret Chandler had as her guest

over the week end her father, Mr. C. D. Chandler, of Siloma Springs, Ark.

Misses Ethel Caster, Deborah Silber, Sara Eagles, Katherine Silber and Fanny Shanan spent Monday with Mr. E. F. Young and Marion Frances.

Misses Lois Moore, Ruby Sams and Catherine Moore spent the week end with relatives in Franklin.

Marianna Crane spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Crane, of Charleston, Ill.

Miss Estelle Dilworth spent the week end in Murfreesboro.

Miss Ellen Moss spent the week end with Mrs. Mizell.

Misses Susie Spragins and Marion Williams spent Saturday evening with Mr. R. E. Spragins, of Huntsville, Ala.

Antonia Hurley spent Sunday with Mrs. Sam.

Misses Lottie Mae and Magdalene Rogers spent the week end in Louisville.

Miss Leora Rebmman spent Sunday night with her mother.

Louise Conley was a guest of Mrs. Jarvis Sunday.

Fay Young spent Sunday with Mrs. W. C. McCrory.

Mrs. M. M. Price entertained Miss Helen Emberson Sunday.

Felicia Russell was a guest of Mrs. Rose Monday afternoon.

Miss Frances McKenna spent Monday with Mrs. Pierce and Lillian.

Miss Beatrice Lindsey spent Monday with Mrs. J. O. Price.

Misses Charlotte Simpson and Virginia Carlton took dinner Tuesday evening with Mr. Simpson.

Christine Folsen spent Tuesday evening with Miss Helen Thomas and her father, Dr. E. L. Thomas, of Omaha, Neb.

Miss Agnes Bradley has returned from a short trip to Chicago, Ill., and Manchester, Iowa.

Mrs. H. G. Hansen, of Marshall, Texas, is spending a short time with

her daughter Martha. Tuesday Miss Ailie Belle Huber spent the afternoon with Martha and Mrs. Hansen.

VISITORS

Perhaps you have been noticing girls coming in the dining room, mid-diemarch or class with expressions of absolute joy on their faces, looking like they were just as happy as they ever would be and were "pepped to a million." Well, we certainly envy those girls, for they are the most fortunate girls in all Ward-Belmont. Their mother or father is here! What could be more wonderful? We cannot imagine anything. A week-end at the Hermitage, all the movies you could possibly see, sleeping late (destined even to be again at Ward-Belmont), seeing your mother every day—all these combined make perfect happiness. And we Ward-Belmont girls extend to all the parents a very hearty welcome, for although it does make us sort of homesick, we are unselfish enough to be glad for your daughters' sake, and we know they would do the same for ours!

SPREAD!

Who said anything about good things to eat? Just ask those who attended the joint birthday party of Etta Christensen and Esther Crawford; they know! They claim that it was the best birthday party of the year. The refreshments, sandwiches, salad, ice cream and cake, made the guests wish for many happy returns of the day. Now we don't mean to be telling secrets about any one's age, but they say the cake had nineteen candles.

Don't brood over trouble or it may hatch out.

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CONCERT GIVEN BY
WARD-BELMONT

(Continued from page 1.)

Miss Crawford played the Andante movement of Greg's E Minor sonata and "Humoresque," by Rachmannoff, with brilliant technique and warmth of feeling.

Miss Sara Sheppard gave two lovely violin numbers, "Summer Idyl" and "Valse Caprice," with accuracy of intonation and much expression.

The whole program, faultlessly carried through, upholds the reputation of Ward-Belmont's high standards of musical instructors and will long be remembered.

Signor de Luca was obliged to acknowledge the applause which was given to him by an appreciative audience.

Miss Alberta Reeves played the difficult accompaniments with her usual skill.

(Continued from Page 1.)

As a result of this game, the club teams will be picked, and another result is that it is up to the Panthers to come through next time.

The line-up was as follows.

Panthers.

Forwards—Lawrence, O'Flaherty.

Guards—Cooper, Papenhagen, Renn, Center—Connett.

Running Centers—Pierce, Boardman.

Regulars.

Forwards—Cone, Edie May.

Guards—Kenney, Morrison, Gee.

Center—Bowen, Priddy.

Running Centers—Blackman, Kennedy, Donaldson, Cochran.

The officials were: Referee, Miss Morrison. Umpire, Miss Margaret Morrison. Scorekeepers, Beatrice Johnston, Frankie McKinney. Timekeepers, Mariette Hoag, Atkinson.

MONITORS

Much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth took place Monday evening. Yes, the general monitors reluctantly turned over their worthy positions to ten new girls.

These general monitors are unusual human beings. They always see the things they shouldn't see, and when, accidentally, of course, your rouge box flies open and some spatters on your face, or if some evening you should dance in any style except as "Grandma did," you will usually get a cordial invitation to the next monitors' meeting, where you will be tried with due ceremony. Before you attend this meeting you will rave around and say you don't see why you got the "engraved invitation," and that you're certainly going to tell them a few things, when you go. It is quite a different line you pull when at last you are privileged (or should it be,

compelled) to sit at the end of the table at the meeting, and with your knees shaking and your voice quivering you are more than willing to apologize to every one, and you will declare up and down you will never do it again.

Monitors, you are doing splendid work here at Ward-Belmont, and we wish to compliment the monitors just retiring, and welcome the new monitors. But please, new monitors, remember this: "Ye cannot be both grand and comfortable."

Hoag is Connett's roomie dear.

And Connett loves her so.

After all that's not so queer,

Cause Hoag loves her, you know.

Each flea firmly believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.

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Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

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Where You Will Find Excellent Menus
for

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Kuhn-Looper-Geary Co.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1921

NUMBER 24

TEXAS CLUB CELEBRATION

On Saturday evening, April 23, the eyes of Ward-Belmont were once more turned upon Texas—that is upon the representation of Texas that maintains itself so enthusiastically here in school. The big Texas dance was in celebration of San Jacinto Day. The Texas Club chose to suggest just a few of the diversified phases of life in the Lone Star State. When the guests arrived, each received a program, cut in the shape of the Texas map, and with each program a favor was given. The girls from the border sections and their guests received little Mexican hats. Those most interested in ranches had little pistols, those of the coast section had little boats, those of the oil districts were given gorgeous diamond rings, those of the cotton region received tiny cotton hales.

Between every two dances there was a "stunt," and some very clever and original acts were presented.

The first was a ranch scene, "out where the West begins." It was very realistic, with ranch house, camp fire, "stock wagon" wildcat skins, real "frijoles," and a coffee pot. The characters were Mexicans, cowboys an Indian cook, the "ranchero," his daughter and the girl's fiancé. The skit was well done, and in the end the tenderfoot won the "rose of the ranch." The realistic atmosphere of the ranch far surpassed that of any Wm. S. Hart masterpiece.

The second stunt was a scene on the coast where our ships come in. The blue sky and silver sea, the sandy beach and the real boat were all there, and a group of summer girls added a decided dash of local color, while two men in yachting clothes served to lend the scene the true air of a vacation beach. The girls gave a little dialogue, then the crowd went off for a moonlight sail. As the moon (Continued on Page 4)

ASUNDAY SOLILOQUY

Any Ward-Belmont girl at church on Sunday morning:

"Only thirty-three more days until I will be at home with the folks—and him. Now, let's see. He'll come to see me that first night I am at home, and we'll sit out on the front porch. Look up at the stars, and he will tell me how he has missed me. Then he'll—"

"Hymn No. 240," a voice from far away announces.

A few minutes later:

"When I go to see Mary this summer, I know I shall meet my ideal man. He'll be tall and dark and handsome. We'll go to a dance to-night, and I'll—let's see—I'll wear a dress like Bebe Daniels wore in that last picture we saw; and he'll dance nearly every dance with me. He'll dance divinely, and he'll whisper softly in my ear that he could die dancing with me. Then they'll have the moonlight extra, the orchestra playing softly, 'Your Eyes Have Told Me So,' and he'll hold me

close, look deep down into my eyes, and O, so sweetly say—"

"We will now have the morning offering." That voice again!

Some time later, after the noisy tinkling and rattling of nickels, dimes and buttons being dropped into the plate has subsided:

"Wonder how I'll look with my hair slicked back like those girls wore theirs to the Ryman that night? They looked funny, but I'm sure I'd look much better. When I go to that house party at Jane's in the summer, I'll fix it that way, in the very height of fashion. I'll wear a real vampy, sleeveless, backless and scandalously short black dress that will make them stop and look. All the fellows will fall for me because I look like Theda Bara, and they'll flock around me, shower me with flowers and candy and propose to me. After I've played with all their hearts, I will break them and select a handsome (romantic) millionaire, marry him, and then—"

"Let us have the benediction!"

"A standing account

is a queer thing," said Duns.

"The longer it stands,

The longer it runs."

JUNIORS HONOR JUNIOR MIDDLES

"Oh, to be a Junior Middle!" was the cry that went up after the movie Saturday night. Why? Oh, the Juniors were giving a party for the Junior Middles. The roof garden was festive in crepe paper of Oriental colors, shaded lamps and cozy benches. Palms and incense produced the desired atmosphere. Vito outdid himself for our benefit, and some special dance numbers added greatly to the party. Jean Kirkpatrick danced as though she was a true Oriental, and later Jean and Virginia Peeples gave another dance. Salad, iced tea, and sandwiches were served.

During this part of the party it looked as though there were going to be some accidents, as some of the girls on second and third floor founders leaned out so far. Nothing very serious happened, except that Miss Riden got hit with an olive aimed for a hungry group on third floor. (How about it, Mary?)

The party was a big success and lots of fun. The Junior Middles vote "three cheers for the Juniors!"

WANTED—PEP!

Oh where, O where, has our athletic interest gone? All through the year the student body has left nothing to be desired in supporting the various activities; but now our pep is strangely lacking. Is it spring fever? But let us sound the warning. This very afternoon—Saturday, April 30—we play baseball with the Nashville Y. W. C. A. team. Our girls deserve our support. And next Saturday basket ball with Peabody, and baseball the week after, and track—and every event demands that the entire school be behind our teams. We must not fail them!

SENIORS ENTERTAIN

About one month ago Miss Mills made the startling announcement that we—the senior class—would be allowed to keep "open house" twice a month—if we so desired! But it was not until last Friday evening that "traditions ceased to be traditions," and that we bravely threw open the drawing rooms, "Rec." Hall, the Y. W., and even Miss Mills own sanctuary—to wait for callers.

There were twenty-five of our "nerviest" upper classmen among the "waiters," but (now to brag) with the first ring of the door-bell we turned to "humble servants." It is only fair that we give special mention to the belle of the evening, who was none other than our darling sponsor. (Secretly, I think it was the "Mary Queen of Scots Story" that turned the trick for her!)

We hope that the girls who were in the nearby dormitories weren't too annoyed by the arrangements for three pianos. Even the seniors have to admit that some heretofore hidden talent appeared on that memorable Friday night—talent that we intend to use to advantage before the semester is over.

As to the food! But why mention such gross and earthly things—especially when "the men" did the eating?

Since this item was scratched off with the sole purpose of giving exact data, in summarizing I might say that sixty-nine and one-half men called between the hours of eight and eleven, and that four hundred chicken sandwiches were consumed. Not knowing how to measure coffee except by the cup—let it be enough here to state that we "ate, drank and were merry," and now are waiting for two weeks to fly by.

THE CAMPUS KICK

There is no place on the campus where we could wish a "warmer" reception" than in the dining room, but sometimes we are taken too literally. When the radiators around the room are going full blast, they seem somehow to check our appreciation of the delicious food that is served. And a magazine or text-book laid absentmindedly on the radiator has to be removed with tongs at the end of the meal! Far be it from us to deal with matters we know naught of; but if that part of the financial budget expended for coal to heat the dining room is used to purchase ice for our much-desired iced tea—well, why not?

EAST AND WEST ENTERTAIN

"O East is East, and West is West, And here the twain will meet." Tea room, 2:30, April 25, 1921. Matinee, 3:30.



ALMANAC
It says just 33 days until the beginning of a new era. Wonder what?

This was the invitation issued by the Eastern and Western Clubs on most attractive cards designed by Lois Fox. The fortunate guests were received in the tea room by Leah Abraham and Miss Carrie Crawford, president and sponsor of the Western Club, and Dorothy Turner and Miss Rhea, president and sponsor of the Eastern Club. The decorations were in the club colors of orange and brown, and to signify the two clubs, on the east wall of the room was a huge sun rising over an ocean, and on the west wall another sun sinking behind towering peaks.

After the refreshments, which consisted of Waldorf salad, sandwiches, iced tea and ice cream, we went to the chapel, when the movie, "Romance," was presented to the entire school. The first ten rows were blocked off with streamers of the club colors for the members and their guests.

As honor guests, we were delighted to have Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills, Miss Leavall and Mrs. Robinson.

Mr. Kenneth Rose sat on a pin—Mr. Kenneth Rose.

SAMANTHA SPIVEN'S SUGGESTIONS

My Dear Aunt Samanth: I received a box of candy some time ago without a card in it. Of course, it was from a crush, but I do not know who. Can you give me any information?—J. Price.

Answer—We do not know, J. P., but we have heard rumors of Happy Roberts purchasing candy for a crush.

My Dear Aunt Samanth: I have a crush on the assistant domestic art teacher. I eat at her table and sit by her. I love her very dearly. Can you tell me how to win her affections?—Anxious Lucille Bell.

Answer—Use the usual methods, Lucille—candy, flowers, etc. If that doesn't work, transfer your affections. It is as easy to love one as another.

Girls, I have not been receiving many letters of inquiry from you lately. Don't forget that I appreciate them, and will be very glad to answer any questions which you submit. AUNT SAMANTHA.

VESPERS

The vespers last Sunday were under the leadership of Jacqueline Hill. The order of service follows: Hymn—"Day of Rest." Scripture from the Psalm—"Verses of Praise." Prayer—Jacqueline Hill. Solo—"Now the Night is Drawing Nigh," Catherine Moore. Violin accompaniment—Allene Fentress.

Piano—Madame Graziani. Talk—"Are We Responsible for the Large and Small Indifferences Around Us?"

Benediction—"Softly Now the Light of Day."

REGULARS WIN AGAIN

The Regulars, by a score of 14 to 9 again defeated the Panthers in a close and exciting game. It was played Wednesday, April 27, at 3:30. The game as a whole was not marked by the good playing which characterized the first one. The score was close, however, making it a more exciting and a harder fought game.

Of all the players on the field, Jean Cooper, showing remarkable ability, played the best game. Frances Kennedy and Edith Fry also played very good games. Margaret Connitt, who was playing a splendid game, first as center and then as forward, fell, hurting her knee. It was a case of bad luck for the Panthers, as her injury prevented an otherwise possible victory. From the standpoint of team work, the Panthers played the better game, but the Regulars did better basket shooting.

This game ends the college basketball season, and all interest is now being centered on the Peabody game to be played on May 7.

The line-up of the teams was:

Panthers.
Forwards—Lawrence, O'Flaherty.
Guards—Cooper, Renn.
Centers—Connitt, Eastman, Lee.

Regulars.
Forwards—Cone, Fry.
Guards—Morrison, Kenney.
Centers—Bowen, Kennedy, Donaldson.

Substitutes—Panthers: Papenhagen for Renn, Connitt for O'Flaherty, Eastman for Connitt, Pierce for Eastman, O'Flaherty for Connitt. Regulars: Gee for Morrison, Cockran for Donaldson, Blackman for Kennedy, Friday for Bowen.

Officials—Umpire, Miss Morrison. Referee, Miss Margaret Morrison. Timekeepers, Dorothy Atkinson, Katherine Herbert, Mrs. Hall. Score keepers, Beatrice Johnston, Lucille Hempling.

MISSIONARY SPEAKS IN AUDITORIUM

On Sunday morning, April 24, the students assembled in the auditorium for the church service. Mr. McGill, who has spent the past seven years as a missionary in China and is now in America on a short furlough, spoke on the responsiveness of the people of China to education. Mr. McGill enlightened us as to the high aspirations of the Chinese and their desire to become more like Americans. We know that Mr. McGill is doing a wonderful work among these people, and because of his sympathy and enthusiasm has already achieved great success. Mr. McGill has won the sincere admiration and support of the student body of Ward-Belmont.

Merchant—Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I sold you?

Lady—No; I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit one.—Exchange.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Assistant Editor KATHERINE COX

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MARY DYER
NELLEEN CAMP
FLORENCE ASHCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent to the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor in Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL

On reading some of the exchanges which are given for the Hyphen, the following article was discovered. It occurred to us that perhaps this attitude might be similar to that of some girls in our own school, and so we submit this editorial to you for your consideration and reflection:

"There seems to be an attitude among the girls of an overpowering faith in human nature. Nothing finer can be wished for. I am sure, than faith in one's fellow beings, but that faith which prompts one to intimacy can hardly be expected to be fulfilled by every girl one meets in school.

"This giving of confidences, and of your intimacy in such wholesale measure is hardly faith, but foolhardiness, and in many cases selfishness. Not dozens of girls are worthy, concerned, or interested enough to merit these stories of your private self—many respect them not at all, and so your confidences are not kept—and in many cases the blame is on yourself. Before giving away, to the gossip and talk of half of your comrades, the cherished affairs of your life, be sure that they are yours to give. Surely not all your knowledge, gained from your associates, is yours exclusively, to pass about for others to share.

"Keep your confidences for your friends—those who have been tried and proved worthy of them, and take for your motto Emerson's saying: 'My life is a life for itself, and not for a spectacle.'"

WHO'S WHO IN W.-B.

Mrs. Robinson is one whom we girls all appreciate, but yet we have never told her so publicly. At all our spreads and parties, her willingness to have the good "cats" prepared for us is almost as much enjoyed as the food itself. Then she is the one who plans the splendid regular meals which make Ward-Belmont famous. More than that, to her credit belong the wonderful menus, which we place prominently in our memory books to remind us of an unforgettable Hallo-we'en or George Washington dinner, as the case may be. We thank you, Mrs. Robinson.

Mrs. J. E. Smith, of Merrill, Wis., and her daughter, Evelyn, took the following girls in town on Saturday night for dinner: Mildred Kinsel, Maxine Ronna, Dorothy Turner, Carrie Neal Herring and Jane Van Cleve.

Mrs. Charles A. Smith and daughter, Miss Florence, of Independence, Kans., are visiting Miss Helen Smith.

PERSONALS

Theo Thomas, Lucille Haggard and Anna May McClain spent Monday afternoon in town with Lucy Thomas.

Elizabeth and Viola Sudekum and Anna May McClain were in town Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Sudekum.

Estelle Dillworth spent last week end in Murfreesboro.

Joan McFarlane is spending a few days at her home in Wisconsin.

Mrs. S. S. Stanfer, of Louisville, Ky., had as her guests in town on Saturday afternoon her daughter, Betty, and Miss Carrie Crawford.

Miss Margie Lou Moore spent the week end in town with her mother, Mrs. W. F. Moore and sister, Mary, of Paris, Texas.

Miss Lillian Pierce spent the week end in town with her mother, Mrs. H. W. Pierce, of Cooper, Texas.

Miss Gladys Settle was at her home in Elizabethton, Ky., over the week end.

Miss Helen Shelby has as her guest over the week end her aunt, Mrs. S. M. Bradley, of Sterling, Ill.

Miss Loretta Barnard and Antoinette Goddard have returned from a visit in Tusculum, Ala.

Misses Ruth Bond and Myra Williams accompanied Miss Josephine Adams on a visit to her home in Lewisburg, Tenn.

Miss Katherine Mays spent a few days in Bowling Green, Ky.

Mrs. Krebs took her daughter, Ruth, Misses Lucille Oliver and Mary Louise Scott in town on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Leila Wood had as her guest last week her mother, Mrs. Wood, of Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Katherine Cox spent the week end in Chattanooga, Tenn., with her sister, Mrs. H. T. Hampe, of Rock Rapids, Ia., who returned with Katherine for a short visit in Nashville.

Miss Lapene Washour was in town on Sunday as the guest of Mrs. Chas. Cohen.

Miss Eddie Lou Buford spent Sunday in town with her mother.

Miss Ingle Spragins, Marion Williams and Dorothy Turner were chaperoned by Mrs. Schmitz to church on Sunday morning.

Miss Lucille Oliver chaperoned Miss Katherine Garrett and Bess Murphy to town on Sunday afternoon.

Misses Leona Morris and Margaret Spademan spent the week end in town with their mothers.

Miss Bess Littlefield and Mary Watts went in town on Monday with Miss Hollinger.

Miss Helen Price, Marion Sullivan, Ann Vandell, and Constance Caldwell spent Monday in town with Miss Brooks.

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JUST WAIT AND SEE APOLOGIES TO JAN

(To the Girls Who Are Not Coming Back.)

We groan at beans and bacon; we are slain by rising bells;

We quake at monitor's meeting slips, and we hope to die when exams come round.

We're consumed to knit on Sundays and to play the Vic in our room; And we fuss and fume and say every day, "I'll be so pepped up when I once get away."

We've even made calendars in our books and begun to count the hours. And not a letter do we send home but it bears this message, "Just seven more weeks!"

But wait and see. Just mark my word!

On the third of June there'll be more walls,

More tears, more sad regrets and looks

That you can even dream of now. You'll close the door on that little

room that has seen nine months of walls

With a catch in your throat and a last little glance,

And you'll hug that darlin' roomie of yours with never a thought of the time you said,

When she wore your brand-new hose to gym.

That you didn't see how you could put up with her

For five more weeks.

And you'll have a reminiscent mood when you go through Middle March

And look into that little box that always stared so empty there—

For the last time.

And you'll wonder why you never thought how picturesque the tower is;

How stately Academic Building stands, how cozy seem the summer houses;

And when the last, last time you crowd into a "special"—well,

If you aren't melancholy then—But you will be!

Whom am I with when Connett's gone?

Whom am I with from night till dawn?

For whom do I always fall? Connett's roomie!

With whom had I rather be? Than any one else in W.-B.?

For whose presence do I always bawl? Connett's roomie!

Who laughs when from the gym I'm chased?

When Miss Morrison's voice bids me haste?

But whom do I forgive after all? Connett's roomie!

—Jo.

WARD-BELMONT GIRL MAKES SUCCESSFUL TEACHER

Miss Martha Lehman, graduate of the '20 class of Ward-Belmont, has been teaching the past year in the grammar school of Chapman, Ill. Her success as an instructor is marked by the fact that she was the only teacher of the school who was asked to return for a second year. We are proud of Martha.

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From that river of the South,
Because women, like riders, are well
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For the wideness of their mouth.

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Jazzes with Dick,
Shimmies with Jack,
And canoes
And swims
And gads about
With Harry, Mac and Tom;
And is petted,
And feasted,
Dined, loved and dropped;
Flowered, candied and neglected.
And then along comes
Clarence;
And he marries her,
And then to the victor
Belongs the spoiled.

—Punch Bowl.

Author—Hurrah! I got five dollars
for my latest story, "The Modest
Husband."

Friend—Congratulations. From
where did you get the money?

Author—From the express company,
they lost it.

Boy—If I should steal a kiss, would
you call for help?

Girl—Would you need any?

"Finish now," said the lecturer, "to

F. P.—"What is your age?"

C. S.—"Twenty-two summers all."

F. R.—"You must have been living
in a cold climate."

Her eyes say, "Dear, I love you."
And I'd marry her, I would,
If her lips didn't say "I see you."
And "Idone" and "used to could."
A wise old owl sat in an oak—
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't some folks be like that old
bird?

When you've bats in your belfry that
flut,

When your comprenez-vous rope is
cut,

When there's nobody home
In the top of your dome,
Then it isn't a head; it's a nut!

This gave us a start.
God is his wisdom has recalled
An tho her body slumbers here
The one we loved so well
The soul is safe in heaven.
(From a "Daily")

Indirect Success.

"Was your garden a success this
year?"

"Very much so! My neighbor's
chickens took first prize at the poul-
try show."

Oswald—I hear that Elmer's sick.
Pete—What's wrong?
Oswald—Last night his girl called
him "honey," and this morning he
broke out with the hives.

Lucky Man.

"My brother is living in Ireland,
and he says he's delighted."

"Delighted at living in Ireland?"

"No. Delighted to be living."

Truthful at Least.

Sunday School Teacher: "God made
you, little children."

Johnnie: "No, he didn't, either. I'm
a self-made man like papa."—Yale
Record.

STUDIO RECITAL

Thursday afternoon the first of a
series of recitals was given in Miss
Leftwich's studio. There was none
there but the performers, and the fol-
lowing program was most beautifully
given:

Humoresque Laszlo
Miss Marian Sullivan.
Butterflies Lavallee
Miss Marion Harrison.
Nocturne Grieg
Miss Wilma Leonard.
Barcarole Ludebuehl
Miss Irma Sturdevant.
Valse Caprice Chaminade
Miss Alex Morrison.
Prelude, C Sharp Minor, Rachmaninoff
Miss Catherine Pease.
Valse Friml
Miss Margaret Howard.
Scherzo Martucci
Miss Jean Kirkpatrick.
Dance of the Dryads . . . MacDowell
Miss Allene Duncan.
Romance Grunfeld
Miss Margaret Vernier.
Fantasia Impromptu Chopin
Miss Margaret Pittman.

MRS. COMER

We are very glad to have Mrs.
Comer here. She was in Ward-Bel-
mont as Jennie White five years, and
her ability was recognized by the of-
fices she held. She was the first
president of the Student Council, and
was also president of the Y. W. C. A.
and the Texas Club.

From here she went to the Univer-
sity of Texas, where she was gradu-
ated last year.

Her recent marriage brought her
back to Nashville to make her home.

"Do you serve lobsters here?"
"Yes, we serve anybody. Sit
down, sir."

X. L. NOTES

Wednesday night the X. L.'s met
in the drawing room.

The meeting was in charge of Jose-
phine Mayfield and was a sort of con-
densed tour of the world.

The program took the form of a
play, Katherine Moore taking the part
of a just-returned traveler from Eu-
rope, who met Frances Harris and
told her of his travels.

She told of customs in England,
France, Ireland, Russia, Holland, Ja-
pan and China, and all these were
typically represented, but at last she
decided that in all her travels she
had found none who could equal the
all-round American girl in the person
of Jane Morgan.

After this Lucile Bragg played two
piano numbers, and Josephine Adams
and Margaret Garner recited.

Y. W. C. A. CAB- INET COUNCIL AT PEABODY

Representatives from seven differ-
ent schools met at Peabody Friday
night, April 22, for the opening of a
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Council. On
Friday night four of us with Miss
Hill went to Peabody for this serv-
ice. Then Saturday morning and
afternoon there were given various
talks by well-known men, and dis-
cussions of cabinet work were held.
Saturday night we attended a ban-
quet at the Y. W. C. A. room, where
talks about the summer camp at
Montreat were listened to with much
interest. After the banquet we all
went, as Peabody's guests, to the
Peabody stunt night. Sunday, after
several more meetings, the council
closed with a sunset vesper service
at Peabody.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

STUDIO RECITAL

The pupils of Miss Boyer and Miss Blythe on Wednesday, April 27, at 4:30 o'clock, gave the following program:

- Two Preludes Chopin
- Miss Dudley Casteel.
- Heart of Gold Manney
- Miss Ellen Polk
- Buds and Blossoms No. 1 Gurliitt
- Miss Louise Handley
- House of Memories Ayhvard
- Miss Adele Bounds.
- The Music of Your Voice Penn
- Miss Glynden Seagle.
- In a Gondola Clarke
- Miss Irene Garvey.
- Vilanelle Del Acqua
- Miss Julia Price.
- Prelude Chopin
- To the Rising Sun Torjussen
- Miss Elizabeth Conroy.
- Impromptu, Mazurka Lack
- Miss Mary Simonton.
- Goodbye Tosti
- Miss Margaret Dunn.
- Danse Caprice Grieg
- Miss Dale Moffett.
- Hearken unto Me Stevenson
- Miss Clorinne Curry.
- Pierrette Chaminade
- Miss Esther Potter.

TEXAS CLUB CELEBRATION.

(Continued from Page 1.)
appeared, a mermaid came out of the sea, and she and a fisherman talked and sang together, incidentally telling some secrets on certain Texas girls. The spirit of play danced on the beach, a typical summer flirtation scene took place, then all the summer visitors returned to sing a gay finale.

The third skit showed where you get rich quick. "Before" showed an oil derrick, the men working at the well, pa and ma and the kids interested in the activities taking place on "their land," and the "city slicker" who bought their property for a sum of money that placed the family in the ranks of the "marvelous rich." "After" showed the family at the opera, "and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." There was some excellent character work done in this group.

The stunt that followed had for its scene a Mexican shop with all the essentials, including the "hombre" and his "miyer." It was "un Pedacito de Mejico," and the entire dialogue was carried on in Spanish, but so true was the characters' representation that the audience could appreciate it, no matter how ignorant of Spanish most of the spectators were. "Hot tamale" men were heard as well as seen, and a "gringo" tourist came by to give the lazy shopkeeper some-

thing to talk about. The Mexican songs, with guitar accompaniment, were features of the skit, and were charmingly and faithfully done.

The last scene was in a cotton field, where a family of darkies had their little cabin. A sensation was caused by the appearance of a "swell" and his girl who had been "waitin' table at Ward-Belmont," and accordingly was a culd pusson of quality. There was much music and dancing and singing and shouting, all ending in a wonderful jubilee that Michel Lindsay himself could not have improved on.

During the dancing punch was served at the oil derricks, and the delicious supper consisted of shrimp cocktail, fruit salad, sandwiches, coffee and Mexican candy.

Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills and Miss Townsend were special guests of the club. Miss Blythe, the Texas girls' sponsor, and Hallie Fincham, president of the Texas organization, received the guests.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1921

NUMBER 25

DOMESTIC SCIENCE PICNIC ENJOYED

Party of the girls of the Domestic Science Department spent the most of the afternoon and evening of Friday at Shelby Park. Monday, May 2, at 3:15 an always faithful group was standing at North Front to carry them off for a good picnic. After devouring an entire box of bananas, many thought that they would be unable to eat lunch. Miss Cooper saw to that, however, when she gave permission them to go boating on the lake and stroll about through the park.

At six o'clock sharp all gathered at the lodge to join Miss Mills, Dr. Hinton, Miss Hibbet, Dr. Hood and Miss Cooper for the real picnic—the

th. Just couldn't resist Miss Cooper's delicious food," remarked Miss Hibbet, "I ran out for a few minutes in spite of my crowded time." After eating a two-course lunch, consisting of baked ham, rolls, cheese, tomato-cucumber sandwiches, fried eggs, devil's food and white sauce, and marvelous fruit salad, they knew that in the future they would never be able to resist Miss Cooper's food.

About eight o'clock they again assembled on the special; but what a transformed crowd they were! One could not have known them to be the same girls that came to the picnic. Such pep! Cheers were given to Miss Cooper, Miss Hibbet, and Dr. Hood of great importance.

Chocolate ice cream, peanuts and wing nuts were served during the picnic. Over Nashville. At ten-thirty the party returned to school very happy, but with many happy memories to add to the long list of those at Ward-Belmont.

CAMPUS KICK

Our annual bug-bear, morning exercise, has arrived. Just twenty minutes less sleep, did you say? Yes, but how precious those twenty minutes are! Eight and one-half hours' sleep is our allotment, and we need it. If the calamity is inevitable, then why not cut the twenty minutes from classes or gym? Why not, say, omit chapel? But, no, we get almost as much exercise in our lusty singing of hymns as in "Knees-bend! Downward—Upward—rise!" But seriously, we grudgingly surrender those precious minutes of sleep; we do not dread the exercise—in fact, we enjoy it—because, can't we have it at the same time when it will not abbreviate our priceless hours of rest?

Just Before Chemistry Final.
"Don't touch me, please! I feel like a supersaturated solution, and a slightest jar might cause precipitation. But I'm afraid that eight weeks crystallization will take place in my brain, and I shall not be able to pour forth any of my wastable information."—Spectrum.

THE WEEK-END TRIP

After having spent seven or eight months in dear old Ward-Belmont without a single vacation, isn't it grand and glorious when some friend who does not live as far away from Nashville as you do asks you to go home with her for the week-end? You plan and pack, and pack and plan for at least a month ahead of time; and as the eventful week-end draws nearer the thermometer of excitement rises and rises higher and higher.

At last the long-looked-for day arrives, and you are chartered to the station, buy your ticket, and board the train. After aeons of waiting, the train slowly pulls out, and your pep rises again.

For the first two or three hours pep and fun hold sway, then the journey begins to tire a bit. About an hour before the destination is reached the "primping" begins, and by the time the station is reached, you are already impatiently standing on the back platform with suitcase in one hand and various and sundry other articles in the other.

When your friend alights—if a joyous leap may be so termed—from the train, touching not a step in her descent, and grabs her "family" around their necks with ecstatic bear-hugs, there is just a little lump which rises to your throat and a wish that there was some one there as glad to see you. But this little sadness is soon forgotten when you are introduced to said family friends gathered around.

Then comes a perfect orgy of dates, dances, and parties. The dates come in relays all day long, and at nights there are dances which do not cease at nine forty-five. They have hardly begun by that time. In the wee small hours you creep upstairs, tired but O, so happy, and with a sigh of contentment and relief fall into a dreamless sleep with the knowledge that there will be no rising bell.

On Monday night or Tuesday morning you return to school completely worn out, but after a little bit of rest you are ready to resume your studies. There usually must be redoubled effort to fasten one's mind on one's studies and to put the memories of a perfect week-end out of one's mind, so as to allow room for history, English, or "psych"; but isn't it worth it? Won't you always remember that week-end as one of the happiest times during your boarding-school life? Won't you always have a warm, warm spot in your heart for that friend who invited you, and her family who made the invitation possible?

Ruth—I write home every week-end.
K. P.—Sort of a Saturday Evening Post, eh?—Exchange.

OH, WHERE! OH, WHERE!

Oh where, oh where has the banner gone?
Oh where, oh where could it be?
With its letters so white
And its background so gold,
Oh where, oh where can it be?
—Senior Middle.

Lost—One temper on second floor Pembroke during Senior Middle-Senior scuffle. Finder please return to Leta Johnson and receive the good will of opposing party as reward.

WE WONDER—

What the Senior class will give Frances Kenney and Coralie Kessler for their valuable services in protecting the sacred emblem.

How Doris Cone got in the dining room unsearched Wednesday night.

How Mrs. Charley can stand such uproars in her still and silent Pembroke.

What would happen if Miss Mills didn't stop us.

REGULARS WIN PREP AND COLLEGE BASEBALL

Last week two match games between the Regulars and Panthers were played. The prep game was especially good, and held the interest of the "audience" from beginning to end. Regulars won by a score of 15 to 11.

The college game lasted for nine innings instead of six. The special feature of this was the home run McClellan made for the Panther team. It was the only one in either game. For the Panthers, Costes and Cooper did some good playing. Dyer and Hemphing did the best playing for the Regulars. Score was 34 to 21 in favor of the Regulars.

TO THE FACULTY

Dear Faculty:
When we were young
And went to the village school,
And loved our teacher, to let her know
She was our ideal person,
We took her a rose
And no one knows
The depth of that sign of affection.
But joys does not hold
With its roses untold.
The flowers we'd need to send
To tell you how much we think of you
Here at this school year's end.

So we take this way
In the Hyphen today
To express our admiration
Of the very best faculty,
Of the very best school.
In the whole wide best of nations.
—Your Girls.



ALMANAC

Mars in the ascendancy. The fight is on!

RED LETTER DAY FOR THE SENIORS

MORNING EXERCISES

Morning exercise! We feel as though we should print those words in much blacker words than the rest—for truly we mourn.

Now, of course we know that when Miss Morrison announced it in chapel we should have clapped and shouted, as we did when Miss Mills told us about the home-going blanks—but somehow we couldn't.

For the benefit of those who have never had the experience of morning exercises, let us try to give you a picture of your foreb pleasures.

First, the bell rings just as you are having the most heavenly dream (funny, isn't it, the bell never fails to do something like that!), and although it may be spring, it feels like zero weather. After debating with yourself whether you will get up and lace your tennis shoes or wait and put on your Oxfords and say you forgot you had to wear the others.

Then the exercise bell rings, and you rush madly around, and in throwing back your covers you always throw them too far, and they hit something they shouldn't have.

The next scene of activity is the place where you take the exercise. For fifteen minutes you bend and stretch and wish you were anywhere but the place you are. But—thank heaven!—there is breakfast. Hope they don't have eggs. Gad! But you are hungry!

So here's to the exercise that's to make us healthy and strong, and then, too, there's another thing: Miss Sisson and Miss Morrison have to get up, too; but we just can't help wishing we could "rest in peace."

SENIOR MIDDLES

Under that capable leadership of "Sis" Bell, the Senior Middles have mobilized forces and are making a desperate attempt to take the Senior banner away from the class of '21. From now on until the end of school there will be much rivalry between the two classes, and this will be more or less climaxed on May 16—Senior-Senior Middle Day. We sincerely hope this class enmity will not end in the severing of friendship ties.

WHO'S WHO IN WARD-BELMONT

We mention Miss Ramage as one of the most obliging and patient helpers in Ward-Belmont. She is never too busy or too tired to help us look up that reference that we just can't find. She always has our interest at heart, trying to arrange and keep all books in the places where they are most easily available to us. We appreciate your kindness, your pleasant smile and your always agreeable humor, Miss Ramage.

"Do you know my roommate has had a big red circle around April 29 on our calendar for weeks and days? You see this scratch? Well, that is what she gave me this April 29. I am going in right now and look in the almanac as well as the Blue Book to see if either solves the mystery. You know how these Seniors are! The more they know, the less they say. But I forgot to tell you how I got this scratch. When I got up this morning a minute before breakfast bell, I rolled "roomie" out, too, as usual. I didn't know what was wrong, but I had to dodge a pillow, shoe, and several boxes of stationery. I never had such a look given me as she crawled back in bed mumbling something about me being an abominable villain, on "free day" especially. I wonder where all those Seniors were during breakfast?"

That was all we heard of the one-sided conversation outside our door immediately after breakfast Friday morning. That was not all, envious ones! You noticed, I suppose, that we did not go to chapel either? Did you see any of us Seniors at classes? Well, hardly, because at nine o'clock we were all dressed ready for town. Just think the whole day before us to shop, eat, so to the movies, eat, shop and eat again! When twelve-thirty came, we didn't have to board a street car or rush madly in the dining room just in time. Instead we walked into the Satsuma tea room as if we did that very thing every day in the year and ordered a three, four, or perhaps five-course "lunch-eon." Maybe we do not tell everything we know, as you said. Sometimes it is because we have too much to tell. Just for an appetizer for your curiosity, though, wasn't that strawberry shortcake wonderful, Seniors?

After lunch there were more shows and tea before we came home. But the greatest treat of all came when Miss Mills took her girls to "Way Down East" Friday night. Never have we felt so important as when we left school dressed just as we would be at home.

If you think that circle on our calendar is huge, you should see the diary of every Senior. That page is bordered in gold! But even if you did awaken some of us, we'll wish you as wonderful free day next year as we had this year. That is wishing you the best time any one could have.

BIRTHDAY SPREAD

A surprise dinner was given in honor of Dr. Ains' birthday Monday evening in the domestic art room. A two-course dinner was served to the following guests: Mrs. Charlie, Mary Coulson, Ruby Sams, Ruth Noe, Lois Moore, Catherine Moore, Louise Jerre, Bernice Taube, Blanch Withers, Geraldine Parker, Ruby Ains, Cecilia and Sadie Adicks.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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MARY DYER
NELLER CAMP
FLORENCE ASHCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

What is a good sport? Well, first of all, of course, she's the girl who goes in for everything to help her club, her class, and her school. But it is not merely going out for sports that makes a good sport. The good sport is the girl who fights hard while she is fighting, yet never forgets herself with an ugly remark or look to her temporary enemy. Never does she lose her temper. She works according to the rules of the game, whether written or unwritten, and she does not take an unfair advantage of her opponent. Finally, if defeated honorably, she accepts the verdict with a smile which means that she knows that when the best effort has been put forth, the defeat becomes a real victory won.

Are we all good sports? Seniors? Senior-Middles? Why, of course.

A. K.

Who? Agora's—A. K.'s.
What? Agora Club entertained by A. K. Club.

When? Wednesday night, May 4.
Where? Gym.

The gym was an interesting scene Wednesday night when all of the Agoras and all of the A. K.'s met together for a good time. First, there were the games, then dancing during the rest of the evening. The special dances by Betty Hume and Frances Black were excellent and added much to the pleasure. But the crowning feature is yet to come—the refreshments. Who could help but be happy with a huge stick of candy and an apple in one hand and an ice cream cone in the other?

X. L.'s AT WOODY CREST

The X. L.'s who did not take the opportunity of going to Woody-Crest last week-end will never know how much they missed.

It was just like every other week-end, only it seemed much better weather and everybody who went voted it the most marvelous week-end they had ever spent.

Saturday night was spent getting settled, and there were some who preferred dancing and others reading or writing in front of the fire.

Sunday was perfect. More arrivals, and up to services at eleven we just did as we pleased. Services were conducted by Ruth Wurtzbaugh. Helen Stone sang. Short talks were given by Virginia McCoy, Elizabeth Conray and Margaret Garner.

After dinner—and what a dinner! (that could be said of all the meals). No need to try and reduce out there.

We rested—at least some did—and others took pictures. We played baseball the rest of the day (Miss Morrison, did that ball go over the "root" or not?) and then had tea.

Afterwards, assisted by music from the parlor (the ballads live up to their names, all right), we all sat in front of the fire (usual evening pastime) and argued about everything from choice of cooks to Texas politics.

Bed—and the next morning a wonderful surprise! Miss Sisson said we could stay until after lunch; and after another wonderful morning we returned (gladly?) home.

W.B. VARSITY BASEBALL DEFEATS Y. W. C. A.

Saturday afternoon a match baseball game was played between Ward-Belmont Varsity Baseball and Y. W. C. A. team. A large crowd was there in all its glory of blue and gold, cheering for the teams. Plenty of "pep" and spirit were shown throughout the game.

Gentry and Bates did some good playing for their team, and for Ward-Belmont team Dyer and Ross made some good plays. The game ended with a score of 24 to 10 in favor of Ward-Belmont.

The line-up was:

Y. W. C. A. Team.

Catcher—Gentry.

Pitcher—Wyatt.

First base—Bates.

Second base—Malone.

Third base—England.

Right shortstop—Dockworth.

Left shortstop—Baines.

Fielders—Bridges, Donovan, Joplin.

Ward-Belmont Team.

Catcher—Cooper.

Pitcher—Dyer.

First base—Coates.

Second base—Mumford, Churchill.

Third base—Oliver, Blackman.

Right shortstop—Cone.

Left shortstop—Renn.

Fielders — Hemphing, McClellan, Ross.

Umpires—Miss Farnum, Miss Morrison.

TEA FOR JUNIOR MIDDLES

Tuesday afternoon Miss Norris and Mrs. Bowen entertained the executive committee of the Junior Middle class with a tea at their home.

We met at South Front at four-thirty and were chaperoned by the class sponsor, Miss Shapard.

A delightful and informal hour was spent, and we extend out thanks to Miss Norris and Mrs. Bowen.

REGULARS BEAT PANTHERS

The Regular and Panther basketball preps had an exciting game last Friday afternoon. The Regulars showed superior playing, beating the Panthers 20 to 8. There was good playing on both sides, but the Regulars showed better team work.

The line-up was:

Regulars.

Forwards—Yandell, Krebs, Kessler.

Center, Rosentheil, Gregg.

Guards—Jones, Smallwood.

Panthers.

Forwards—Watts, Hassler, Caldwell.

Center—Evans, Schenk, Littlefield.

Guards—Webber, Driggs, Moore.

Referees—Miss Morrison, Miss Sisson.

Edith Hoffman had tea Sunday evening with her aunt, Miss Isar.

Miss Virginia Price spent Sunday afternoon with her brother.

Miss Blythe chaperoned Misses Henrietta Seniger, Jule Minnes, Catherine Smith, Evelyn Lowman and Dorothy Powell Sunday afternoon riding.

MISS KATHERYN COLE AND MR. WM. SYLVESTER

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brooks Cole, of California, Mo., announce the engagement of their daughter, Kathryn, to Mr. William F. Sylvester, of Carrollton, Mo.

Miss Cole graduated from Ward-Belmont in 1920 and is a member of the Pi Beta Phi sorority at the University of Missouri, where she attended school the past year.

Mr. Sylvester is a graduate of the University of Missouri and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

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OH SENIORS, WE NEVER KNEW

We never knew we could envy anybody,

Seniors, like we envy you.

We never realized what a henna hat

and a day in town could do.

We can't sleep, we can't eat.

We never knew a Senior's life would

be so sweet!

Oh, we never knew we could envy

anybody,

Seniors, like we envy you!

FORMER W.B. GIRL WEDS

The beautiful wedding of Miss Claree Rosenbaum, of Meridian, Miss., to Mr. Alfred Jaros Levy, of Nashville, Tenn., took place at Temple Beth Israel, in Meridian, Miss., April 27. The wedding is of especial interest to Ward-Belmont, as both the bride and her maid of honor, Miss Louise Marks, of Memphis, were former students at this school.

After a visit to Atlantic City, New York, and Philadelphia, they will return to Nashville where they will make their home in Harding Court. Ward-Belmont extends best wishes and congratulations.

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PERSONALS

Mrs. H. T. Hampe, of Rock Rapids, Iowa, and sister, Miss Katherine Cox, took Misses Louise Jerrell, Ellanna Born, Leila Thompson and Lillian Rhodes for a ride last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Marjorie Echols spent last week in Decatur, Ala.
Misses Nellum, Camp and Gladys Settle spent last week-end in Elizabethtown, Ky.

Misses Eleanor Best and Woody Dixon spent the week-end with Miss Katherine Davis at her home in Up-ton, Ky.

Misses Maxine Roane and Helen Wheeler spent the week-end in Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.
Misses Lois Sears, Mabel Todd and Catherine Nelson spent last week-end in Guthrie, Ky.

Miss Frankie McKinney spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. McKinney, of Texas, who arrived last week to spend several days with her daughter.

Miss Frances Black spent the week-end in the Dr. Chas. Black home in Nashville.

Miss Edna Popinagin spent Sunday with Mrs. J. W. Atkins, of Circleville, Ohio, and her daughter, Leona.

Miss Margaret Spademan and her mother, Mrs. A. Spademan, of Detroit, Mich., had Miss Mary Bresler as their guest Sunday.

Felesta Beitman was a guest of Mrs. M. Lightman Monday afternoon.

Miss Doris Cone was a guest of Mrs. McKinney and Frankie Monday. Maxine Hersch spent Monday with Mrs. Cohen.

Miss Rosemond Coles was a guest of Mrs. Joys Monday.

Miss Lydia Magana spent Monday with Mrs. Moran.

Misses Bernice Towle, Lillian Pierce, Dorothy Turner and Blanche Withers were guests of Miss Edna Fisher Monday.

Misses Margaret Bailey and Rachel Renn spent Tuesday afternoon with Miss Edna Fisher.

Miss Fannie Snaman had tea with Miss Iser Sunday evening.

Miss Ernestine Dortch spent the week-end at her home in Columbia, Tenn.

Miss Virginia Eckley spent last week-end at her home in McLeansboro, Ill.

Miss Janice Boardman returned Tuesday from a several days' visit in Chicago.

Misses Esther Terry and Neva Jones had dinner Friday evening with Miss Terry's uncle, Mr. W. A. Johnson, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Dorothy Lehman, Deborah Silber and Amelia Oberdoffer spent Saturday afternoon with Miss Clements.

Emeline Bayer spent the week-end at her home in Nashville.

Miss Marjorie Clark was a guest of Mrs. Clement Means Saturday night.

Misses Virginia Baker and Dorothea Hyle were guests of Mrs. Forest Kirkpatrick Saturday evening for dinner.

Mrs. Schmitz chaperoned Misses Mary Coulson, Sadie Adicks, Ruby Avis and Margie Lou Moore to "Way Down East" Saturday night.

Miss Mildred Parks visited friends in Franklin last week-end.

Miss Florence Cathcart was a week-end guest of Mrs. Harry Dyer.

Misses Pearl Kaplan and Blossom Bath were guests of Mrs. Morse Sunday.

Fay Young spent Sunday with Mrs. McCrory.

Miss Lillian Reed spent Sunday with Mrs. Lindsey.

Thelma Caffall spent Sunday with Mrs. Tucker.

Misses Florence Blood and Margaret Calhoun spent Tuesday afternoon with Miss Clements.

Miss Margaret Driggs spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Driggs, of Moline, Ill.

ILLINOIS DANCE

When the guests of the Illinois girls gazed upon the gym on Saturday night, April 30, they saw a sight that they will not soon forget. The Illinois colors, blue and orange, were the colors used in decoration, and Illinois pennants and pennies were used to adorn the walls and "cozy corners."

When Vito's orchestra played the "Illinois Loyalty Song," it brought back memories of those at home. Then during the evening confetti and serpentine streamers were used to make the dance full of pep. It surely isn't hard to get "pep," though, when you're around the Illinois crew. Marian Williams gave a beautiful solo dance in the intermission, while chicken salad, pickles, crackers, ice cream, and kisses were served to the two hundred guests who included Mrs. Blanton, Miss Mills, Miss Neal, and Miss Blackwell.

In the receiving line was Miss Neal, acting as sponsor in Miss Sisson's absence, Mary Hassler, Emily Schenck, Helen Hainline and Lynette Brown, the officers. The dance was in the hands of the executive committee.

The strains of "Home, Sweet Home," came all too soon. Three cheers for Illinois!

ANTI-PAN KITE

On April 20 the program of the Anti-Pandora Club was under the supervision of Margaret Connert. The study was "O. Henry."

"The Life of O. Henry," Maxine. Hurst.

"The Gift of the Magi," Frances Scott.

"The Skylight Room," Mary Tilton.

"The Unfinished Story," Frances Roseman.

The girls are to be commended for their excellent preparation.

On April 27 the meeting was directed by Ruth E. Hill. A very clever social meeting was planned. During the first part of the entertainment the girls grouped themselves according to the month of their birthday. Cards with the three seasons months were printed in the different colors and placed in each corner. Then each group was given ten minutes in which to "think up a stunt." The spring months were especially well given.

After the stunts a huge birthday cake was brought in. Instead of cutting this remarkable cake, as is usually done, the girls pulled it. By pulling the ends of strings that were fastened to something within the cake, dainty gifts were brought to light.

The birthday party was one of the most successful entertainments that the Anti-Pandora Club has had this year. Miss Hill is to be praised for her splendid work and originality in making the party a success.

Misses Thera Speer, Fatine Dowdie, Dorothy Hicks and Dorothy McClelland took dinner with Mr. Mayfield, of Texas, and Josephine Tuesday evening.

Foy's *"Say it with Flowers"*

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HOSIERY**

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a Specialty

406 Union Street
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**SMANTHA
SPIVEN'S
SUGGESTIONS**

Dear Aunt Samantha: I am a very lovesick girl and find myself weeping and wailing with nothing to do. Can you help me?

Answer—Yes, indeed. I highly recommend Miss "Mid" Goetz, who gives special lessons from 9:45 to 9:55 P.M. on a charming little "Pass-time" which she has originated.

Dear Aunt Samantha: I am one of Eddie's past crushes. She has a new one now and cares for me no more, but I cannot find out who her latest is. Can you tell me?—Anxious.

Answer—Anxious, Eddie changes her affections as often as she changes her dresses. By the time this goes to print the present will, no doubt, be the past, but at this writing she is very much in love with Alex Morrison.

HYPHENETTES

Teacher—Willie, when I was your age I knew the names of all the Presidents.

Willie—But, teacher, when you were my age there were not so many Presidents.

A. W. B. student—Do you suppose they have rising bells in heaven? Margaret Howard—Oh, no; they have already risen.

American Tourist (at Vesuvius)—Great heavens! It reminds me of hell!

English Tourist—My word! How these Americans do travel!—Exchange.

Teacher—Was George Washington a soldier or a sailor?

Bobby—Soldier.
Teacher—How do you know?
Bobby—Saw a picture of him crossing the Delaware. A sailor wouldn't stand up in the boat.—Exchange.

"Dad, what are the silent watches of the night?"

"They are the ones which their owners forget to wind, my son."—Exchange.

Spark Plug—I've been fired.
Storage Battery—You've nothing on me. I've been discharged.—Exchange.

Mr. Martin—Here, waiter, bring me a spoon for my coffee.

Waiter—Sorry, sir, but we don't serve them; the music here is so stirring!—Exchange.

You'll enjoy shopping in this big store. The variety is so great that every desire can be most satisfactorily filled.

Our Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Departments carry especially appealing styles for Ward-Belmont.



"Laird and Schober" Boots and Shoes in Shoe Department

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"The Best Place to Shop After All"

Schumacher—Fifth Avenue—

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Better equipment—more space—enabling us to handle a greater volume of business—

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GEO. C. DURY & Co.
KODAK HEADQUARTERS

420 UNION ST. "If It's Photographic, We Have It" NASHVILLE, TENN.

Many of our girl friends are taking yeast for their complexions. Can it be that they see Venus in the yeast?

"Who was Diana?"

"Diana was the goddess of the chase."

"I suppose that's why she always has her picture taken in a track suit."—Exchange.

If education makes a person refined, why is a college course?

"I can find anything if I look hard enough."

"Well, you look hard enough."

B.—I'm taking the I. C. train.
Jan.—Where from? Greenland?

"Why do you always beat time with your feet?"

"It's the music in my sole, I guess."—Exchange.

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NASHVILLE

Hats for Women, Misses and Children

THIS IS THE STORE

That likes Ward-Belmont girls.
That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
We all love to wait on you.
Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1921

NUMBER 26

BIG TRI-K CIRCUS LAST APPEARANCE

"Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, follow the crowd to the gym Saturday night, May 7, for the last appearance of the world-famous Tri-K Circus. The Tri-K Company secured the best talent for each and every act in this stupendous production. It is composed of the ablest circus authorities in the country, Fatine Dowelle, president, Davis Cone, vice president, Marion Williams, secretary and Alex Morrison, treasurer. Dorothy McClellan was to have been ring master, but was unable to take part. Her place was ably filled by Mary Hasser.

"A big parade, led by the five-piece band, the noisiest if not the most harmonious of its kind in the world, started the performance. The first big act was one put on by the most beautiful ex-members of the Sultan's harem. Each member was guaranteed to be the most beautiful dancer in Turkey. This act was followed by the world famous acrobats, Joss and Dan, well-known for their difficult, dangerous, death-defying training. Four beautiful and carefully trained stunts proved a wonderful exhibition of feline cleverness. One of the marvels of the acts followed this. The Long family, ranging in height from five feet to six feet nine inches appeared. It seems impossible that there could be such variety in one and the same family. This family was secured at great expense to the company. The next big ring act was taken from oddities found on the Ward-Belmont campus. Two very unusual monkeys performed with unusual adroitness. The wildest and wildest Wild-West show concluded the performance.

"Ladies and gentlemen, do not miss the hazardous performance of the three marvelous, merry, mermaids. The only exhibit of its kind in the world. Kindly refrain from jumping in the pool to cool off. Our divers are the best to be had. They guarantee a laugh a minute. They are the original clown chasers.

"You missed the opportunity of a lifetime if you failed to visit Mlle. Lucky, who has full knowledge of past, present and future. Our crazy horse and chance wheel and shooting gallery were the best in the world. Buy ice-cream, pink lemonade, peanuts, balloons and squawkers for the children. I thank you!"

SAMANTHA SPIVEN'S SUGGESTIONS

My dear Aunt Samantha—I am a Monitor and have a crush on a girl who is not my room-mate. I can hardly stand to stay out of her room during study hour. Can you tell me what to do?—Sadie.

Ans. Sadie, my only answer is to stay in Mary's room during study hour if you cannot stay away, but—beware of council.

My dear Miss Samantha—I am going to return to W. B. next year and a certain girl wants me to room with her. I cannot imagine a worse fate, since I am in love with someone else. What must I do?—Anxious Mary.

Ans.—Mary, all of us know you have a crush on Lillian, so why come to me for advice about next year's rooms? Go to Miss Blanton.

"It's the truth that hurts," said the wiser as another witness mounted stand.—Virginia Reel.

AT THE MOVIE

"Sh! they'll hear you! Remember, don't eat much and save all the seats you can!" The seats were saved, for when the Seniors hurried into the movie last Saturday night, eighty seats were nearly blocked off with yellow ribbon. With an air of suppressed excitement, Senior Middles, too, gathered together.

Then, all of a sudden, someone rushed to the piano, the Senior Middle arose in a body, Leola Blackman and Minnie MacFrench, as fancy little purple and white pages, were dancing across the stage with a miniature Senior Middle banner and the whole class was singing to the tune of "Mammy," "Senior Middles, we're full of pep."

Yes, you bet, we are not defeated yet. Senior Middles—just leave it all to the Senior Middles.

We are in it, never let it worry you. We will win it, just the way we always do. Oh, Lordy! Senior Middles, we're going to win the day, take the honors away. We're Senior Middles, Rah! Rah!

Before the riotous applause had quieted, the Seniors were singing their answer—

Senior Middles, where's the pep? Senior Middles, watch your step. Seniors lurking behind the trees, They will grab you if you sneeze. Naught's left for you but grief and gloom, Poor Senior Middles, we've sealed your doom.

Senior Middles, tear your hair! Senior Middles, Beware! Beware! Come on Senior Middles, Ready? Start! Seniors, they think that they are high Seniors, they think that they are dy Seniors, they think that they'll get by But I know and you know that we know what they know.

They stand for the yellow and the white, Just 'cause they think that is right, Three cheers for the Purple and the White. When you say the word, Let's go!!!

Voice from the Senior section,—"Those aren't the right words. We'll tell them to you."

Seniors, it is to you we're singing, Seniors, to your ideals we're singing, Seniors, we hope we'll soon be bringing Loud fame, and honor to dear old Ward-Belmont.

Seniors, we promise never to forget you. Seniors, we never could regret you, Always we'll honor and abet you, Senior Class of twenty-one!!

HERON OWLS FEAST

Sunday night first floor of Heron stepped out into the "whirl of gaiety" with a delicious feast when the Heron Owls gathered. They had place cards, and just everything from cocktails to ice cream and chewing gum. Martha Brantlin, Marion Mulholland, Sue Lewis, Marion Carothers, India Kerr, Nancy Paul, Grace C. Thomas, Marie Gregg, Anna Tramel, Florine Ashcroft, Jessie Williams, and Kate Urschel can tell you more about it. They know!



ALMANAC

WARMER
Battle Continues

KENTUCKY CLUB PICNIC A SUCCESS

Last Saturday afternoon the Kentucky Club and their favored guests, chartered by their beloved Mrs. Charlie, rode out to Woody Crest quite in the height of style—that is to say, in the school cars. In honor of the occasion Woody Crest had put on her blooming garb of spring and she never looked more beautiful. A little "April Shower" which was a bit late in arriving in May, freshened up the already fresh trees and flowers, and caused a clean, sweet coolness in the atmosphere which caused one to breathe deeply and joyously.

First there were visits "en masse" to the peony patch and the strawberry garden, then, after having our "beauty struck" by the president photographer, Magdalen Rogers, we separated into little groups, some going to the dairy, some to the porch, and some to aimless wandering. After having covered almost every foot of the lovely grounds we returned to the house. There we found Miss Mills and Dr. Blanton who had charpered the "eats" out. In order to stimulate an appetite for the food which we knew was to come, we played hide-and-seek, and then had an exciting game of puss-in-the-corner, in which Dr. Blanton and Miss Mills participated. Miss Mills was too expert a player to ever be caught out of her corner, which, by the way, happened to be a tree—but Dr. Blanton proved to be the strategist of the crowd, for, even though he was "puss" now and then, he soon found another corner.

After Mrs. Charlie was convinced that we had sufficient appetite to enjoy the fried chicken that was in store for us, she called us back to the little dining room.

And there on the table was a sight for the gods! Two platters of fried chicken heaped a foot high, two real country hams, bread and butter sandwiches, rolls, deviled eggs, pickles—O, everything that makes a perfect picnic spread. To cap the climax—strawberries! We had looked longingly at the strawberry patch all afternoon, so near and yet so far—not daring to "swipe" a berry, and here they were—all we could eat—already sugared and ready for the rich cream.

After we could not force down another strawberry we were driven back to W. B., tired but, O, so happy. Three cheers for Mrs. Charlie. Three cheers for Miss Mills and Dr. Blanton! And three for the Kentucky Club!

DON'TS FOR STUDENTS

Don't skip periods; that's a freshman trick.
Don't go to the infirmary unless you are sick.
Don't leave the grounds in hours of school.
Don't lose your temper; just keep cool.
Don't linger after the bell.
Don't gossip, for your friends mean well.
Don't be lazy; get some pep.
Don't fall up or down the steps.
Don't get spring fever; it's in the air.
Don't be a sponge; that isn't fair.
Don't fail to help the Hyphen staff.
Don't hand in old jokes; folks won't laugh.
Don't be grouchy; smile all day.
Don't be tardy; it doesn't pay.
(I know this thing is all a fake—But I did it for the Hyphen's sake.)

VANDERBILT ENTERTAINS US

Tuesday morning, when we hurried into chapel, what should we see in the seats where our honored faculty usually sit, but six good-looking Vanderbilt boys come to induce us to attend the Vanderbilt Glee Club Concert Friday night. Now, every girl there has always thought that she would probably be present at that concert but now we all know that nothing short of death or a decree from Miss Mills would keep us from getting there Friday night. Such is the effect that speeches from Mr. Woods and Mr. Sanderson and "After You Get What You Want You Don't Want It," "Mary Coming Through the Rye," and several other numbers by the jazz (real jazz) quartette had upon us. Here's hoping they visit us again!

WHO'S WHO IN WARD-BELMONT

At this time of the year when the campus is most beautiful, it is very appropriate, to mention the gardeners who keep our surroundings so pleasant. Our many visitors admire our lovely campus but none can love it as we who have lived upon it for these many months. The flower beds with their changing colors, and the smooth, velvety lawns, always in perfect condition, and the big shady trees are an inspiration to us as we hurry from one task to another. They give us a feeling of peace and restfulness amid the bustle of our daily life. So we want, in this way, to express our appreciation to those who make this ideal campus a reality for us.

THE CAMPUS KICK

"Nineteen days more" says the calendar—which is so suddenly popular these days. Think how much must be crowded into them! It is our earnest wish that the reform promised for every year will really be fulfilled this time—that is, that our last week will not be so painfully crowded with the customary recitals and so forth. We hope the Seniors will have no classes after Saturday, but even at that, the thousand and one other obligations must be answered. Why do the Seniors need time? Surely not for packing? Not in the least. We want those few precious last days free to say good-bye to those dear friends whom we love so well. Truly a worthy cause; won't you help us gain our desire?

WAYS OF SAYING YES.

I'll say.
You bet.
You're on.
I'll tell the world.
Yah.
Sure.
I should smile.
Uh-huh.
Yep.
You're darn tootin'.
And it might have been said with one tiny word.—Exchange.

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

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MARIAN SULLIVAN
MARY DYER CAMP
NELLE CAMP
FLORENCE AIRCRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

"Just nineteen more days! I just can't wait! Won't it be a grand and glorious summer? What are you going to do this summer?"

The preceding conversation might be heard any place on the campus, any time on Saturday or any other day, by any girl in W. B. It is natural, too, that at this time all thoughts should be turning homeward, but sometimes we wonder if we don't look a little too much into the future and forget the present. Are we putting our whole-hearted effort and interest into the many activities of the last days of school or are we just sliding through, day-dreaming of home?

The last weeks of school are most important although we sometimes forget it. On them depend, to large extent, our possibility of passing or perhaps even of graduating. Wouldn't it be a shame to fall down now? Then, many prominent events are coming. For instance, there is Senior-Senior Middle Day, May Day and several others. Of course we will have to work for these and make them the successes that all W. B. affairs must be.

Then, for some of us, these last days of the year mean our last days at Ward-Belmont as well. Do we want our friends to remember us as moping around, listlessly, without any pep? Do we want the school to think of us as slackers? No! No! The time will pass more quickly if we don't think about it so longingly. Let's brace up! We can!

ARKANSAS CLUB ENTERTAINS
ARKANSAS MOVIE-TEA

The movie-tea given by the Arkansas girls Monday afternoon was one of the most delightfully entertaining affairs given this year. The Arkansas girls entertained their guests at the Fifth Avenue, where we enjoyed the picture "The Passionate Pilgrim." Afterwards we went to the Satsuma for tea. Places were arranged for the seventeen members and guests of the club at the small tables. Place cards were cleverly hand-painted sketches of the State of Arkansas. The tea menu was another reminder of a good time, with pimiento and chicken sandwiches, fruit salad, ice tea and marvelous strawberry short-cake! Just think how wonderful both the tea and movie must have been in reality, and you will know we had a mighty good time!

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB

Last Wednesday evening the Twentieth Century Club took dinner at the Nashville Golf and Country Club. Miss Jean Rien-iking was toastmistress of the evening, and during the intervals between courses of a lovely three-course dinner, Misses Mira Close, Adelle Bounds, Eva Neville Cockran, Margaret Durr, Emma Norton and Mildred Burrows responded with toasts to The Twentieth Century Club; Miss Kirkham, the sponsor; Virginia Glascock, the president; Miss Hume; Ward-Belmont; and to the Future T. C.'s.

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF
MIDDLE WEST AND SOUTH

Extracts from an address by William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Eighth Federal Reserve Banking District:

"As one having supervision of many men, I am interested in results rather than theories. My subject, therefore, has special application to the parent who wishes his children to have the best training obtainable, and to the business man who realizes that his organization is no better than the men he employs. There never yet has been a successful professional business man who was not educated. There have been many self-made men, so-called, who never knew a school, but all of them were educated. The information, training and discipline they did not get in school they had to get out of their daily lives.

"The man is the most important part of any business, and the executive, therefore, is careful in the selection of his employees. If the man is a high school graduate, the employer expects that he will become efficient sooner than the employee without such training. It is my belief, based on experience, that both high schools and colleges have proved equal to the test when it has been a fair one.

"The study of the classics should give a young man the clearness of vision to analyze a difficult situation and master it. It hardly seems possible that one can properly appreciate history or literature without some first-hand knowledge of the classics. One thing certain is that the teaching of them and the training derived from them is not an experiment, for they have stood the test of many years.

"In my judgment, where possible, the young man should first get thorough training for his life work in English, Latin, mathematics, history and literature. Having such a training, he is then equipped to study business either in college or through an actual position, or he is ready to enter a professional school. Unless he does get such training, while he may be an educated man, he can hardly lay claim to that liberal education which fits him for the broadest sphere of influence and service to his country and his fellowmen."

"There's so much good in the worst of us,

And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

So few of us realize the importance of this little verse. If all of us could "resist the temptation" of talking about others, how much more smoothly this world would progress.—Exchange.

NEWS FROM
THE FRONT

What could be more calm, more sweet, more loving and more dignified than the little band of Seniors starting out peacefully last Sunday morning to hang May baskets? Nothing, you will say—nothing! And you are right. Their aim was the highest, and their spirit one of love for every one. Yes, even for the Senior Middles.

But O, what a change! The tide has turned and their tactics have altered. For this merrily singing little group was rudely interrupted as they strewed flowers along their way. They were beset by the infidels—the fight is on—and it's war to the knife.

For ever since the Seniors waxed exclusive last Monday night, established themselves in reserved seats and brought out the much coveted prize, the object of universal desire—the Senior Banner of 1921—excitement has reigned supreme. Seniors stand around in whispering groups, with knowing looks, mysterious airs and furtive glances. Oh, it's great to be a Senior!

But Seniors aren't the only ones with things to whisper about. The Senior Middles, too, have their secrets, their meetings—in fact, life seems to have been one long "secret meeting" for them of late. And it will continue to be as long as the Seniors are permitted to convey their banner to dinner with them. For they will protect it with their lives—and the Senior Middles are ready to give theirs to get it.

So let's fight while the fighting's good. Senior Middles, we admire your spirit. You are a wonderful class; but as for getting our banner—well, it can't be done!

We know a joke about why the chicken crossed the road, but we won't pullet.

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Printzese Distinction in Dress
Apparel for Women
Peggy Paige Dresses

Make Lebeck's Your Meeting Place When Shopping

MUSIC RECITAL

Last Thursday afternoon the pupils of Miss Sloan gave a lovely little song recital in her studio. The program was as follows:

1. My Lovely Celia.....Higgins
Spring Saplo
Leah Abraham.
2. Memory of YouSpeaks
The Brownies Leonl
Mildred Lehman.
3. FanchonetteClarke
One Morning, O So Early
Thomas
Madeline Markam.
4. To YouSpeaks
Counsel to NinaNekerlin
Jessie Smith.
5. MorningSpeaks
Song of SunshineThomas
Evelyn Potter.
6. Summer RainWilleby
Louise Gambell.
7. In My GardenSamuels
That's the World in June.....Spross
Della Jeffries.
8. By the Waters of Minnetonka...
.....Lieurance
Serenade Gilberti
Frances Gray.
9. When the Roses Bloom.....Reichart
Ho! Mr. PiperCerean
Miriam Walton.

Frances
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in town

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EACH
EXPRESS



A
SHOE FOR
EACH
OCCASION

GUPTON'S
ALL AMERICA SHOE STORE
220 FIFTH AVE. N.

PERSONALS

Miss Marion Frances Young was a guest of Miss Anne Elizabeth Lowe Sunday.

Miss Ellanna Born spent Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Coggins.

Sunday afternoon Misses Lois Moore, Ruby Sams and Catherine Moore went riding with Mr. Ewin and mother, and Mr. Shelby Stanley.

Mr. H. T. Towle of Harrisburg, Ill., was a week end guest of his daughter Blanche; Friday night he entertained Misses Ruby Avis, Di Avis, and Catherine Moore to dinner and to a show. Saturday night Mr. Towle and Blanche had as their guests Misses Lois Moore, Ruby Sams and Blanche Withers.

Saturday afternoon Misses Nellie Bell Dent, Em Neville Cochran, Martha Vordenburg and Virginia Eckles were guests of Miss Adele Bounds and her mother, Mrs. F. Bounds of Moss Point, Miss.

Miss Maxine Rouma spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. O. R. Rouma of Walnut, Iowa.

Madame Grazani and Miss Ellanna Born took dinner and went to the theater Monday evening with Mr. J. D. Norton of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Miss Katherine Garrett took riding Sunday evening, Miss Sisson, Helen Hyman, Geneva Campbell, Ruth Guitart, Margaret Middleton, Bess Murphy and Virginia Sells.

Miss Marion Sullivan spent last week-end at her home in Jackson, Tenn.

Miss Elinore McCuan spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. W. A. McCuan of Dresden, Tenn.

Miss Addie Crouch Read was a week-end guest at her home in Murfreesboro, Tenn. Miss Anita Lovely and Miss Helen Stone went home with Sara Moore last week-end to Springfield, Tenn.

Misses Sallie Beth Moore and Jacqueline Hill spent the week-end in Lebanon, Tenn.

Misses Dorothy Hicks, Nobe Edgar and Elizabeth Garner were guests in the home of Judge and Mrs. J. C. Garner of Springfield, Tenn., last week-end.

Misses Catherine Pease and Elizabeth Clements were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wheeler Sunday.

Miss Elizabeth Clements spent the week-end with her parents, Judge and Mrs. H. F. Clements of Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Frances Hunt was a guest of Mrs. G. Rose Sunday.

Miss Mildred Parks spent the day Sunday with her aunt.

Margaret Jones was a guest of Mrs. I. Oliver Sunday.

Misses Frances Kenney and Lucile Hempling spent Monday with Miss Elizabeth Clements and her mother, Mrs. H. F. Clements.

Anne Richardson spent Monday with her aunt, Mrs. Pendleton.

Miss Agnes Bradley spent Monday with Mrs. W. A. McCuan and daughter, Elinore.

Louise Bell spent Monday at her home in Bellemade.

Misses Bess Murphy and Katherine Garrett spent Sunday with Mrs. Robert Garrett of Princeton, Ky.

Louise Eckert spent Monday with Mrs. Carlette and daughter Catherine.

Misses Nancy Pauley and Sara Lewis were guests of Mrs. Liggett Monday.

Misses Virginia Glascock and Sara Frances Eastham spent Monday in town with Miss Kirkham.

Miss Martha Wilder has been called to her home in Ft. Worth, Texas by the serious illness of her father.

Miss Nellums was with Misses Mildred Colby, Juanita Willis, Elizabeth Barnhart and Anne Mae McAdams Monday.

Misses Caroline Laslie, Mary Filson and Velda Butler were guests of Mrs. Grigsby Monday.

Miss Nancy Lawson was a guest of Mrs. F. Hudgins Monday afternoon.

Mary Simonton was a guest of Mrs. Henry Dickinson Sunday.

Misses Deborah Silber and Sara Engels were guests of Mrs. J. Frank Monday.

Misses Dorothy Moffett and Lynette Brown were guests of Mrs. Shillinglow Sunday.

Misses Hallie Fincham and Margie Lou Moore spent the week-end in Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Myrtle Taylor spent the week-end at her home in Lebanon, Tenn.

Felicia Russell spent Sunday with Mrs. Chas. Rose.

Sophie Warshauer was a guest of Mrs. H. Zander Sunday.

Mrs. S. Sawyer entertained Miss Louise Gershon Sunday.

Mrs. May had as her guests Sunday Misses Frances Harris, Nina Woodall, and Josephine Mayfield.

Dorothy Bentley and Marietta Hoag spent Sunday with Mrs. Mosley.

Fern Leipold, Betty Stouffer and Ernestine Sutton spent Monday with Miss Corrie Crawford.

Ruth Krebs and Lucille Oliver spent Monday in Nashville.

Edith Hoffman and Fannie Snaman were guests of Miss Isar Sunday.

STREET CAR CASUALTY.

A man was found dead beside one of the street car tracks in St. Paul the other day. Probably starved to death waiting for his car.

Tailor: "That coat is too short for you."

Youth: "Well, it'll be long enough before I get another."

"Did you ever hear of chloroform?"

"Sure."

"Well, don't breathe it."

While boating on the bay one night

I saw the ocean's arm

Steal gently round a neck of land,

To keep its shoulder warm.

This made me jealous as could be;

It really made me sore

And so I paddled toward the land

And closely hugged the shore.

—Yale Record.

STUDIO RECITAL

The following program was given by the pupils of Mrs. Schmitz on Wednesday, May 4, 1921, at 4:30 o'clock:

Frolies	Manna-Zucca
		Janita Brown.
Berceuse	Godard
		Katherine Sloan.
Impromptu	Thome
		Ruth Crowell.
La Siren	Thome
		Mary Coulson.
Woodland Whispers	Braungardt
		Fay Young.
Water Lily	MacDowell
		Elizabeth M. Parsons.
Air de Ballet	Chaminade
		Inez Adrian.
To Spring	Grieg
		Mary Buchanan.
Shepherd and Shepherdess	Godard
		Ruby Avis.
Rushing Waters	Orth
		Dorothy Geissler.
Minuet	Seeböck
		Edna Mason.
Elevation	Chaminade
		Louise Morawitz.
Valse Chromatic	Godard
		Lucile Hyneman.
Hungarian Polka	Alföldy
		Clemence Thuss.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Hyphen, Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.—Your paper contains excellent literary material, which has been developed in such a way that it is exceedingly interesting.—Owl and Parrot, Fairmont.

Ha! Ha!

A Senior, seeing something green, Thought it was the Freshman Class; But when she nearer to it drew, Alas! 'twas but a looking glass.

Foy's "Say it with Flowers"

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LEST WE FORGET— THE COCKROACHES

Here's to the cockroach, our companion in school;
He eats while we study—I guess he's no fool.

Oh, don't you remember, sweet Alice, that first night you were here at school so lonesome and adrift-feeling, how you opened your closet door and there on the shelf sat Jane and Jan Cockroach shaking their wicked whiskers and winking a knowing eye as a home-coming reception in your honor, how you cheered right up and thought, "Well, at least somebody in Ward-Belmont is glad to see me?" And have you forgotten, my dear, on Thanksgiving Day, when mother sent you a box, how gracious Jane and Jan were in sharing it with you? Why, you never asked anybody to have some, but one of the cockroach twins would come strolling out of the cake. And surely you remember when you started home Christmas how Jane went clear to Texas with you, all cuddled up contentedly gnawing away on your black lace dress in the trunk; and then, deciding Texas would be a weary place without you, came back in your satin slipper!

And I hope you recall the time you came so near drowning Jan when he fell in the lavatory one night after lights were out and next morning how you were late to breakfast because it was such a job to help him out, and you just couldn't send the little rascal to a watery grave.

Well, now that you're so soon to leave it all, don't you think it is fitting to look back over the months of association and in your joy of going home—don't forget the cockroaches!

HYPHEN EX- CHANGE LIST

We acknowledge and appreciate the following exchanges:

1. Orange and White, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
2. Vanderbilt Hustler, Nashville, Tenn.
3. The Tattler, Greenfield Training School, Greenfield, Tenn.
4. Orange and Blue, Carson-Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn.
5. The Freshet, Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.
6. The Bayonet, Tennessee Military Institute, Sweetwater, Tenn.
7. Linderwood College, St. Charles, Mo.
8. The Spectator, Mississippi State College for Women, Columbus, Miss.
9. The News, East Orange High School, East Orange, N. J.
10. Rockford College, Rockford, Ill.

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That wants you to feel at home here
Just like you do in your "home-town."
We all love to wait on you.
Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
Come and see us often
We want you.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME X

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1921

NUMBER 27

SENIORS WIN FIELD DAY EVENTS

As shades of twilight gradually descended upon the worn and weary Seniors at Ward-Belmont, worn from worry over their puny banner, and weary of early morning rising, the awful horror at the idea of a field day dawned on the following morning. But what was our pleasant surprise, upon being taken to the scene of action, to find the Seniors similarly afflicted. They received a respite over the battle of the field day, and so it was, that the yellow and purple, the sign of conflict, instead of being used as spurs to bloodshed and a glorious fall, became a means of beautifying the swimming-pool and athletic field. Down with barbarism! On to the aesthetic! And this is it!

After a Senior breakfast—eggs, grits and corn, and white biscuits, the Seniors and Junior Middles, alias the whole school, advanced to the swimming pool to witness the first event of the great and glorious day. Glorious for someone, to be sure—but whom? That was the question. The pool was jammed on one side—a brilliant array of white and gold uniforms, but anxious faces and bright balloons, and "Little-Bit" and Nancy as cunning, as cunning clowns, and "Clo" and our cup running out above it all. The other side, a mass of purple, resounded voluminously to the sound of Zerola Balthrop and Marguerite Stone. It was great; and when the Seniors won, 21 to 10, it was greater. But on to the base-ball field, let joy be unconfined. And it was. For when that glorious class of 1921 came and exciting base-ball game with a score of 10 to 7, they nearly went crazy.

At luncheon the suspense was breathless. The day's score to date stood 34 to 15 in favor of the Seniors. But you never can tell. Even Napoleon knew his Waterloo—and everyone knew how marvelous the Seniors-Middles were in track. All the Seniors, however, smiled happily, even when they appeared, and although sorrow had descended upon the ranks of the Senior Middles, they got even, by writing a new poem.

After lunch all the Senior athletes were loaded into Mr. Sidebottom's truck along with Vito and, followed by a joyful snake (Continued on page 4.)

ART EXHIBIT

If you by any chance haven't been to the Y. W. rooms to see the art exhibit, you had better go or miss something very attractive.

There are all sorts of things which might appeal to you. First, the costumes—every one of which you just must remember to make your summer clothes like. There are street clothes, sport clothes, afternoon and evening frocks.

Then you know, you just must have all your home room furnished so it will look like those adorable rooms. There were stunning lamps and most attractive baskets.

Perhaps, the most beautiful work was the rooms done by the second year girls. They were beautifully and carefully done, besides showing talent. There were also posters and some work done by the intermediates, all of which showed careful training. It was one of the most beautiful exhibits that has ever been here, and shows the wonderful training given by Mrs. Plunkett and Miss Gordon.

ELECTION RETURNS

During the past week, we've all been interested in the many elections which take place the last of school. We feel confident these girls are most capable and wish to congratulate them. The results of the elections are as follows:

STUDENT COUNCIL

President, Alex Morrison; 1st vice-president, Mary Kennedy; 2nd vice-president, Isabelle Kemp; secretary, Mina Close; treasurer, Susie Sproggins.

Y. W. C. A.

President, Sara Elizabeth Bryant, vice-president, Anna Mae McClain.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President, Thera Speer; vice-president, Mary Dyer.

HYPHEN

Editor-in-chief, Florine Ashcroft.

OBSCIAN CLUB

President, Virginia McMillen; vice-president, Edna Laurence.

PENTA STAR CLUB

President, Evelyn Ellington; vice-president, Minnie May French; secretary, Lelia Thompson; treasurer, Ruth Bowen; sergeant-at-arms, Edna Duncan.

The other clubs have not held their elections yet, but the results will be published in the next issue of the HYPHEN.

A FABLE OF THE LEARNED LASSIE

Once there lived a Fair Damsel, with eyes like moonlit pools of limpid loveliness, whose hair was a dusky veil, and for whom all the Poor Fish felt at first sight. Now it happened that this Fair Dame was attending a well-known Southern College in Tennessee and the date happened to be near the second. But the Date meant nothing in her young life, for her mind was fixed on her studies. She never counted the Days, planned for the Summer, gave a thought to the Poor Fish, nor indulged in any improbable or impossible Dreams of the Future. She studied Psychology for several Hours, then, for a little Recreation, read a few Odes of Horace in the Original Latin Version, and vice versa.

Finally June the Second came and she was awarded "Ze Gran' Prize" as a recognition of her Splendid Work. She boarded the Homeward Bound Train sorrowfully leaving the Homeward Home weeping into her Lace Handkerchief. When she arrived Home she wasn't glad to see the Folks, nor all the Adoring Poor Fish! She sat around and Wept and Implored the Late Papa to send her back to School for the Summer, but this he Refused, so she wept till she Died of a Broken Heart.

Moral: Don't Study so Hard these Last Few Days, and learn to love your "Psych" and Latin so much that you'll find it impossible to Do Without them when you Sorrowfully-leave the Portals of Learning.

"I do hope that when I am able to vote," said Jean Cooper, "I will be as influential in politics as my dad."

"How is that?" asked Gee. "Why, he has voted in two presidential elections, and both times his choice was elected."

F. E. NEWS

The F. E. Ballé Masque was a "phantom of delight." It was a colorful and musical dream—entirely too fleeting. We dreamers, Saturday night, May 14, were taken into an entirely different world, a world where one's livelihood was maintained by the slipping and shifting of feet, existence was regulated by meter, rhythm and syncopation and the purpose of life was frivolous, frolic and merriment. And all the inhabitants of the "Red World" were thoroughly innuolated with "jinger." The "Dimp" reigned supreme.

In the dream 'yea, the dance is over, it came and went and now only the memory remains gay and multicolored spirits "toddled" up and down. All these variegated Ballé Masque costumes were beautiful and interesting sights. We can vividly remember the ballet dancer, the sultan, the spider woman, the ice skater, the powder puff, the griddle, the balloon miss and the "spooning" maid. As all these danced in the cool night air, the soft breeze blowing and the shimmering lights lending just sufficient shadowy illumination, a lovely picture was produced.

The setting of the dance was very unique and "chief" it was rumored that those adorable crepe-paper posters with illustrated maids, seeming almost ready to step out and join our party—that these achievements are attributed to Misses Sells and Murphy—some clever designers—Virginia and Hesc! And, too, the music was so inspiring we didn't need to know how to dance. When the band started playing, we began swaying, and we let our feet take care of themselves.

The events of the evening were the very clever entertainments. Miss Hainline sang from the box (formed by window sills and the fire escape) and her followers beneath chirped the chorus. Dorothy Hensel, too, was very jazz as the leading lady who cleverly introduced with each refrain a different style dance—the waltz, curlew walk, fox-trot, and, of course, the tangle. The F. E. girls displayed extraordinary talent. The short, pleasing dance of Misses Murphy and Hyman (as the Mr. Castle of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle fame) included the tango, "maxische" and many twists and whirls. This was the finale of the delightful entertainment.

The refreshments were choice and delicious; in keeping with the other features.

The programs were very effectively done in soft grey-black plush skin, resembling card cases. On one side was the printed program, on the other a small mirror, powder puffs and a large compartment. A pencil hung in the middle.

What original people the F. E.'s are! What unique things they introduced! What a wonderful and different dance they gave! It was a dream and such a sweet one that all those carried off into oblivion wished never to awaken.

ALL HAIL, F. E.'S.

Thank you, F. E.'s! The movie was splendid! We all adore Constance Talmadge, you know, and the "Perfect Woman" is one of her best, we think. "We had a lovely time at your party."



ALMANAC

ALMOST OVER

SPEND WEEK-END AT WOODY-CREST

SURE SIGNS

Everybody in school is absolutely mesmerized. "Two More Weeks! sort of a slogan or a war-song now, but there is much more positive proof than two weeks, which is sort of abstract and indefinite, so just let's see what are some of the proofs of spring."

When you came in the fall, maybe your wardrobe trunk was filled to overflowing, and just made the grade to your room. Christmas wasn't so bad—you left something here at school, but now it is absolutely hopeless—where did you get all the stuff that is hanging around in your room? Surely it doesn't belong to you. Yes, it does, too—there's a masquerade costume, and gym bloomers, and the memory-book. Don't forget it. It's our best friend here and many other things. So we make a wonderful discovery. They are selling packing-boxes—just the thing for all our left-overs—so a packing box we buy.

Then when you see all the boxes piled up in Middle March—doesn't that impress you as the most positive thing you've seen yet? Much more than saying just "Two Weeks!"

X. L. SOCIAL MEETING

Wednesday night the X. L.'s had a dance on the roof-garden. Rather, it was to have been a dance on the roof-garden, but the rain made us go inside.

First we danced, and then there was a contest for the best dancers, won by Sis Bell and Leola Blackwell. The next was a singing match which Catherine Moore won.

Afterwards refreshments of ice cream and strawberries and wonderful cake were served, and we left with another program to put in our memory books.

W.B. ATTEND A VANDERBILT CONCERT

Friday night we put on our "best bibs and tuckers" and rode over to Vanderbilt in our special cars to hear the Vandy Glee Club. The "Harmony Four" who appeared in our chapel the Tuesday before, had aroused our interest, and our curiosity as to what the "real" quartet could be—so we went over with great expectation. Nor were we disappointed. There was a variety of music from "Roll Them Bones" to the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," so there was something that everyone of us could appreciate. Then, too, there were special Ward-Belmont numbers, and invitations to the Saturday ball game, and a cheer for us, all of which we appreciated very much. Among the solo numbers which were every one beautiful, were some by Messrs. Fletcher and Wood, and a violin solo by Mr. Feagin.

ANTI PAN KITE

On May 11 the program of the Anti-Pandora Club was arranged by Bernice Nance. The subject, "Modern Poets," was very interesting, and well prepared by those who took part. The program was as follows: "Maurice Hemelt," Emma Hibelman; "Robert Brooke," Dorothy Rosenbalt; "Robert Service," Pearl Kaphan; "John Mascefield," Louise Miller.

Programs of this type help to remind us that poets do still exist in our present-day matter-of-fact world.

What were the signs of spring with the glorious excitement of the week, and together! What were the signs of spring with the glorious excitement of the week, and together! What were the signs of spring with the glorious excitement of the week, and together!

No one seemed to think to reach the strawberry patch, but this was the first place most of them went. When the last car had arrived, we stepped the door to see that cherries had been put in the berry pickers. Kater had it that "White and Yell" would hang above the door for luck, and surely enough when we all gathered in the big hall a suitcase was opened, letting us see for the first time in a long week what we had bought and brought to school. Amid fifteen raps for Seniors the banner was raised and placed high on the wall. There could be no fear, for the Monday before that banner was to stand for luck and victory.

After the important business of the evening was over, bridge parties were soon in progress. Some preferred the lawn in the moonlight. Who all of a sudden the moonlight became broad daylight, we began to fear the worst had happened. A group of strollers rushed madly down from the vantage point on the hill shouting and screaming a tornado was coming. The sky immediately became a deep red, and we all rushed for the roof so we could see to a better advantage. The phenomena was soon gone, however, and arguments and opinions about the strange occurrence were in order. While scientists are still wrangling over the possibilities of its being the Aurora borealis, we will still hold to our view that it was an omen of great victory for the class of 21.

The next best thing to having breakfast in bed one in awhile is having it late as you want. That is what we had Sunday morning. Miss Middleton told us we might pick our own strawberries for breakfast. Just as many as we thought we could possibly eat! That could have been a feast in itself, but when we were called to the dining room we had real honest-to-godness steak fried (Continued on page 3.)

THE CAMPUS KICK

Friends, let's have a little come, Shakespeare said, "I am a poor soul, sorrow," so we couldn't get a sweater before we made to keep it. But we are compelled to undergo the trials, sorrows, and other public entertainments at our last minute, our tempo is so fast, our nerves strained, and our minds so tired, so dear Alma Mater, we cannot resist you any more. We realize that the trials, sorrows, and other public entertainments at our last minute, in long recitations, and before exams, in order to prove our brains, we heartily concur in this, but unfortunately, our teachers do not they insist on the benighted custom of giving examinations which even they admit demand "reviewing." Really, cramping—the night before. Therefore, for "add long yes," if for nothing else, for our art studying for exams be reconsidered, and that the recitals be finished as early as possible, and also be as few as possible. Do this for love of your daughters, Alma Mater. We, who are about to leave, salute you!

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Business Manager KATHLEEN ADICKS

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MISSY DYER
NELLIE CAMP
FLORENCE ASCHRAFT

Communications, news items, and suggestions are cordially invited, should be put in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor in chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

"Wasn't that the worse lunch we had today? Isn't it hot?" I am so tired and all the teachers seem to gleefully pick work on me. I don't see how I can stand it 'till school is out.' Isn't it mean to make us go to so many recitals?"

We could continue this monologue almost indefinitely. Complaint after complaint unceasingly, we hear. Of course, we know that all the grievances are not without some grounds, but even then, we have a tendency to exaggerate our discomfures, don't we? We are tired and the tasks ahead look endless, but complaint and worry do not lighten our burden and our dissatisfaction may distinctly annoy our friends. Criticism of conditions which usually need no improvement is not only useless but irritating. Let's keep our troubles to ourselves instead of making our associates bear our perplexities as well as their own. It's only for two more weeks, you know! To hear us, one might think we do not love our school, and we DO.

WHO'S WHO IN WARD-BELMONT

Here's to Celine Brazleton, the first president of the best class in Ward-Belmont! The Seniors cannot praise enough our beloved pilot in all the class storms: the one who has inspired us and led us to victory. She is always ready for every emergency, enthusiastic in all our undertakings, yet wise in her guidance of our activities. We pledge to her loyal support, our respect and admiration, and our love.

ANSWERS TO GUESS LIST OF AUTO-MOBILE NAMES

- 1 Part of a book—Paige
- 2 Author of Poor Richard's Almanac—Franklin
- 3 A river in the state of New York—Hudson
- 4 A city near San Francisco—Oakland
- 5 To avoid—Dodge
- 6 The crossing of a river—Ford
- 7 A French county; founded a Michigan city; knighted by Louis XIV—Caddis
- 8 An English country or shire—Essex
- 9 A famous revolutionary rider—Revere
- 10 A religion—slightly misspelled—Mormon.

MISS RIVES IN RECITAL

Miss Townsend announces the recital in costume of "Madame Butterfly" by Miss Ruby Rives, graduate of the Expression Department on Saturday, May 21, at 8:30 p.m., in the Ward-Belmont auditorium. Miss Rives will be assisted by Miss Lenore Cornwall, who will sing "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly."

Joe S. Roof—When I die, I want to be buried in the grate.
Margaret Driggs—Hozzat?
J. R.—So that my ashes will mingle with the great.

IT MUST BE A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING

To be one of those much envied day students who are home every weekend, to be able to stay in bed through breakfast if you don't happen to have a class until ten-thirty or so, to go to town after school to a picture show or shopping, unchaperoned, or to go and come as you feel inclined, and have dates and go to dances when you please—it sounds too good to be true.

Colored hats! How wild sounding, to actually wear a colored hat on the street! Why, one would feel as though every person going and coming had eyes for nothing but that hat.

And specials! Think of going to the theater or a concert and not on a special, or being herded along as so many children (which we really are). And this is nothing to the privilege of leaving with the other people, instead of waiting to help close the doors, as it seems we sometimes have to do. When the nine-forty-five bell and the ten-fifteen bell rings, would it not be ideal if we could absolutely ignore them and read, study, or do anything we please as long as we please.

But, on the other hand, we have a wonderful time, don't we? The clubs, social and State, with their entertainments, the various occasions and festivities held for the school as a whole, and the class affairs which have taken on a new interest recently, especially the Seniors and Senior Middles. Best of all, however, is the school life, the advantage of knowing so many fine girls from all over the country, and knowing them intimately. The association with the school heads and the faculty are other decided advantages.

We have only about four weeks more, and after that—just watch us do all the things the day students do, and even more so—because since we have been away we will be the privileged characters when we do get home.

When out from the closet there rose such a chatter.
We sprang from our beds to see what was the matter.
Away to the closet I flew like a flash.
Flung open the door and kicked out the trash;
The moon was so bright as it shone through the door,
That I could see plainly the whole closet floor.
And what did appear when I looked there upon it,
But nice playing football with my new spring bonnet.

—Exchange.

THE PERFECT GIRL

She doesn't try to be a butterfly, but is just a good pal.
She doesn't talk of her other dates with Tom, Dick and Harry.

She isn't forever powdering her nose.

She doesn't slam another girl.
She doesn't break a date with her "old steady" for an out-of-town fellow.

She doesn't have stenciled eyebrows.
She isn't loud, boisterous and unrefined.

She doesn't "rouge up" to make him think he is in the next paint shop.
She doesn't know the contents of "Snappy Stories."

She doesn't believe in flirtations.
She doesn't look at her reflection in the windows as she passes.

She doesn't try to act like a baby.
She isn't forcing her attention on some poor fellow.

She doesn't say, "I'll bet you" or "Aw, g'wan."

She doesn't think she is wasting time on education.

She is just a good, clean, athletic, American girl.—Exchange.

MOTTOES FROM SHAKESPEARE

For the bootblack: "Ah, there's the rub!"—Hamlet.

For the convict: "I have done the State some service."—Othello.

For the landlord: "See what a rent!"—Julius Caesar.

For the barber: "Make each particular hair stand on end."—Hamlet.

For the basketball player: "Do not saw the air too much."—Hamlet.

For the prohibitionist: "I would faint die a dry death."—Tempest.

For the cook: "Such stuff as dreams are made of."—Tempest.

For the hairdresser: "Framed to make a woman false."—Othello.

For the washwoman: "Out, damned, out, I say!"—Macbeth—Tiger.

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RICH W.-B. GIRL TAKES \$20 JOB

The following account tells of an interesting and original former Ward-Belmont student, Mildred Affleck:

Chicago, Ill., September 1.—Seventeen-year-old Mildred Affleck, daughter of Chicago's millionaire Portland cement king, got several shocks when she went out to find out how the other half of the world lives. But she's "contented" now, she says.

She got a job at \$20 a week "filing things" in Montgomery Ward & Company's mail order house.

Shock No. 1 was over the enormous amount of chewing gum the "poor working girls" consumed.

Shock No. 2 was that the other girls felt sorry for her—not because she was a millionaire's daughter (for they didn't know that), but because Miss Affleck admitted when the girls asked her that she didn't have a "steady."

Other shocks Miss Affleck got included discoveries that "poor working girls" no longer wear cotton stockings and carry their lunch.

"Their idea of a good time is 'going out with a fellow and dancing and staying out late.' They talk of scarcely anything else next day," says Miss Affleck.

Frances Vanity Box

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PERSONALS

Miss Thelma Caffall spent the week-end in Nashville with her mother, Mrs. D. W. Caffall of Beaumont, Texas.
Miss France Black spent last week-end in the Dr. Charles Black home.

Misses Linda McElwraith and Marietta Hoag were guests of Mrs. C. W. Hofer last Saturday afternoon and evening.
Virginia Howard spent Monday with Mrs. C. C. Crowell.

Beatrice Lindsey spent Sunday with Mrs. O. J. Price.

Miss Lillian Reed was a guest of Miss Martha Dickinson Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Payne entertained Misses Katherine Davis, Woody Dixon and Eleanor Best Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. H. W. Hyman, of Memphis, Tenn., spent the week-end with her daughter Helen, Sunday. Misses Geneva Campbell, Mary Louise Scott, Mary Kennedy and Katherine Cox spent the afternoon and evening with them.

Sara Bradford spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Martha L. Hansen was a guest of Miss Laura Keates Sunday.

Miss Adelaide Miller was a Sunday guest in the Dr. Smoot home.

Susanmary Roberts spent Sunday with Mrs. Long.

Misses Elizabeth Schebaum and Sara Courtney were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Sillman Sunday.

Miss Mildred Parks spent Sunday with Mrs. Sam Cason.

Miss Marie Walters spent Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cheek.

Miss Lucile Hyneman was a guest of Mrs. K. House Sunday.

Miss Frances Hunt was a guest of Dr. Charles Black and daughters last Sunday.

Mrs. F. P. Hasler, of Chicago, Ill., has arrived to spend some time with her daughter Mary.

Miss Edith Hoffman spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cohan.

Miss Anne Vandall was a guest of Mrs. Fwing Sunday.

Last Friday Miss Anne Richardson spent the afternoon with Mrs. Pendleton.

Thelma Caffall was a guest of Mrs. R. O. Tucker Friday.

Thursday, Misses Geneva Campbell and Helen Hyman spent the afternoon with Miss Gordon.

Miss Florence Blood was a guest of Mrs. J. J. Creveling Sunday.

Florence Hensley spent Sunday with Mrs. McBride.

Miss Tusela entertained Misses Louise Robinson and Kathleen Drennon.

Mrs. Parent entertained Misses Ruth Wallace and Betty Lindsey Sunday.

Yanon Newman was a guest of Mrs. S. Bloomstein Monday.

Misses Elizabeth M. Parsons and Ruth McFarlin spent Monday with Mrs. H. Hogg.

Mrs. A. S. Wilson had as her guest Monday Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

Misses Marjory Echols, Olive Rainwater, Veelen Camp, and Anne Burnett spent Monday afternoon with Miss Moore.

Martha Houston spent Monday with Mrs. Penabaker.

Misses Nancy Lawson and Leila Wood were guests of Mrs. P. Madden Sunday.

Mrs. McCrory had Fay Young as her guest Sunday.

Miss Louise Miller spent Sunday with Mrs. Fanny Lewis.

Misses Anne Goddard and Loretta Barnard spent Sunday with Mrs. Andrews.

On last Saturday evening Misses Viola and Elizabeth Sudekum entertained at a theater party, the guests seeing "Peg of My Heart."

The guests included Misses Theo Thomas, Miriam Charles, Dora Bessie Smith, Louise Wicker, Alberta Smith, Mary Louise Scott, Inez Friday, Miriam Coleman, Louise Echert, Louise Galloway, Fern Leopold, Ernestine Sutton, Carrie Crawford, Betty Stouffer, Dorothy Smallwood, Anne Mae McClain, Ethel Caster, Virginia Baker, Leona Whittier, Charlotte Simpson, Miss Blackwell, Miss Morrison, Mrs. Tarbox and Mrs. Hall.

JOKES

SAFETY FIRST.

"Why, Tommy!" exclaimed the Sunday-school teacher, "Don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?"

"Not any more," explained Tommy. "I used to, though, when I had to sleep in a folding-bed."

Young Thing—Somebody passed a counterfeit dime on Bob a year ago, and he hasn't been able to get rid of it since.

Malden Aunt—What! Does that young man never go to church then?

The greatest disappointment in a woman's life is when she tells a man to behave and he behaves.

"How is your wife going to vote?"

"Henrietta," replied Mr. Meekton, with dignity, "will vote the same way that I do."

"And how will you vote?"

"I believe in feminine intuition. I shall vote in the way that Henrietta suggests."—Washington Star.

Miss Sisson (at hygiene lecture)—What is pasteurized milk?

Ethel Caster—Milk from a cow that has been eating grass in a pasture.

Miss Cooper—Here, Louise, divide that pie with Ruth and give her the largest part.

Louise Eckert—Here, Ruth, you divide it.

Clotilde B.—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor last night?

Pete B.—Certainly. Did you think it would go through?

Go to it, Leola. We know you did your best to find it!

The Kind of Exams. We Like.

1. What two countries fought in the Russo-Japanese war?

2. Who was president of the United States during Lincoln's administration?

3. In what year did the war of 1812 begin.

4. Name the famous historian who wrote Webster's "Early European History."

Who said innuendoes were made in heaven? Well, then, Ward-Belmont and heaven must be synonymous.

SPEND WEEK-END AT WOODY-CREST

(Continued from page 1.)

in butter. Think of it! Hot cakes, and delicious buttered toast!

Miss Mills, accompanied by Miss Sisson, arrived soon after our marvelous breakfast, and the class was made complete. She had some wonderful news for us, so commencement plans were started moving. Sunday afternoon was receiving day and we enjoyed having so many visitors, especially the Senior-Middle guests, whom we had the pleasure of escorting in body-guards wherever they chose to go. The pride we felt in tactfully manœvering their course so they might behold the bazaar!

Dinner was announced late in the afternoon. From the fried chicken a Dixie to the strawberry shortcake it was all heart could desire. The last few hours in the afternoon were crowded. There were last pictures to be taken, farewells to be said to the gardens and all the nooks and corners that have become dear to us in the past two years. Tea came all too soon. Despite fruit salad, sandwiches and ice cream, there was a little sadness hovering 'round, for that was to be the last meal at our Woody Crest.

Singing our Senior songs—and with all the confidence in the world for victory next day—we bade the club adieu, carrying away the fondest memories of our Ward-Belmont days.

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SENIORS WIN FIELD DAY
 (Continued from page 1.)

dance, went out to the scene of the track meet where, alas, the Seniors found out "You can't have everything." To put it plainly, the Seniors sort of got squelched—walked on, you know.

At the end of the track meet the score stood 44 2-3 to 36 1-3 in favor of the Senior Middles. But the Seniors loyally proved "they weren't all dead yet," and were revived by the thought that "in basketball we're best of all," whereas the little song had overlooked track—on purpose, perhaps.

Then came the scene of the Seniors' triumph. It was not for naught that "Jee and Jen" had declared that only over their dead bodies would a basket be made—'cause they aren't dead yet. Every now and then Sis would nobly exclaim "Any scores today, Seniors?" and right nobly did the S. M.'s respond "No," but boy! they have something in common with the rich man who will never get to Heaven—'cause the score at the end was 32 to 3 in the Seniors' favor.

And so the athletic events ended, the score for the day being 68 to 47. The Senior Middles came through and proved themselves real sports and worthy opponents—for it's much harder to be a good loser than a good winner. And the Seniors—well, just look at the happy grin on Chloë's face as seen in the picture taken clutching the much-prized cup in one hand and the balloon in the other, and you'll know the Seniors were supremely glad.

There was a sound of revelry that night and bright lights shone o'er fair Seniors and Senior Middles. And best of all, there was a movie that night—the fair Norma in "The Woman Who Gives" for the Seniors and Senior Middles exclusively. The Seniors were sorry the college Specials weren't invited—but i: wasn't just their party. They do, nevertheless, appreciate the college Specials' and all other Senior sympathizers' help. What would a game have been without Dot McClellan's husky voice? It was a good movie, even if most of us were half dead.

And so came the end of a perfect day—with a feeling of real comradeship and mutual admiration between the two rival classes which was, after all, the best thing the day accomplished.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Daughter to dad

The day is bright.

The sky is blue.

Send me fifty.

I love you.

Dad to daughter:

The day is dark.

The sky is pink.

Here's that fifty—

I don't think.

"How much is that canary?"

"Ten dollars, Madam."

"All right, I'll take it. Send the bill."

"Sorry, Madam, but we can't send you the bill without the rest of the bird."—Exchange.

You'll enjoy shopping in this big store. The variety is so great that every desire can be most satisfactorily filled.

Our Ready-to-Wear and Millinery Departments carry especially appealing styles for Ward-Belmont.



"Laird and Schober" Boots and Shoes in Shoe Department

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 KODAK HEADQUARTERS

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SHOTT OR NOTT

Two men fought a duel. One was named Shott and the other Nott. Some said that Nott was shot and Shott was not. Hence it was better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was not shot. On trial it was proved that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot Shott, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. Apparently the shot Shott shot not Shott nor Nott.

That that is, is; that that it not is not. Is not that it? It is.

Miss Alberta Smith was a guest of Mrs. A. F. March Sunday.

THIS IS THE STORE

That likes Ward-Belmont girls.

That wants you to feel at home here

Just like you do in your "home-town."

We all love to wait on you.

Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)

Will do anything you want done.

Come and see us often

We want you.

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May 27 - Oct. 21, 1921

Missing

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XI

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, OCT. 28, 1921

NUMBER 3

Pledge Day---Was a Busy Day, So Say All

WEDDING BELLS

Miss. Park House, a lovely and gifted woman who has represented Ward-Belmont in the southern territory with great success, was married on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock in the McKendree Church to Mr. Robert Wyche, a prominent citizen of Shreveport, La., where they will make their home. The ceremony was performed by Dr. W. T. Haggard in the presence of relatives and a few close friends. Invitations have been received at Ward-Belmont to the marriage of Miss Willie Louise Hayes to Mr. James Kinkead Dent, which will occur on Thursday, Oct. 27, at 5:30 o'clock at the Madison Street Methodist Church in Clarksville, Tenn. Miss Hayes was a student at Ward-Belmont in 1916-17, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hayes.

Miss Frances Jarrell of Ward-Belmont, 1916-17, who received a diploma in the 1917 class is to be married on Saturday, Oct. 29, to Mr. Lloyd Senter Adams in the First Baptist Church at Humbolt, Tenn., which is her home. She is the daughter of Mr. James Robert Jarrell.

Mr. William Edward Johnston has issued announcements of the marriage of his daughter Frances Jennie to Eric Lawrence Hoffman, on Saturday Oct. 15 at the bride's home in Peoria, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman will be at 200 North University St. in Peoria.

FIRE DRILL OF FICERS ORGANIZE

Tuesday evening in the Y. W. C. A. room the fire drill officers had a meeting and organized for work. All the hostesses and sponsors of the various dormitories were present, and the student officers, captains, first lieutenants, and second lieutenants were there.

Miss Blythe, who has charge of the organization, called the roll and assigned each member her duties. Then Miss Sisson explained the importance of fire drills, and the details of the work. The meeting adjourned with plans for action. You'll hear more about it later.

HEARD IN FRESHMAN BIBLE

"How far are you in Biblical literature?"

"We're in the middle of original sin."

"Hub, that's nothing, we are past redemption."

If a stranger had happened to pass by Ward-Belmont Friday morning at 6:45, he would have heard a bell ring and suddenly he would have seen numerous queer looking beings spring from every direction and begin leaping and galloping (for surely it cannot be said that they were even running) over the campus. He probably would think that this was an asylum for the feeble minded who had a mania for bright colored clothes and pigtails and have come out for their morning exercise. He would not know that this was a school for education of "young women" and these odd creatures were merely new girls who had been ordered by the old girls to arise at this early hour and dress in this unsightly fashion. The new girls dared not disobey. They were club pledges, you see. Rushing was all over, the invitations to join the clubs had been received, and now it was time for the new girls to undergo the agonies of pledging. And oh! the joy the old girls felt in issuing order after order. No wonder they seemed in such good spirits that morning. Their beds had already been made and their rooms cleaned by some humble little pledge. Their clothes were going to be pressed that afternoon for the first time since their arrival and their white shoes were going to be cleaned once more and not by themselves. The new girls were in a rather good humor too. They didn't realize what the day held for them—that they were going to be slaves to the old girls. Here they all were, both old and new girls, upon the campus at 6:45 A.M.—everybody filled with pep. In one group could be seen Theda Bara, with all her vampishness and Spring in her flowing veils. Over, some place else were the girls with unmatched stockings and shoes and gaudy clothes put on backwards. Still others were distinguished by their disfigured faces and pigtails. There were tall girls, short girls, small girls, fat girls dressed in every ridiculous way possible. The old girls were there to see that the pledges were not kept idle at any time. If they weren't hopping around the campus on one foot, they were walking sideways, and if they weren't walking sideways, they were crawling on "all fours."

The breakfast bell rang and every one went into the dining room—the old girls to eat and the new girls to entertain them by singing, giving speeches, dances, or by performing some ridiculous stunt. Breakfast ended at last but it was not so with pledging.

All day long sat one poor girl at the fountain—fishing with a hairnet. I wonder if she caught anything? The

(Continued on page four.)

Introducing Officers of Organizations

For the benefit of the new girls who perhaps do not know the personnel of the extensive organization of our school we are going to introduce the members of the various departments.

The care of the grounds and buildings is in charge of Mr. Courtney. Our campus is one of the most beautiful and well kept in the South, and let us help Mr. Courtney keep it so.

In the post office are Miss Swift and Miss Shen, who are the "joy bringers" of our existence. Letters, packages and telephone calls are their specialty, and they are always patient when we, in our anxiety for one of these blessings, annoy them, forgetting how absorbingly busy they may be.

The dining room department, that most important of all, is presided over by Mrs. Robertson, assisted by Miss Paul in the dining room and Miss Thomas in the store room. Not only do we owe to her the delicious meals that are responsible for the necessity of the reducing craze now prevalent, but she is the one to whom we go for our club refreshments, and who sees to the meals out at Woody-Crest: A job, Mrs. Robertson has on her hands, don't you think?

Miss Nellums is the Ward-Belmont banker, and the bane of her life is "no-good cheques." Girls can't we help her by not writing cheques when we're broke? And Mrs. Bryan is in charge of the book room. Perhaps she gets as tired waiting for that long line of girls to disappear as do we in the line who complain so. Had you thought of it?

Miss Zelnor is in the package room. Don't forget to go get your excess laundry; it will soon crowd her clear out.

Miss Wilson and Miss Saunders are our librarians. "Silence is golden" is their motto. After all, the library is a place to study so why not help them keep it quiet?

In the infirmary are Miss Rucker and Miss Robinson. They may give you pluto, and you may hate the sight of a capsule ever after, but my!

The toast and tea up there is great. I think we all know the different hostesses, but you may get them mixed up, so we'll introduce them too.

Mrs. Means is hostess of Rose Cottage, Mrs. Nuckals of Leftwich, Mrs. Tarbox of Hudson, and Mrs. Abernathy of New West Side. Mrs. Hall is over North and South Front, Mrs. Rose Founders, Mrs. Gaines, Fidelity; Mrs. Charlie McComb, Pembroke, and Miss Neal, Heron. Being a mother to from 50 to 150 girls may be an easy matter, but just ask your own mother how much trouble one daughter is to her, and I think you'll change your mind.

AGORAS AT WOODY-CREST

Bright and early Monday morning the W. B. cars started on a speedy tour to Woody-Crest bearing the Agora girls. Four trips they had to make to get all of 'em out there, but, believe me, they sure had a glorious time.

Everybody was full of pep and entered right into the spirit of the club and the gorgeous autumn day.

The new girls especially were most jubilant—they ran from the machines the minute they embarked in the grounds of dear old Woody-Crest and you old girls can well remember that first blissful feeling of open admiration, awe, and, of course, thrills!

Woody-Crest, that stately mansion gives me an impression that words cannot describe, but its great and the best place of all to have a good time.

The new girls raved over that wood front porch with the ideal swing, the welcoming fire place, within, the dear old fashioned furniture, the beautiful stairway and stained glass windows. Upstairs they rushed, and were equally delighted with the large, airy bed rooms; but best of all was the barracks. All the new girls wanted to sleep there and could hardly wait until their weekend trip.

Isn't it fun to spend a day at Woody-Crest? There is something (Continued on page four.)

STEINDEL'S APPEARANCE

A musical experience of beautiful and satisfying quality was the appearance before the whole student body of the renowned 'cellist Brund Steindel. He played before the school on Wednesday morning for one golden half hour, sustaining his reputation of being one of the great masters of his instrument given to the world. He was accompanied by Mr. F. Arthur Henkel of the Music School Staff. Again and again he responded to enthusiastic encores, and supplemented his program with some of the most beautiful and melodious numbers known in musical literature. It was the opportunity of a lifetime to have heard him.



ALMANAC

Cheer up, Socket fit!
Miss Morrison says to
know you is to love you.

ANNA CASE-SALVI CONCERT

The first musical event of the season was the joint concert given by Anna Case, soprano, Alberto Salvi, the renowned harpist at the Ryman Auditorium, Monday evening October 3. The first half of the program was by Mr. Salvi and he held the audience spell-bound by the variety and beauty of his art, exquisite trills and echoes, stirring chords, and appealing melodies. And when he played "Mother Machree" the Ward-Belmont section was touched beyond expression.

Miss Case has a depth and richness of tone and a faculty of putting her soul into her singing that attracts every listener. Her interpretation of "Night Wind" by Roland Parley was exceptionally good. At the close of the concert she sang "Annie Laurie" to the Ward-Belmont girls alone.

LOUISIANA

On Tuesday, October 14, the Louisiana club held an important meeting. Club officers were elected as follows: Wilma Lyons, President; Leola Blackman, Vice-President, and Leola Martin, Secretary and Treasurer. After the election interesting ideas were submitted and discussed for our program of the year.

Patience girls! For you shall soon hear more of the first number of this thrilling program.

We, the Louisiana Club, shall, this year, strive to become a club even better than we have been in years previous. Old girls, tell the new how full of "pep" and fun we have always been!

THE BEST THING AT WARD-BELMONT

From a day-student's point of view one of the advantages at Ward-Belmont is the tea room. Lunch is served us there at noon and it is most welcome when one eats an early breakfast and then stays in school all morning.

The tea room is only a recent addition. By that I mean, it was only established last year. It was primarily started for the boarders and open only in the afternoons after school hours.

Several years ago, when the enrollment of boarders was small enough to allow it, the day students were served in the dining room. In the last few years this has been impossible on account of the large number of boarders. The next year it was a problem to know just where we would get our lunch. It seemed as though no one greatly cared whether we ever fed or not. At length, it was decided that two girls should take the matter in hand. The lunch room was started but it did not prosper because the girls had so little time to give to these new duties. If they did not feel inclined to prepare much lunch we suffered the consequences. This arrangement lasted only a short time. For the rest of the year we had only what we brought from home.

Last year, Mrs. Donna Baird Beas-

ley took mercy upon us and plead our case. The lunch in the tea room resulted. Mrs. Robertson prepared delicious lunches and we were delighted.

In the afternoon the tea-room is open to boarders and day-students. Very few day girls take advantage of this as most of us go home before it opens.

THE DEL VERS AT WOODY CREST

The Del Vers had their formal initiation of new members at Woody Crest on Saturday evening. The ceremony was wonderfully impressive and beautiful. The rooms used for initiation were artistically decorated and lighted entirely by candles until the ceremony was finished when the Del Vers' electric symbol was lighted. Refreshments were served, in which the Del Vers colors, yellow and white were cleverly worked out.

Sunday was perfect. There were no bells at Woody Crest, so we could stay in bed as long as we wished, or until we could no longer resist the whiffs of Susie's hot biscuits, bacon and coffee which came floating up from the kitchen.

Some of us roamed about the place, took pictures, read and wrote letters until dinner time—and my what a dinner! No use to try and reduce at Woody Crest.

We all did just as we pleased then, until after tea when everyone gathered about the fire for a little song service. Later we toasted marshmallows and popped corn, saying nothing of the many discussions and stories. We should like to know what became of all the pop-corn not to mention Thousand Island dressing and head lettuce.

Bed-time came and all too soon it was morning, and time for our return to school.

DEL VERS PLEDGE

Ruth Barton,
Irene Browne,
Lorene Browne,
Margaret Bryan,
Dick Donough,
Mary Edwards,
Isabelle Enderline,
Evelyn Fairchild,
Lenore Fitzsimmons,
Marion Goode,
Geneva Guthrie,
Gwendolyn Hamilton,
Ramona Houser,
Maurine Hunt,
Julia Kramer,
Martha Lucas,
Kathryn Moore,
Dorothy Richardson,
Grace Warren,
Kathryn White,
Luella Barnhill,
Alice Wood,
Genie Chenault,
Hazel Dixon.

I'll make a good beau, said the tie as it put itself around the collar.

You might be able to pack an elephant's trunk, but you can't sew buttons on a coat of paint.

WEST VIRGINIA CLUB

Hail West Virginia! Though we are small in numbers just watch us. We are going to be one of the best states' clubs going.

Our officers are, President, Ruth Hines, Vice-President, Thelma Hardman, and Secretary-Treasurer, Lois Boone.

COLLEGE SPECIALS

What ho! Specials—Let's go!! Who says we haven't the best class ever? Nobody. We're determined to make the College Special Class of '22 the peppiest, most loyal class organized.

We're hoping Miss Mills will grant the certificate Specials the same privileges the honorable Seniors have—we think its nothing but fair that we should have the privileges. Girls, keep up the spirit, and we'll knock out all past records—even to showing these Seniors what we stand for—what about our dinner at Woody Crest? Let's all live up to our class's reputation and make this year the biggest in the history of W-B.

College Special Officers are:
Pres., Edna Papenhagen,
Vice-Pres., Alice Allison,
Treas., Lenore Cornwall,
Sec., Leah Thompson.

THE DAY STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The Day Students' Council was first organized in the year 1919. It arose out of the need for a body to represent the interests of the Day Students in the school, and also to make provision for rules and order in that body. Since the year of its origin, the council has advanced materially in ability, and, at the same time its authority has been more widely felt and more deference paid to its decisions. It is directly supported and its policy indirectly controlled by the Dean of the Faculty and other members of that body. Its decisions are put in writing and posted in Hearn Hall. Its officers meet weekly in conference. It is gratifying to note that as a law enforcing body, its work is ordinarily small.

The members of the Council are elected in May for the following year and remain in office both semesters. The officers for this year are President, Mary Dyer, Vice-President, Margaret Lindsey Warden, Secretary (not yet elected), with Shelby

Chadwick as the Junior Middle member and Mildred Cowden as Junior member, all others of necessity being college girls.

The Day Students' Council is to its girls what the Student Council is to the boarders. All the former needs is time to increase its prestige, for even now it is occupying an important place in Ward-Belmont on its own merits and popularity.

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PERSONALS

Martha Lucas and Mary Edward went home for the week end. Their home is in Franklin, Ky.

Florence Bell spent the week end in town with her aunt and uncle. She was Miss Norris' guest at tea Sunday night.

Margaret Moore was at her home in Algood, Tenn., over the week end. Ida Pitchford spent Sunday with Mrs. Whittemore.

Margaret Huffman was the guest of Mrs. A. R. Johnson Sunday.

Margaret Wardlow spent Sunday with Miss May Gundelfinger.

Marion Williams was Mrs. Wright's guest Sunday.

Ernestine Dortch spent last week end in town with her sister and Mrs. Manion.

Mable Sparks was with Mrs. Jacobs Sunday.

Sara Murry spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. John Smith. She had tea with her.

Elizabeth Binnell and Peggy Foster were with Mrs. Lowry Monday.

Rebecca Thacher spent the week end in town with her grandmother.

Lyda Anderson was Miss Mina White's guest Sunday.

Edith Frye and Josephine Cunday spent Monday out in town.

Frances Hassell was with her brother Monday and Monday night.

Jean Franklin spent Monday in town with Mrs. Harlin.

Elizabeth Comer was with her aunt and sister Monday.

Marion Goode spent Monday with her mother.

Rosemond Coles was the guest of Lillian Joy Monday.

Louise Bell was with her mother Monday.

Nell Atwood spent Monday with Mrs. Thos. Mathews.

Myrtle Thomas was with her brother Monday.

Mary Breeler was with Mrs. Mc-Bride Monday.

a notch, when she was required to make herself the center of attraction of a laughing, jeering group on the campus, by doing something ridiculously funny. Irving Berlin might have taken a tip from our lundys lists for the words to some of his "jazz" songs.

Nevertheless, without a doubt everyone had a glorious time Friday. Lots of fun, pep, and freaks were the order of the day. "Fag" and "old" girl, now on an equal footing will never forget that day. Next year revenge will be sweet to us. But the formal initiation made us realize the true meaning of clubs and the solemn ceremonies were very impressive. None of us shall ever forget Saturday evening and the initiation ceremonies.

MISS RIVES IN MADAME BUTTERFLY

Monday night, Ward-Belmont auditorium was filled with the students and town people who came to hear Miss Ruby Rives of the Ward-Belmont Expression Department give that old but much loved reading, "Madame Butterfly."

The scene was laid in Nagasaki, Japan, in a little house on Higashi Hill. The stage was delightfully arranged with its black and gold Japanese screens and curtains and its oriental plants and large ferns. It was lighted very effectively by oriental lanterns. Three little girls of Japan sat on each side of the stage—quite charming in their correct costumes.

The curtains were drawn back by two of the Japanese attendants and Miss Rives, clothed in a rose kimono, with deep rose flowers in her dark hair, appeared. She bowed in a graceful Japanese manner and then began her reading.

We all know the story of "Madame Butterfly"—how the little Cho Cho San gave up her family to marry the English officer whom she so loved—Lieutenant Pinkerton. We recall the happy days they spent together until he was called to serve his country and of his promise to return "when the robins nest again." Then there was the birth of a child and a long hopeful waiting of the little wife for the return of her husband, only in the end to find that he had married an American girl. There was nothing left to do but die.

It is a sweet story, which we all know perhaps, but that didn't detract from the interest of Miss Rives' reading. She seemed to put her whole heart into what she was saying and it was hard not to believe that we didn't see the real Madame Butterfly before us. Her impersonations were extremely good and her voice carried well. Her movements were both graceful and natural. She held the interest of her audience throughout the reading and there was nobody who didn't enjoy it.

Miss Kirkham added to the entertainment by singing the Aria, "One Fine Day," from Puccini's Opera, "Madame Butterfly." She, too, was in Oriental costume and sang with much expression.

We wouldn't say that the Osiron pledges were "slow."

THE KAMPUS KICK

All ready, girls! One united yell, "Down with this 'new girl' bunk." From the minute we landed in Ward-Belmont we heard that yell on all sides. "I'm a new girl. Who, where, why, how, and is so-and-so?" Every two minutes an old girl was accosted to give some directions or information. At first we gladly assumed the Big Sister attitude and helped the newcomers, but it became tiresome. Teachers have noticed how frequently the excuse of being a "new girl" has been given for tardiness and absence from the classroom. Into the dining-room walk these privileged characters several minutes late. The breaking of many minor rules and all that sort of thing has been overlooked because of their supposed ignorance. But the dear girls are "running it into the ground." Now that almost a month of school has passed, club membership has been chosen, and the school work has settled down into a regular routine, we are all "old girls" together, and alas! the precious alibi is about played out.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

(A certain reporter goes each week to the different buildings on the campus and asks one question of four different girls. This question is of general interest to the school and should be a means of permitting the voice of the student body to speak through the weekly paper published by the students.)

Question: "Do you think the faculty of Ward-Belmont should regulate the length of the girls' skirts?"

Where asked: Pembroke Hall.

Answers:

1. "I think there should be some regulation of skirt lengths. It is not right to wear them to the knees, but twelve inches is much too long for some girls." A.P.

2. "I don't know—I think there surely is a limit to the length, or rather, 'breve' of skirts. Some are too short. I know the regulation does not suit all the girls. However, if they insist on wearing them too short, there should be a strict regulation especially for those who wear theirs extremely short." M.K.

3. "I think they should not be regulated, but should be left to the individual. It is the girls' own misfortune if they don't know what is proper, and certainly they are endangering their own reputation." E.P.

4. "Some of the girls wear their dresses much too short. I don't think they should make us wear them as long as twelve inches. It's slouchy. There should be no extremes one way or the other." J.W.

CANTILEVERS

Oh Cantilevers, Cantilevers, They were not built for style. The toes turn up, The heels turn out, They nearly drive me wild— With the scuffling, And the shuffling, And the squeaking, And the creaking, Of the Cantilevers.

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THE "FAG'S" POINT OF VIEW

Now that we have all undergone the due process of "assimilation" into one club or another, perhaps it would be well to express a few sentiments. We have already begun to feel the fraternal spirit of the clubs. However, we "fags," of Friday have a keen sympathy which binds us together in spite of the clubs which we have joined. Who could help but feel a band between the girl who sat next to you at breakfast looking more like her tree-climbing ancestors than you thought you did? And weren't we all pretty much in the same "boat" as we crawled upon the campus on "all-fours"? Surely we fags never before discovered the art in bed-making and "pressing." Oh! those blisters on our hands from pressing "old" girls' dresses. Electric irons are great conveniences but we fags make a motion to abolish their presence on pledge day. Of course we all were "snapped" in our gala array, but a solemn vow, never to let any parties off campus see the results, was made. Our trials and tribulations were great. Every "new" girl's pride and dignity slipped

WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Editor-In-Chief Florine Ashcroft
Assistant Editor Lucille Hymeman
Art Editor Virginia McCoy
Business Manager Elizabeth Liggett
Asst. Business Mgr. Evelyn Bonham

REPORTERS

Lyla Kenney, Vera Melheimer, Edith Frye

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent in the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

"It's all in the way you get started," is more truth than poetry.

Now that we've had time to get adjusted, have passed the homesick stage, and rushing season is over, school is settling down into its normal routine. The kind of life we begin right now will more than likely determine what we will be when we leave Ward-Belmont in June.

Go into everything with pep! Get real interest into those books that it took all your allowance to buy. You'll be surprised how exhilarated you feel when you come up the walk from the library after an afternoon of profound struggle with Psychology and are leaving "a wiser girl." Read good things; it's hard at first, but oh, how it does pay in the end!

Don't waste your time! There's so much to do, if you're going to be any body or reach your standard, you can't accomplish it and be lazy at the same time. Go in for athletics; such afternoons as these, it's a sin not to be out of doors. And even if you can't be a star athlete—well, you never know what you can do till you try.

Fall in line with the organization! Get the spirit of loyalty. Rules are good after all when everybody else is living by them and you get used to them. They'll soon be a kind of second nature to you, instinct, you might say, and when you go home Christmas you'll find yourself awaking with a start at 6:45, and—shall we say it?—actually nodding at 10:15.

It's the safest plan to start out right! It's the safest plan! Give it a try-out; you'll be surprised at the results.

WOULD YOU PLEASE

Move out of the hall leading from the dining room when the monitor asks you to? Get used to the ways of the big city. Keep the traffic moving—that's the idea. Not that the monitors are traffic cops, of course, but you get the idea don't you?

Not stop the monitors on their way to lunch to ask them if your dress is all right, when you know to the contrary. Also don't ask the proctor how to lengthen a dress that is faced

already—she doesn't know anything about sewing.

Remember about the six inches and that "donning shall be in no way objectionable."

Lift your cantilevers when you enter the Academic Building, because Miss Norris has asked us to be more quiet.

Now understand these are not absolute commands—we said "please," you know. This is merely the plea of a patient proctor.

ANOTHER POST-GRAD BACK

Last week in our list of the post graduates we failed to put Leona Morris. Leona not only graduated in academic work last year, but she received a certificate in domestic science, and is doing further work in that line this year. Leona is one of our most popular chaperones—and do you wonder at it?

BICYCLE CLUB
POPULAR WITH STUDENTS

The bicycle club this year has been one of the most popular athletic organizations of the school. Every afternoon you may see numbers of girls leaving the campus for a delightful ride and in such weather as this, nothing could be more exhilarating. The club was just organized last spring, but from its success it bids fair to be a permanent organization. Bicycle riding is extremely good exercise, and my, its a lot of fun isn't it girls?

OHIO CLUB

Oh! have you heard what's happened? Have I? Well

I guess so.
Ohio has organized the best club ever and believe me it's a go.
President, Leona Morris.
Vice-President, Mildred Selman.
Secretary, Mary Mulholland.
Sponsor, Miss Boyer.

KENTUCKY CLUB

The Kentucky Club held its first meeting Monday night. The officers elected for the year were the following: President, Catherine Siler, Vice-President, Evelyn Previt; Secretary and Treasurer, Frances Waller; Sergeant at Arms, Linda McElwraith; Reporter, Elizabeth Vaughn.

CHAPERONES

I do not like the kind who says
"It's time to go to bed."
Or she who stops the dance to say
"Don't get so near her head."
I do not like the type who wants
To know where each one goes
Or she who says, "Immorale!"
The way girls wear their clothes.
I know they're necessary
And we've got to have them so
I'm keenest for the ones who wear
Young not so long ago.
But if the old ones come around
I'm sure you'll all admit

It's nice to have the harmless kind

Who sit and sit and sit.

Exam. Question: "What do you think of this course?"

Student's Answer: "I think it is a well rounded out course, what we don't get in class we get in examination."—Octopus.

DR. CROSLAND

The Hyphen extends its welcome to the new Associate President—Dr. C. E. Crosland, an Oxford man of high scholastic attainment, and an educator of experience and success. He comes to Ward-Belmont from Averett College, Danville, Va., of which he was president for six years and once before had his residence in Nashville, having served here as Educational Secretary of the Southern Baptist Sunday School Board for three years. He has held, with great success, the office of President of the Southeast Alabama Agricultural College and of the Ford Union Military Academy of Virginia.

NEW Y. W.
TREASURER

The vacancy in the Y. W. C. A. cabinet caused by Ruth McFarlin's election as president of the Osceola club was filled on Sunday evening after vespers, when Margaret Campbell was elected to fill the office of treasurer. Margaret is a new girl in Ward-Belmont but she has won a place in the hearts of the girls, and she will put all her enthusiasm, thoughfulness and conscientious effort into her new office. Margaret was secretary of the Y. in her high school in Tulsa Oklahoma.

VESPERS

On Sunday evening at vespers, Dr. M. Mitson gave an inspiring talk on the spiritual side of life.

Miss Skarlock asks that girls who have suggestions of value for the vesper service programs should turn them in to her, or to a cabinet member and they will be accepted and acted on.

AGORAS AT
WOODY-CREST

(Continued from page one.)

so romantic about the old place to wonder about—its history inspires—every girl pictures house parties of long ago, and many love affairs and the hopes and happiness that has lived and died there.

The Agoras certainly did enjoy the day. Many of them took pictures and played games. They sat around in groups and knitted, talked and talked again.

It put an awful damper on the party because Inez couldn't come, but alas they discovered a new girl that could "diddle the ivories."

Margaret Lightfoot, Edythe Fry, and Josephine Cundy were the guests of Mrs. Pfaffsterer Monday. Edythe had dinner with Elizabeth Liggett that night.

ANTI-PANDORA
CLUB PLEDGES

Isabel Atwell,
Marcella Baird,
Evelyn Baker,
Pauline Blair,
Marie Broom,
Catherine Capel,
Margaret Carswell,
Elizabeth Gaywood,
Lucille Gaywood,
Bessie Conn,
Hortense Cuthbert,
Laura Bell Dalzell,
Hollis Earp,
Helen Eggel,
Dorris Fitzell,
Nannie Gay,
Dorothy Gelder,
Mazie Goble,
Dorothy Goeltz,
Martha Hall,
Louise Harris,
Helen Hunsaker,
Elizabeth Jasper,
Helen Ketchum,
Ruth Lamar,
Mary E. Leffingwell,
Mable Long,
Bessie Marks,
Elizabeth Moore,
Ruby Muir,
Margaret Phillips,
Marie Pregler,
Margaret Price,
Elizabeth Priestler,
Mary Randolph,
Marion Rodgers,
Velma Spangler,
Florence Steele,
Oliver Summer,
Esther Taylor,
J. Lueline Rieke,
Alice Miller and

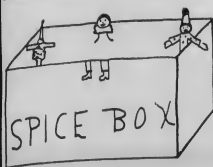
PLEDGE DAY

(Continued from page one.)

statues were kept company for hours by young ladies who stood with their arms about them, repeating endearing words in their ears—just as if they could hear! Stunts were performed and speeches made on all different parts of the campus. Time after time the poor pledges were forced to step off the sidewalk, get down on their hands and knees and bow to their "austere club sisters." When they went to the postoffice after their mail, they were jerked away from their boxes and reminded that there was to be "no mail for them that day." Those five letters would have to wait until tomorrow. Oh!!! The pledges ate with their fingers (when they ate at all). Thus the day passed—the new girls working and obediently performing their orders and the old girls laughing at their miseries—the same they had gone through the year before. Don't worry, though, pledges, your turn will come next year.

Mock initiation, in the form of crazy houses, was at 3:15. The new girls were given an opportunity to show their talent in making up poetry, singing the laundry list, and dancing.

At last all was over. Formal initiation was held on Saturday night and although the ceremonies are secret from the exclamations of the girls, we feel that they were all beautiful ceremonies. Anyway, every girl is now a member of some club and everybody seems extremely satisfied.



Ask Scouee about the track-meet to the end of the line, and see her blush.

Got your cantilevers yet?

So have we!

And the high cost of cantilevers is going to impress some of our fond parents.

Fresh: Was George Washington honest?

Soph: I don't know, they always close the banks on his birthday.

The young man led for a heart. The maid for a diamond played, The old man came down with a club, And the sexton used a spade.

"At your service," said the burglar as he jimmed the family sideboard.

DR. VINCENT'S LECTURES

To the girls who were here last year the return of Dr. Leon Vincent, the noted lecturer, to Ward-Belmont to deliver a series of five lectures, was a very welcome event. To the new girls it was an opportunity to become acquainted with this splendid speaker and his intensely interesting talks. Each year Dr. Vincent has come to us with his inspiring message creating among us a greater appreciation of the great authors in English literature and their best works.

In the intimate manner of presenting the characters Dr. Vincent seems to present them as living men and women with whom we can become personally acquainted. His subject never becomes tiresome because of his subtle humor and the striking anecdotes which always "bring home" the point of his thought and keep his audience eager and interested.

On Tuesday morning at 11:30 Dr. Vincent presented a graphic picture of Thackeray which, in the opinion of many, was the best in this series. He made clear to us the unusual personality of this writer, his marked ability, and his great contribution to literature.

At 10:30 on Wednesday, Dr. Vincent talked about George Eliot, that cultured woman, from her precious childhood until she was a fully developed woman making a success of her chosen work, and being sought for by the greatest literary men of the time.

One of the most intimate studies was that of Charles Dickens. We were reminded of his optimistic character, his brilliant style, and his comic, original characters in which he is unequalled, and of his great popularity. On Friday, Dr. Vincent pictured to us another of the giants of English

literature, Thomas Carlyle. We feel that we are now better acquainted with this remarkable man whose extraordinary style was so startling at the time of his first publication and still remains unique of its kind. Carlyle's place in literature rests on his three great historical books. Of Mrs. Carlyle, as a very intellectual woman and a great help and inspiration to her husband, Dr. Vincent gave a vivid picture.

In his last lecture, Dr. Vincent presented one of the most realistic and interesting writers of English literature, Jane Austen, whose writings were never sensational but never dull, who saw the world as it was and pictured it that way.

By pointing out the wealth of pleasure and benefit which might be gained from becoming better acquainted with these classic writers and their works, Dr. Vincent left us with a desire to read the really good literature of our language.

WHAT ANATOMY IS

A little negro school-girl, down in Florida, in answer to this question wrote the following:

"Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts, the haid, the cheist, and the stummick. The haid holds the skull and the brains, if they is any, the cheist holds the liver and the lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o, and u and sometimes w and y." —Ex.

INITIATION DAY ON THE CAMPUS

Last Friday, we wandered out on the campus to watch the process of initiation, when someone took us by the arm and invited us to come over and see the wild gold fish. We would naturally have been startled on any other day, but the speaker turned out to be a little Anti-Pan pledge.

Two agora neophytes guarded the academic steps with broomsticks as "present arms." The Tri K's seemed to palm their pledges like magicians, for they disappeared off the can us right after the sixth period and were not seen until dinner.

A group of F F pledges went past in high speed but at a spoken command, shifted, and "proceeded in reverse."

Just then the Osiron Omnibus came past with flying colors, passed the curve of the drive at breakneck speed, and crashed into the curbing. Miss Kersler sustained slight injuries from which she will no doubt recover. No neophytes were reported hurt.

The new Penta Taus enjoyed a lesson in "handle with care" — they played ball with eggs.

When last seen the A. K's were lasseowing their pledges, and the Del Vers were hopping around the campus.

It was growing late by this time and we were wondering what time it was when a T. C. C. came up and cuckooed five times. When we went in to dress for dinner, the X L's were rolling downhill, and "fag day" was almost over.

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ATHLETIC NEWS

Curiosity stirred the entire student body last week. What with the mysterious smiles and understanding looks exchanged by the officers of the Athletic Association, the curious girls were being slowly driven to desperation. What, we asked each other, was the least bit funny about one new girl's saying to another, "Panthers forever!" and the other's responding, "I could never be anything but a Regular!"

Finally the great secret was revealed. An athletic meeting of the entire student body was announced at dinner. Dessert was forgotten and we all ran for the front rows in Chapel. Imagine our surprise when old and new girls were separated! Then Miss Sisson laid the new plan before us. For several years the athletic clubs have been too large to be easily managed. The individual's chance to be a member of even one team has been strictly limited, because often when there was only one place to be filled there would be four equally capable, eligible girls to choose from. These difficulties existed while the two club organization were in effect; now the new plan is to have four clubs; the old Panthers, old Regulars, new Panthers, and new Regulars, the last two to be made up of new girls only.

The two new clubs had to be organized, so the old girls were dismissed and the new girls went to work in earnest. The result of the meeting was the election of a captain for each team, and the appointing of two committees to decide on the names and colors.

The captain elected by the new Regulars was Martha Coleman; and the name decided upon for the club, "the Olympians." Its colors are Yale blue and white.

Athleen Dickey was elected captain of the new Panthers, and she appointed Martha Williamson, Hallie St. May and June Robinson to choose a name and the colors. The name chosen was "Athenians" and the colors are green and white.

Every one is eager for the games to begin, and to see which team will overcome its three rivals. The glory, the spirit, the individual's chance of making a team, all are doubled, while the troubles are halved. So who can say it is not a good plan?

"MEETIN'S"

The day you "signed up" for the Y. W. you wrote down the committee on which you thought you should like to serve. Now you're wondering how it happens you haven't been put to work. There will not be much work individually, but every other Monday morning from eight to eight-thirty there will be the committee meetings. The places will be decided upon soon and each member will receive her slip of notification about the location.

The first part of each meeting will be a discussion and general talk about fundamentals of Christianity. The last half will be used in parceling out the work, there will not be very much.

Dr. Pugh will speak Sunday evening at Vespers. Don't miss this!

X-L'S INITIATION

Ouch! Oooo it's cold! Help! Not so high! I can't! Please! Oh! such were the exclamations that rose from the depths of the gym from 3:30 to 4:30 Friday afternoon. Upon investigation it proved to be only the mock initiation of the X.L's. Each new X.L. entered into her new life singularly blindfolded, and with a grand, big slide. Even a slide has an end and having arrived at the end, the subject somewhat unnerved and shaken proceeded through a series of mystic and terrifying experiences. Plain and fancy dives into an imaginary pool entertained the spectators. A leap from an aeroplane at an unlimited height resulted usually disastrously to both pilot and his rider. Somersaults backward and forward excelled even Penrod's famous accomplishments. Having survived all these pranks, the pledge found herself in a very humble state of mind and body before her sister X.L.s and sponsor.

Refreshments of apples, gincey snaps and lolly-pops were served and the new X.L.s emerged at the end of one hour looking very normal and happy and no worse for the wear.

LETTER FROM
LAST YEAR'S
HYPHEN EDITOR

Columbia, Mo.
Oct. 11, 1921.

Dear Miss Mills:—

I'm sure you won't mind if I take a moment of your time to tell you of our little "Ward-Belmont Colony" here at Missouri University. We have quite an interesting little club; the president is Farley Bertram and the Secretary-Treasurer Alice Marshall. The Long sisters are here, and the Nelsons, Ellen Polk, Margaret Neville, Catherine Moore, Frances Kenny, Julia Price, Lelia and Nancy, Louise Gilmer—in fact it seems just like old times to see my old W. B. "sisters."

I have been quite interested in the progress of our Alumnae Association. I sent in an application for membership, for I feel that I must never lose touch with my Alma Mater, whom I hope to see next June, if not before.

I am sure you enjoyed your splendid trip this summer, and I am wishing every "good wish" for a happy year for everyone at W. B.

Sincerely,

Margaret Garnér.

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OUR SUITE

Here's to the suite where I live,
It's a jolly one you'll agree
If you'll visit with me.
They are all old girls in this suite,
They're as lively as lively can be,
Just come and see.
It makes no difference what you are,
We all like a different club,
And there's no rub.
So if you feel blue,
And want to smile for a while,
Just meet my suite—you'll smile.
Now I hope you can say this some
day,
And you can if you'll do your best,
Your suite—they'll do the rest.

UNDER-GRAD
REPRESENTATIVE

There has been a suggestion made
by Miss Skurlock that there be a Y.
W. under-graduate representative this
year. This is to be a girl, not a
senior, who will be trained for Y. W.
work next year and who will repre-
sent Ward-Belmont at the Y. W. con-
ferences. She will also be at the head
of a "Freshman Commission" made up
of under-graduates who will also be
in training for Y. W. work.

A. Bergeda & Bro.

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SUNG TO THE TUNE
OF "SCHOOL DAYS"

Roommate, roommate, dear old dar-
ling roommate,
Sorrow and joys, and our feeds at
night.
Each one brought to us new delight.
You are my ideal pal and chum,
We are together in all the fun.
We room in 1, 2, 4 in Pembroke Hall.
We're roomies at W. B.

—Deb 'n Sara.

MISSOURI CLUB
ORGANIZES

The Missouri Club is fully organ-
ized and ready to "show you" some
new ideas in the way of dances and
entertainment during the year.

A masquerade dance is our number
for a week from Saturday. As the
Missouri colors are yellow and black,
the Halloween idea will be carried out.
Those who attended Missouri af-
fairs last year are prepared to expect
something unusual from the "Show
Me" girls.

The officers elected are:

Caralie Kessler, president; Virginia
Evans, vice-president; Edna Law-
rence, secretary; Mildred Goetz, treas-
urer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

"This year Sunday school is to be
organized on a very different plan.
The classes are to be arranged accord-
ing to academic classes, and the teach-
ers are to be members of the academic
departments. College girls have a
choice of subjects, but "Social Princi-
ples of Christ" is the only subject
which Seniors may select.

SMILING THROUGH

Quite a number of Ward-Belmont
girls saw "Smiling Through" (only it
wasn't smiling clear through; it was
weeping part of the time) at the Or-
pheum October 6, 7, and 8. They went
in parties of five and six with a pri-
vate chaperone and every one had a
good time. The acting was not extra-
ordinarily good but the play was a de-
lightful one, and was well worth see-
ing.

ADDITIONS TO
THE FACULTY

There have been several changes
in the Faculty members of Ward-
Belmont this year. Several of last
year's teachers were not able to re-
turn for various reasons; we were
very sorry to lose our former
teachers, but we give all the new
members of the faculty, a most
heartily welcome to our school.

The new teachers who have come
to us this year are Mr. Mead, musi-
cal science; Mrs. Geo. W. Nuckals,
hostess of Leftwich; Mrs. Abernathy,
hostess of New West Side; Miss Scur-
lock, our W. C. A. secretary;
Mrs. Bryan, who has charge of the
book room; Mrs. Davis, the new
chaperone; Madame Bluzat, who
teaches French, and Mrs. John Mur-
kins, the practice supervisor.

To them all we pledge our support.

M. C. Jensen

J. H. Jack

C. N. Rolfe

W. W. Bane

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Just like you do in your "home-town."
We all love to wait on you.
Mr. Hitt (right at the front door)
Will do anything you want done.
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We want you.



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THE CHARMFUL CHERUB

With weary steps my
feet do lag
A dozen beds I've made
The statues know me
—all the school

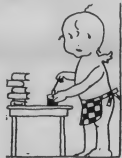
Will testify

I was a fool

I was

a

jag



NEWS FROM FORMER STUDENTS

Interesting news comes to Heron Hall of one of its 1920-21 proctors, Myrtle Ridgeway of Menard, Texas. In her home county, no one could be found who would teach the county school. She would, and did. She is teaching with great success, has an interesting body of pupils, with whom she is doing an earnest and painstaking work from which greater things will follow. She was a High School certificate winner last year at Ward-Belmont.

Sara Middleton, pleasantly remembered as a High School graduate at Ward-Belmont last June, is studying now in Putnam Hall, the prep. school for Vassar.

Mrs. Harry Fulcher Comer (Jennie Davy White of Mason, Tex.) is located this winter at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, N. C., where her husband is the Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the University. As Jennie White she was one of Ward-Belmont's most useful and popular students. She served as one of the first Presidents of the Student Council and was active in the work of the Y. W. C. A. and of the Tri K Club. Her husband, who is a Vanderbilt man, was associated with the local branch of the Y. work at the time of their marriage last Spring.

Miss Ruby Rives, graduate of the School of Expression, whose reading of "Madame Butterfly" before the students on Monday evening was one of the most artistic and beautiful pieces of dramatic work ever heard at Ward Belmont, has already been so successful in her work that she has eight engagements for readings, ranging from Texas through four Southern states. She has already read, and is to appear in several of Tennessee's larger cities. Miss Rives has studied for four years with Miss Townsend.

Mrs. Donna Baird Beasley, who was a student at Belmont College, and had a position two years ago at Ward-Belmont; has successfully entered the business world, and is at the head of the newly opened department of engraving, stationery, etc., at the Stief Jewelry Company in Nashville. She is a daughter of Mr. W. B. Baird, and the Stief Company is to be congratulated on her association with the firm.

Among the music pupils there are a number who are successfully teaching or filling choir positions.

Carrie Watson of Huron, Nebraska, who was a certificate pupil of 1920, is teaching in the Hitchcock, Nebraska, High School.

Mary Ellen Scott, certificate pupil of 1920, was teaching at her home in Yowell, Texas, when she was called to teach piano in the Honeygrove High School, and is there now.

Fatime Dowdle of Graham, Texas, a member of last year's student body, and a certificate pupil of 1921, is teaching piano in her home city, Graham, Texas.

Hattie Paschall of this city is filling a responsible position teaching in the Tennessee School for the Blind.

The choir of the Vine Street Christian Church of Nashville is almost made up of Signor De Luca's voice pupils, three of its members, Mrs. Mary Rudisill, Miss Kathryn Kirkham and Mr. Clifford Woods, having been trained by him; and another of his class, Mr. Thomas Fletcher of Jackson, is tenor in the First Presbyterian Church choir. Miss Aleda Waggoner, whose lovely high lyric soprano was trained by Signor De Luca is now the Head of the Voice Department in Athens College, Ala.

Miss Lorna L. Macgillivray, who has been teaching harp with great success, recently received a very advantageous offer from Mr. A. D. Jordan, founder and director of the Musical Art Institute in London, Canada, to become Head of the Harp Department of that institution. Miss Macgillivray's home is in Canada, and since leaving Ward-Belmont over a year ago, she has given much time to concert work.

WANTED

I've waited for an inspiration

In fact I've waited too long

For once I had an idea

And now, even it is gone.

I've thought of the birds and the trees

Of the campus we all love so dear;

But I've written before of their splendor,

So why go over it here?

But now to get to my subject

Without any further delay.

The Hyphen needs some material.

Please hand it all in by Tuesday.

If you are a poet we want you

To write us a few lines each week.

If you are a clever writer,

It is you alone that we seek.

TWELVE INCHES

The monitors all glare at me,
And scowl in deep disgust
Because my skirts most show the knee,
Like all the rest of us.

"Twelve inches" is their battle cry,
"You must not make it more,"
And so I rip my skirts and sigh,
"Twelve inches from the floor."

The modern girl sits up and begs,
Gets on her knees and squeals.
"The 'mons' must know we go on legs,
And not on wooden wheels."

The monitor upon us steals,
To see, or not to see,
Our dainty Cantilever heels,
Or, just above the knee.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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NUMBER 4

A "SOLEFUL" COMPLAINT

"Every day, three times a day, morning, noon, and night, I am dragged, deliberately and forcefully into the canteen," complained the Socket-Fit to the cantilever. "I am scarcely inside the door until I am started into violent motions, first forward and then backward, short little steps. I thought at first, it was a fast waltz, but no waltz ever aspired to such velocity of speed. I have already lost my bright new gloss. I'm skinned and scratched. I've been stepped on and walked on, my soles are fast wearing out, and although yet young. My trim shape is surely disappearing and I'm becoming old and wrinkled. This new form of torture for our poor "soles" is called the "shuffle". Our fore-runners have undergone the cake-walk, waltz, tango, grape-vine, toddle and camel-walk, but nothing could be worse than the latest shuffle" so complains the Socket-Fit.

SENIOR OFFICERS

The Hyphen has never published the Senior officers, so lest anyone be in ignorance of who they are, at this late hour we will give them.

We think the class of '22 is the best Senior Class-Ward-Belmont has ever had, there are 60 of us and the class is in every way representative of the student body and of the school. Miss Mills is the Senior sponsor; Louise Bell, President; Wilma Lyon, first vice-president; Elizabeth Liggett, second vice-president; Inez Adrean, secretary; Edith Frye, treasurer; and Winnie Mack French, Sergeant-at-Arms.

EPISCOPAL TEA

Any occasion without uniforms or Specials could not give pleasure and when that occasion is a tea given for St. Elizabeth's Guild of Christ church it is more than a pleasure, it is a joy.

Monday afternoon at 3:30 we were received cordially at the church and made to feel perfectly at ease. Before we knew that there was any tea it was broken and we found ourselves talking to the town girls as if we had known them all our lives. At about four we were served and the food was worthy of the occasion. Tea, sandwiches, candy and nuts were served until we felt as though we were at a party in somebody's room, only the supply was without limit. Then best of all about four thirty the Vanderbilt quartette entertained us with three or four selections.

Examination is the absence of things hoped for and substance of things forgotten.—High Life.

THE TENNESSEE CLUB ENJOYS WOODY CREST

Last Saturday evening an enthusiastic group of happy T. Cs chartered by their sponsor, Miss Katherine Kirham and their Big Sister, Miss Edna Nellums broke the stillness, romanticism, and quiet hospitality of dear old Woody Crest with their shouts and laughter. Lights flashed on all over the house as the wildly delighted new members darted everywhere exclaiming over the perfectness of it. A huge log-fire was started down stairs and a group of girls gathered round to roast marshmallows, tell ghost stories, and read Another group indulged in exciting games of auction bridge and still another light-hearted crowd "tread the light fantastic," in their eagerness to master the latest steps, as advanced at Ward-Belmont. Later after a heated debate upon the question "Resolved that Mary Ellen shall bob her hair," the party adjourned to much needed slumber.

Early Sunday morning exploring parties set forth and were not content until they had seen every thing and had taken snaps of themselves in various interesting places and poses. Soon after breakfast they were together in the living room where a short devotional program was held. After the singing the question of the T. C. attitude toward the Ward-Belmont Y. W. C. A. was discussed. The girls who go in with the idea of giving as well as getting.

The day was lovely and warm and early in the afternoon girls were out on the lawn with pillows, blankets, and the little "Vic," reading, writing and chatting. In one group of new members there was an air of secrecy. They were planning the "stunt" for the evening.

After late tea this group retired to their dressing room to prepare for

the evening performance. About 9 o'clock the girls were called from all over the house by the melodious strains of Lohengrin's wedding march. They assembled in the back part of the reception room where the stairway and improvised altar were decked with brilliant autumn leaves for the occasion. Finally the wedding party ascended in all their glory of blackness! Yes, it was a "nigger wedding." First came the flower girls with their coal scuttles full of leaves and their flying pig-tails, then the bride (a master piece in white with a huge red bouquet, red slippers and a pink head-dress!) followed on the arm of her decrepit, gray-haired father, after them came the walling brides maid. At the altar they met the preacher and the groom who was dressed elaborately in white with a brilliant blue tie. The ceremony which was punctuated by the dropping of the flower baskets (alias coal scuttles) and the sniffs and sobs of the party sent the audience into peals of laughter. Fortune telling, roasting marshmallows and popping corn completed the evening fun.

The next morning there were exclamations of "O, don't you wish it were just beginning!" "What a glorious time" and "the most perfect spot in the world for a house party," as the girls reluctantly packed their grips. The school cars soon arrived and bore them away from their "haven of rest." The girls all declared "It's the very best time we've had at Ward-Belmont!"

Miss Margaret Wills, a visiting T. C., was the guest of the club for the week end and Miss Sally Beth More joined the party on Sunday.

Miss Ross: "Leola, why were you late?"

Leola, (indignantly): "Class started before I got here!"

VANDERBILT DEFEATS TEXAS U.

Saturday night Vandy "painted the town red" in wild exultation over the victory with Texas U. The game took place in Dallas, and the score was 20 to 0. Vanderbilt had not expected victory, for Texas has a mighty good team this year, so they were more than overjoyed at the unexpected outcome of the game. Traffic was temporarily stopped on Church Street as the parade headed by the Vanderbilt band, marched up and down. The delegation made a brief visit to Ward-Belmont but meeting with a cool reception, advanced onward to more congenial surroundings.

DEL VERS WEEKLY CLUB NOTES

Wednesday evening the Del Vers had a business meeting to elect officers to fill the vacancies and to elect the chairmen of the committees.

The following officers were elected: Vice-President—Isabel Enderlin Hyphen Reporter—Lenore Fitzsimmons.

The chairmen of the various committees were: Entertainment Committee—Dorothy Richardson.

Refreshment Committee—Margaret Weber.

Committee to Draft New Constitution—Marjory Lewis.

NEW HYPHEN STAFF MEMBERS

The Hyphen wishes to introduce two additions to its Staff, Edith Frye and Vera Melsheimer, who have been appointed reporters this last week.

Edith is an old girl and it may be a surprise to everybody to know that she can write in addition to her other many accomplishments. But just wait and see; she surely can! She's an all around girl, and she puts the same pep into her writing that she does in everything else.

It is unusual for a new girl to be chosen for the Staff the first half of the year, but Vera has shown such marked ability, that we feel that we are in luck getting her to work from the very first. She was Assistant Editor of her high school paper in St. Louis, and you ought to read her poetry!

Being Hyphen reporter is no easy job, but these girls are going to help make the 1921-22 Hyphen had a "live-er" and peppier paper.

MORE WEDDING BELLS

Announcements have been received telling of the marriage of Ethel Caster to Mr. Edward F. Walsh, Jr., on October 17, at Bartlesville, Oklahoma. They will be at home after the first of December at the Teach Apartments in Bartlesville.

Old girls will remember that Ethel was one of the popular South Front girls last year.

Another wedding of interest to Ward-Belmont was that of Rachel Renn to Mr. R. J. Rothrock, in August, taking place at Wellington, Kansas. No wonder Rachel got roses every Sunday last year!

Mr. and Mrs. Rothrock have made their home in Craig, Colorado, and Rachels many friends here wish her a world of happiness, for everybody loved Rachell Renn.

SENIOR PINS

No one could fail to notice that the chest expansion of the Seniors has increased at least six inches. This is due to the fact that the Senior pins have arrived, and are being proudly worn by the dignified Seniors. The beauty of the pin is unquestionable. The pearl set W. on the background of a gold B. is connected by a chain to the guard, 22—the eventful date of graduation. One might say, "What are Senior days without the Senior pin?"

OWL

You tell 'em, Class Day! we all wore white for you.



VASSAR AND WARD-BELMONT

The following article is taken from a speech by Henry N. MacCracken, president of Vassar College. We do not feel however, that the Vassar student has anything on our Ward-Belmont girls when it comes to being democratic.

"Naturally, I may be prejudiced," says Dr. MacCracken, "but it is my honest opinion that the college girl is to day—at least the Vassar girl—is democracy personified."

"For one thing, the whole atmosphere of the Vassar campus tends to stamp out any feeling of snobbishness or exclusiveness that may creep up."

"Vassar has no societies. No student is allowed to have an automobile or a saddle horse of her own. No entertainment is permitted on the campus to which an admission fee is charged. All rooms in the dormitories are the same price."

If you were to visit the grounds you could not tell the difference in dress between the daughter of a millionaire and the girl who is putting herself through college by her own efforts.

Jewelry, for instance, is in bad taste on our campus, "he continued to say." Bizarre fashions are seldom even attempted, for public opinion against extreme styles is so strong that the girl who tries them soon discovers her mistake.

"The girl who receives the approval of her classmates is the one who preserves a happy medium between the elaborate overdressing which prevails in some colleges and the careless, soiled sweater type."

THE KAMPUS KICK

Have you ever thought about it, girls, that try "turn about's fair play" we might kick against the kickers in school? We all know how inviting it is to hear girls making unreasonable and thoughtless criticism of anything and everything. Let us "count our many blessings," girls, and overlook some of the little unpleasant things which may be for our own good if we only realized it.

Who can possibly kick about our meals? That is a department of which our school may be justly proud.

And our academic courses? They rank with those of highest standard. Our faculty? How carefully it is selected to suit every requirement of a school of this high grade.

Our buildings? They are modern, roomy, and attractive. How much we should appreciate the honor of having private school cars for pleasure rides, a well-kept, spacious campus, and a country club whose charms we all know! Kick? why, it seems entirely out of place when we think of all the good things we have.

HOW TO KEEP WELL.

One of the greatest reasons for illness among students is lack of exercise. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

The distance between academic and the post-office affords good exercise if repeated often enough each day. The

opportunity afforded by the walking limits should be used by those not inclined toward athletics.

Eat plenty of fruit. Instead of buying those Hersheys and Sundae's, which are, oh so fattening. Buy fruit. Just try it for a while and see how much better you feel.

Get plenty of sleep. Don't attend mid-night feasts. They make you feel very ill the next day. Don't keep the monitors up by staying up yourself. You are keeping not only them and yourself up but the girl below you, who hears you run into a chair and believes you are changing the furniture as you pull your bed around, open and shut drawers in a blind search for those curlers. Why not go to bed where you are supposed to? Sleep late on Sunday morning that is, as late as you care. It's very good for one.

Above all don't worry. Worry is humanity's worst enemy. If you owe your roomie, you can see the fallacy of having too people worry over one bill. If you haven't got your lessons why worry about it and why worry your friends about it? They've got all they can do without worrying over your troubles. And finally be optimistic "make believe that your glad when you are sorry."

SOUTH FRONT GIRLS GUESTS AT PARTY

Indeed the eleven South Front girls felt that they were "the chosen few" last Tuesday evening while enjoying Miss Mills' hospitality in the manner of an informal dinner party at Woody-Crest.

At 5 o'clock the girls with Miss Mills, Mrs. Hail and Miss Blackwell departed in the school-cars for Woody-Crest, where a brilliantly lighted house and a roaring fire in the hall greeted them.

At 5:30, tea tables laden with trays of cheese sandwiches, chicken salad, pickles, beaten-biscuits and cups of hot chocolate were drawn up before the fire and, it is needless to say, that no one had to be urged to partake of the tempting delicacies. When everyone had done justice to this course, pineapple mousse and wafers were served while Miss Blackwell attempted to persuade Miss Mills to give her the recipe for her delicious beaten biscuits.

Conversation of a most entertaining and humorous nature was responsible for the flight of time until 7 o'clock when the guests became conscious of the fact that it was time to return to school. Then the old southern mansion was heard to echo with this statement from eleven voices: "Why I wouldn't room anywhere else in Ward-Belmont but in South Front."

ORCHESTRA PRACTICE

Orchestra practice has begun again this year, in the chapel once a week. Mr. Rose is a splendid director, and we are looking forward to the first concert with keen anticipation. The girls from last year will remember what wonderful work the orchestra has done before, and they know how much it means to the school.

DEFENDING THIRD FLOOR FOUNDERS

Several girls on this popular floor have expressed a desire that certain rumors and reports about third floor Founders which are all over school, might be corrected. The columns of the school paper seem a fit place for such a wish to be made known. This is what they say:

"Since school started it has been rumored all around that our floor is, the least orderly, and the most mischievous in school. It comes to us from all sides. We want to say that nowhere in school is there a body of girls who are more congenial, who have a finer school spirit and loyalty W. B. with but very few exceptions are old girls, and we all know how to behave. Of course, we are not perfect—no group of school girls could be, but so far, this year our record in deportment has been good and not one of our girls has appeared before Student Council. We owe more than we realize to the influence of our beloved hostess, Mrs. Rose, who stands as our ideal of a Perfect Woman."

Third floor Founders has a small number of girls in comparison with other halls as there are only thirty of us. We are proud that even among this number there are the following school honors. Presidents of the Osiron and F. F. social clubs; presidents of Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Ohio, Mississippi, and Eastern state clubs; President, and vice-president of college special class; the proctor; secretary of student council; captain of the Panther team; captain of the tennis team; vice-president of Tri-K's; treasurers of Osiron and F. F. Clubs; also Editor of Hyphen. and many minor offices."

AROUND THE CAMPUS BEFORE RISING BELL

We stole softly down the steps and out on the campus for a look around, before the rising bell. The great school was lying asleep under the early morning sun. The hockey field was sparkling with a light dusting of frost. The nets on the tennis courts sagged lonesomely. A ram-shod cart drawn by a dilapidated little mule came past. Over in Pembroke an alarm tinkled for an instant and was suddenly silenced. It was getting very lonesome and still, when suddenly the power house burst into action, and clouds of steam were thrown into the air. From the kitchen came the faint smell of bacon frying. A waiter sprinted down the walk on a hurry call.

Suddenly, the quiet was broken by

the commanding and sonorous clanging of the Big Bell. This was echoed a moment later by the electric buzz from Pembroke, and then from Heron. Windows were pulled down, and Ward-Belmont began to stir. The school was awake and ready for a new day.

Who's Who in America? That's easy—there are forty of fifty million of him.

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Lunch

Dinner

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THE INQUIRING REPORTER

(A certain reporter goes each week to the different buildings on the campus and asks one question of several different girls. This question is of general interest to the school and should be a means of permitting the voice of the student body to speak through the weekly paper published by the students.)

Question: "Do you think Ward-Belmont should have parties and dances to which the girls could invite men?" Where asked: Fidelity Hall.

Answers:

1. Evelyn E.—"I wouldn't care much about it as I don't know anybody in Nashville. It really doesn't make any difference to me whether or not they had that kind of a dance. I wouldn't go because I don't know any men."

2. Happy R.—"should say so! There are so many nice colleges which do have dances, and I wish we could. Just the seniors anyway. We ought to have one about a month at least."

3. Stella K.—"Yes I think we should have them—at least one big one a year. We could have boys that the girls know. It would give us something to look forward to. I suppose the preps wouldn't be allowed to have them, but certainly girls of college age ought to know how to act."

4. Winnie Mae C.—"If they would do right and dance properly it would be all right. I don't think it would add anything to the school. The fact that we don't have such dances is not a disappointment because the girls do not expect any when they come."

5. Agnes T.—"I am not in favor of it. I wouldn't wonder if I wouldn't want to, for I love to dance and I think it would be awfully nice. However, Ward Belmont is too large, and there is no adequate dancing room unless the dances are given by classes. Also, we couldn't get enough fellows of the right sort that the girls ought to go with. It would be very difficult for the girls who don't know men in town and so the same bunch of girls would go each time. The others would be dissatisfied."

THE WOES OF A W.B. BELLE

'Tis strange, isn't it that one of the things which a boarding school girl hates most is one of the very things she most desires to be? A bell (belle)! Did you ever happen to think of the humor of it all? Here is a Ward-Belmont girl at school, who is roused from her happy dreams of wedding bells by the rising bell. And Oh! the cruelty of it all! Just as the tall blond man begins to place the ring upon her finger, she hears the soft chiming of the wedding bells. Suddenly, it comes to her that these bells are rather harsh and penetrating and no wonder—she has awakened to the fact that it is not bells for a wedding but that old familiar bell which says "Get up". 'Tis the rising bell, to be sure. She turns over and tries to continue that blissful dream

but to no avail. The man doesn't even get the ring on her finger before another order of "breakfast served, breakfast served" is given by that same old bell in the tower. With a leap out of bed, she dashes for her clothes, gives her hair a brush or two, runs all the way to the dining room and arrives there all out of breath, only to find that the little bell which is for the blessing had been tapped and she must sign up in a little book—tardy.

After breakfast the bell is to be made, the room straightened, and all of the French sentences for first period to be prepared. Before she even starts on her sentences, that chapel bell rings. "No studying may be done in chapel." There is a speaker in chapel but, although she hopes and hopes that he may talk through the first period, when the bell rings, he is "reminded that he is to talk only twenty minutes." Why doesn't some body cut the rope of that old bell?

She goes to class unprepared. All period long she nervously moves about, fearing each movement she will be called on. At last the teacher looks at her and she knows it is her turn—oh! What shall she do? She just can't get another. Suddenly the bell rang for the close of the period. "That blessed bell" is what it is now and still it is the same old bell. There's such a difference in the ring you see.

Thus the days go on, the old bell ringing at all times—"Hence, we see that at times, it brings us distress. Still though, I must confess at times it brings happiness and that bell that we like best is not so hard to guess—the dinner bell.

THE UNDERTAKERS

Did you wonder if Ward-Belmont has all going out for a ride Wednesday, when you saw a line of cars extending at least three-fourths of the way around the campus? Well I am sorry you were disappointed for those cars brought men and did not intend to take you away.

The National Undertakers Convention was held in New Orleans a few days before and these men were on their way home. Nashville had to live up to its reputation and so the visiting party was highly entertained. Among courtesies for them was a tea at Ward-Belmont.

A few of the more fortunate girls who happened to be walking by Rec. Hall that afternoon were urged to see if they could find a girl, or a friend of a companion in the crowd. The afternoon was spent very pleasantly.

A small program was arranged for the visitors but due to the lack of time the only part of it which was given was a solo by Miss Kathryn Kirham. The rest of the time was spent visiting the domestic science department and the kitchen.

IT REALLY HAPPENED

Marion Mulholland on observing Andy's "flat boats":
"Any are these Cantilevers or Double Sockets?"

THE CHARMFUL CHERUB

A cherub isn't always

A perfect 36

And when it comes to Physical Exams

She's really in a fix.

But if your arches are alright,

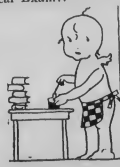
And your grip is good and tight,

And your posture is quite right,

Then who

Minds a

Physical Exam!!



HOCKEY

The Hockey season now is on. Come out before the fun is gone, Don't be afraid of a little dirt A scratch, a knock or a bump won't hurt,

For all the fun you'll have.

Your mind is mighty short somehow As down the field you stouly plow Your throat is powerfully dry, But a good stiff training you must try;

And think of the fun you'll have!

Three games each club is bound to play

Come out and practice every day There's a chance for you to make the team

You show what that is bound to mean And think of the fun you'll have!

The Thanksgiving game is on its way It's sure to be the eventful day, And the team who wins Is the one who begins And think of the fun we'll have!

FIRE DRILL

It was immediately after study hour began Tuesday night that suddenly three short rings, a pause, and three short dings of the bell were heard. It was the alarm for the first fire drill that the girls of W. B. have had this year. Every girl rushed for her windows, pulled them down, wet her towel, and with her roomie rushed down the steps and out of the building. Each hall had some definite place which they were to report. Roll was taken and the girls went to the academics building where they remained until a signal of the bell was given for them to return to their rooms.

On the whole, the order was very good—so good in fact that we feel it won't be necessary to have another fire drill for some time.

GUESS?

Who can solve this riddle?
If a W. B. girl has met
"John A. Meadors and Sons" why
Cantilever?

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

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Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent to the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

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EDITORIAL

How many of us read a daily newspaper? How many of us know anything of the great old outside of Ward-Belmont campus and the mail that sends us flocking to Middle March all hours of the day?

Answer yourself this question, then reflect how like poor Rip Van Winkle you're going to be when you get home and find out the world has actually been doing things all these months you've been away from its' busy hum.

A school is a life within itself, full busy, and broadening, but—shall we break all connection with everything else and be "sufficient unto ourselves"? Our college education will not be complete if it does not bring us to understand and appreciate more deeply the affairs and problems of our own day. And it cannot do this if we are ignorant of current events.

The Library has all the current magazines and several newspapers; one hour devoted will give such evident results that you will be encouraged to keep more in touch with the happenings of the times. You may be dreadfully busy, but it will pay you to take the time.

For what shall it profit us if we learn Medieval History by heart and get a high grade if we don't know what's happening now?

VESPERS

Did you go to Vespers last Sunday night? So did I. Yes, indeed, I think it was one of the most enjoyable and profitable half hours I have ever spent. Vespers always is interesting but it was especially so last Sunday. Aside from its regular program Rev. Prentice Pugh gave a very interesting talk and Lenora Cornwell sang "The Lord is my Light." Mr. Pugh is certainly worth going out of one's way to hear and I don't think Lenora ever sang more beautifully. Mr. Pugh didn't give a cut and dried sermon. It really wasn't a sermon at all, just a discussion. For his then he asked three questions. First, "do we represent Christianity?" Second, "what do we do to spread Christianity?" Third, "is it our ideal and purpose to be Christians?" We certainly hope to hear him again but any way,

no matter what the program, a half hour is never wasted at Vespers.

Y'S IDEAS

Sunday School has begun; and much interest has been shown already, and the work entered into with such a spirit of earnestness that we feel sure the Sunday school this year will be better and bring more results than ever before.

The course of study is as follows: Freshmen—"Life of Christ"—Teacher, Miss Blythe.

Sophomores—"Christian Living"—Miss Nellums and Miss Kirkham.

Juniors—"The World a Field for Christian Living"—Miss Sallie Beth Moore.

Junior Middle—"The History and Literature of the Hebrew People"—Miss Boyer.

College Course

Seniors Only—"Social Principles of Jesus"—Miss Norris.

Then there is an 'option between "The Way of Christ" taught by Miss Ransom and Miss Sheppe; and "Survey of Bible" a lecture course by Dr. Whitson.

NEWS FROM FORMER STUDENTS

Of interest to Ward-Belmont students of the years 1913-14, especially will be the record of Miss Chrystelle Ferguson of Homer, Louisiana. After she left Ward-Belmont she went to Arkansas University, where she was given full credit for her Ward-Belmont work, and was graduated there in two years. Since then she has traveled considerably; and during the past year, made official visits to a number of Universities and Colleges in the interest of the Chi Omega Fraternity.

One of last year's girls, remembered with great pleasure by many friends whom she left at Ward-Belmont, writes from Ames, Iowa, of her progress in that school, where she is classified as a Freshman, although she expects to progress into the Sophomore class next quarter. She has pledged as a Sigma Kappa, after a thrilling season of rushing, which she enjoyed to the utmost.

Millicent Church has pledged Alpha Gamma Delta at Illinois University; and Geneva Koehn has pledged Alpha Xi Delta there.

TALK IN CHAPEL BY DEAN NORRIS

Tuesday morning in chapel Dean Norris gave a short talk on "what our school should mean to us. 'What is a school?' was the keynote of her subject. 'It has a business side,' she said, 'but that is not all. In after years a memory of school may bring to mind the fountain, or a beautiful spot on the campus, or an individual, a school mate or an instructor, but school is more than this. The spirit of this school is, faith in girls—faith on the part of the founders and of those who have taken their places, the faculty, and faith in the school by the girls who are here.'

She spoke also of the honorable past of Ward-Belmont and the glorious future ahead of her, and she impressed us with the fact that it was our duty and our privilege, "to transmit this school, not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

MEMORIES

From Miss Norris' talk in chapel Tuesday morning, one got the thought that some girls, in looking back over their Ward-Belmont life, remember one thing while others think of different times and places. We do not doubt this point but the thought is only, can't we make those memories more pleasant.

We have been told that we have three types of girls in our school: the "stude", the frivolous and the all-around girl. As they leave us perhaps never to return, we wonder what each one remembers as her most cherished thought.

The first one, perhaps remembers the joy of searching old books for undiscovered qualities. The joy of long yet interesting talks with the professor, which other girls consider bore, and the hours spent studying nature and her gifts to humanity.

The second may remember a dance on the roof garden, a feast or a party in town. With these go an array of beautifully colored dinner frocks, plenty of good things to eat and a program will filled. If it is a party in town a good picture show, in which perhaps, Wallace Reid was the star, makes one smile and be what we sometimes term as thrilled.

But to be pleasantly bright and get to the last one of our girls we find the girl who takes in both of the classes named before and more. Athletics, the campus, the faculty and clubs all enter here as well as before.

Now don't forget, girls, what we do now will tend for better or for worse after we are gone. But saddest of all if we are not careful we shall spoil some other girls memories of life here.

Thanks, Miss Norris for the suggestions. Girls think it over.

HOCKEY PRACTICE

Not even that most treasured sleep from six-forty-five until seven-fifteen is a temptation to the Hockey Enthusiasts. They relentlessly drag themselves from bed before the rising bell in order to be ready and waiting to jump at the sound. Then comes a half hour of breathless sport before breakfast. This is not recommended to anyone who is reducing however, for no matter how many pounds you may drop out on the field the enormous appetite you have for breakfast puts them all back with interest.

But the number of these before breakfast athletes is small compared with that of those who try out for teams every afternoon after school. Then the athletic fields are one mass of blue bloomers, white middies, black stockings, white tennis shoes, and most important, hockey sticks. Not only the hockey field itself but even the old baseball diamond is pressed

into use. Even there with two games in progress and four teams playing at the same time there is another full team waiting on the side-lines.

Sometimes as many as four girls are trying out for the same position on a team. But competition only makes the spirit keener and the players more determined to do their utmost. The eager aspirants take places on the four teams are strenuous in their efforts at times that they leave the hockey field with faces flushed with any shade from pale pink to purple.

Hockey is carried from the field even to the dinner table. With resolutely smiling faces the would be athletes refuse pie, sauce, jam, a second roll, and almost anything that makes meal a pleasure instead of merely a necessary part of life. Not even the most determined reducers are as hard on themselves as these followers of Hockey. Not one of them goes farther than the fruitstand outside the tea-room. What greater test could there be? Doesn't any girl who cheerfully sacrifices the tea-room, her before breakfast nap, her afternoons, and her dessert deserve a place on her team?

THE RAVINGS OF A LIBRARY HOUND

Oh, I love the high-arched windows And the finely carved rack, And the large, comely Morris chair, On which I lean my back.

I love the thick, rich carpet On which I'm wont to tread The mahogany reading tables, On which I rest my head.

The silken covered lamp shades, That send forth a cozy glow, And the hand-painted section guides, Which all of us should know.

Oh! I love to wonder down the walk And meet my friends all there, For we can have a cozy talk— The librarian doesn't care.

The Academic Building Is such a popular place That no one wants to stay at home For the library, I just "race".

The books are so alluring, They always draw me near; I cannot bear to leave them, To me they've grown most dear.

Each night I seek a different one, Every one I want to know Because to remember titles, Such intelligence does show!

But some one always uses, The book I always need, And I can never get it, Although I mean to read.

Yet I go to the sanctuary, The one shrine I have here, The one place in Ward-Belmont, That I hold close and dear.

But please don't misunderstand me, If this isn't the library you've found My constant presence in the place Has made me a library "hound".



Everybody out for hockey!
Did you all know how to spell "Witter Byner" in those letters home We had to ask Miss Morrison how before writing this.

Our idea of a striking and snappy combination—white hose and cantilevers.

We hesitate to mention cantilevers in this column any more having spoken of them so many times before.

But really now—can you honestly forget about them, for very long it a time

Invitations have been received to a Missouri love a la Hollowe'en.

We just love these "stately" affairs, don't you?

Hip: "Did you have an awful exam, in Chem?"

Myrt.: "Yes, it was the acid test." "What kind of an instrument is that?"

"Shoe horn."

"What does it play?"

"Foot notes.—Ex.

WHERE'S THE ASPERIN?

First Freshman with cold: "What cad I do for my code?"

Second Freshman with cold: "Take 'kedy dis asferd dood. It'll do id good."

First Freshman with cold: "What does id taste like?"

Teacher: "What is your name, little boy?"

First little boy: "Jule."

Teacher: "Don't say 'Jule,' say 'Julius!' What is your name, sonny?"

Second little boy: "Billious!"

AS OTHERS SEE US

(From The Vanderbilt Hustler.)

Besides the green cap and general ignorance on all subjects, another sure mark of a freshman is that he either has a girl or is trying to get one at Ward-Belmont.

Also he thinks that every girl in the aforementioned school is beautiful.

While on the subject it might be remarked that the authorities can't make a manless Eden of it altogether. The parlor snake will get in for dates.

A husband, having offended his wife, came home on the evening of the quarrel with a package under his arm.

"Darling," he said, "I've got something here for the person I love best in all the world."

She came forward with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Humph! What is it?" she asked. "A box of cigars?"

A "FIRST" DATE

Having one's first date at Ward-Belmont is quite unlike any other experience in one's life. I shall always remember mine I know.

On the answer to my request had been written, "Wait in the Y. W.—room, until the porter calls you." After a half-digested dinner, and a few finishing touches at the hands of my solicitous "roomie", I entered the Y. W. room. How fortunate that it is away from the parlors for my heart was thumping so loudly, I'm sure the notes would have penetrated the walls. Sitting down at the reading table with an "Etude" before me, I awaited "William's summons." What are we going to talk about for the next two hours? My nose is shiny, I'm sure. I simply must not forget that it is improper to cross one's knees. How perfectly ridiculous. I never felt so fussed at home! A date is a date the world over. Why am I so warm? My hands are moist and cold! How perfectly uncanny! My nails should have been manicured! Oh, well, he won't notice them! I'll probably have to set on my hands anyway. If Mother saw me acting like this she'd think I was in a delirium. I haven't read a word in this magazine! I wonder if I ———, but here William's entrance with the "victim's" card interrupted my distracted thoughts.

Hastily, I walked into the drawing room. My "date" was seated and rose as I entered. "Good evening, Mr. Blank! Isn't this a pleasant day, or rather evening!" I blushed furiously at the error. How stupid! Finally during the preliminaries of conversation were over, we both became more at ease, as we saw others in the same situation. We talked of everything from boarding schools to the African colonies. Before we realized it, 9:30 had come. I breathed a sigh of relief, that the ordeal was almost over. And there had been no serious blunders. But as we were drawing the conversation to a close one by one, Peg, Jane, Mary Ann, Helen, Ruth, and Gladys marched solemnly past. Each stared at us as they walked by, but I could detect a mischievous smile on their faces. They were looking him over." Nine-thirty was past. He rose to go. We parted quickly and I made a dash for the hall. In my wild effort to catch up with the girls, I forgot the presence of a tiny step and lost my equilibrium. The rug, the hardwood floor and my face seemed to have a hard time being separated, as I sprawled out. The "dates" in the main parlor were amused! Foolishly so! Picking myself up, and mustering all my courage and dignity that remained, I rushed to my room, to enter this embarrassing episode in my diary.

ALSO A TRUE STORY

Miss Kirkham, chaperoning group in town Monday, addressing the clerk at the manicure counter: "Oh, are these the new manicure brushes?" "Oh no, Madam", responded the clerk. "Those are to clean false teeth."

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CLUBS

F. F. NOTES

The F. F.'s held their first real meeting in which their new members were present on Wednesday night in Heron Hall. It was the most important business meeting to be held before Xmas. We predicted one of the greatest years in the history of the F. F. club as the spirit is especially unified.

SOPHOMORES ORGANIZE

President—Martha Dickinson.
Vice-President—Virginia Lancaster.
Secretary and Treasurer—Chlotilda Michner.
Sergeant at Arms—Martha Ellington.

The Sophomore Class is not very large and it is not very old but it has lots of pep, and we're going to hear more about it later on this year.

**Peppy
Energetic
Noble
Talented
Ambitious**

**Thrifty
Alert
United**

The formal initiation of the Penta Tau Club which took place Saturday October 15, was very impressive. The platform in the auditorium was decorated beautifully and artistically with a huge embankment of potted plants and palms.—The Penta Tau electric sign hung in the center, at the far end of the stage and shed forth its rays in welcome to its new Penta Tau members. After the beautiful and impressive ceremony, lovely refreshments were served which consisted of a salad course and hot chocolate. I'm sure each new girl departed with a greater love in her heart for dear old Penta Tau.

The Penta Tau Club held its first regular meeting Wednesday night October 19. The meeting was called to order by the president. All the new Penta Taues were welcomed after discussing plans for the coming year, the club enjoyed dancing.

X. L. PLEDGES

Marle Arenomic, Nell Atwood, Blanch Bacon, Hermine Baldrige, Josephine Baughart, Lois Boone, Fay Boyd, Mildred Bullard, Bertha Cagle, Catherine Cain, Francis Compton, Francis Conley, Eloise Ernest, Eddie Edsall, Daisy Tomby, Marguerite Fisher, May Gibbens, Harriet Godfrey Thelma Hardman, Tora Hackenberger, Elizabeth Horn, Frances Huddleston, Rena Hyman, Elizabeth King, Virginia Lancaster, Minnie Lee McDaniel, Julia McKinney, Katherine Morton, Mozelle Parker, Helen Pearson, Mabel Pitello, Beverly Prince, Alma Richey, Jewel Stone, Helen

Waller, Margaret Wardlow, Frances Waller, Margaret Wardlow Julia Weinbrenner, Pauline Westmoreland, Josephine Willis, Peggy Kahn.

"We are the club of Tennessee Speaking of "Pep" Just wait and see"

The Tennessee club met for organization Tuesday October 25. The following officers were elected: Harriet Seagle, President; Catherine Herbert, vice President; Glyndin Seagle, Secretary; Elizabeth M. Parsons, Treasurer.

After the election of officers plans were discussed for the coming year.

NEW MEMBERS OF ACORA CLUB

Price Akin, Lyda Hudson, Maurice Arends, Capitola Bassett, Margaret Bell, Geraldine Boss, Frances Bradley, Lucile Beem, Blanche Calhoun, Lara Cox, Rondau Evans, A. Merle Fitch, Pauline Gabriel, Vasti Green, Sara Grulle, Mary Margaret Harris, Julia Houghton, Marie Laphman, Stanley Pendleton, Ida Pitchford, Dorothy Posey, Evelyn Prewitt, Henrietta Prewitt, Florence Riehart, Mary Stice, Susan Surge, Margaret Tatum, Edde Thomson, Roberta Townsend, Catherine Tubbs, Beryl Wellington, Jean Welworth, Elizabeth Woodbury, Elizabeth Yow, Marguerite Yow, Ernestine Clendenin.

OKLAHOMA CLUB ORGANIZES

Several days ago Miss Blackwell called together the Oklahoma girls in the Y. W. C. A. Room to organize the State club. Miss Katherine Smith acted as chairman and officers were elected: Maxine Day President; Helen Wallace vice President and Elizabeth Horne, secretary and treasurer.

Last Wednesday the club met for the first time since its organization to discuss Social Plans. The girls decided to wait until later in the year to give a dance but for the present to entertain themselves. They discussed enthusiastically plans for a dinner and theater party about the first of December and committees were appointed to carry out these ideas.

"SENIOR MIDDLE CLASS"

A meeting of the Senior Middle Class was held in the academic building, Friday, October 22, for the purpose of electing class officers. The

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lection was held by ballot, and the following girls were chosen:

Dorothy Smallwood, President; Coralie Kessler, Vice President; Emily Schenk, Secretary; Elizabeth Shepherd, Treasurer.

With these girls as leaders, the Senior Middle Class expects to accomplish great things. The Senior Middle class is always the largest in school, they are pace-setters, from them come the Seniors of the next year. So watch the Senior-Middle.

NEBRASKA CLUB

The first meeting of the Nebraska Club was held Wednesday evening Oct. 19, and the following officers elected:

President Wwendolyn Edee, Secretary and Hyphen Reporter; Mildred Hunt, Treasurer Lenore Fitzsimmons.

PENTA TAU PLEDGES

Geraldine French, Katherine Shell, Barbara Hoge, Esther Allen, Mary Allison, Dorothy Daugherty, Avis Thompson, Adell Smith, Bernice Siebel, Virginia Sledge, Jessie Mae Craig, Bernice Jacobson, Francis Harris.

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TEXAS CLUB

In dear Ward-Belmont we greet you, In this land of sunshine and flowers. Hoping again to meet you, In that "Lone Star State" of ours.

The Texas club had its first meeting last week in the chapel. Our representative, Miss Moseley, was with us and took charge of the meeting until the president was elected. For the responsible office the girls could have chosen no more capable or peppier president than Minnie Mae French. Edna Duncan was elected vice-president; Eddie Lou Beuford secretary and treasurer, and Katherine Shell reporter. This is the largest state club in school, and unless it is the best, the others had better watch their steps!

SENIOR MIDDLES

The Senior Middle officers have been chosen. Come on, Senior-Middles lets go. The class has chosen its officers and now all that is needed is a little cooperation on the part of each member. Don't fail to attend each meeting, don't back out when some one asks you to do a little work and above all don't talk about the class, its officers or any member of the class.

Show you have some enthusiasm and pep by being eager to help every time that you can. Get behind your class and make it the best in Ward-Belmont.

The officers; Dorothy Smallwood, Coralie Kessler, Margarite Malone, Emily Shenik and Elizabeth Shepard. In the usual order, are going to do their best. Show them what you can do.

A. K. CLUB PLEDGES

Jeannette Beaton, Francis Cleveland, Reona Freidman, Lucile Wade, Mabel Brandon, Lucile Parks, Mabel Brockhausen, Madalyn Edgington, Mary Delores Pearson, Irene Sharp, Margaret Huffman, Helen Wambaugh, Hortense Wainwright, Hallie Sterling, Elizabeth Hamilton, Miriam Lowenstein, Pearl Miller, Ruby Kaiser, Carolyn Landaner, Marion Kowin, Emory Beeve, Ruth Gledemeister, Mary McKeever, Francis Cordal, Hortense Schuman, Helen Kahns, Minetto Fowler, Nel Norvelle, Lillian Callaghan, Katherine Hitch.

THE KANSAS CLUB

The Kansas girls numbering some twenty-five or more met and elected the following officers: President, Helen Smith; Vice President, Edith Frye; Secretary and Treasurer, Betty Blakeslie; Sponsor, Anna Mae Mc Clain.

M. C. Jensen J. H. Jeck C. N. Rolfe W. W. Benz

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That wants you to feel at home here
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We want you.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.

PERSONALS

Anne Richardson spent the week end with Mrs. Pendleton and her mother.

Elizabeth Comer and Elizabeth Schnabaum were with Mrs. Comer and Helen Saturday afternoon.

Evelyn Smith, Harriett Godfrey, Catherine Morton, Julia Weinbiemer, and Mildred Kinzel were Mrs. Kinzel's guests at dinner Saturday night, Mildred spent the week end with her mother.

Annette Goddard and Ernestine Dortch went to Columbia for the week end.

Myrtle Thomas spent last week end at home.

Sara Gray Rudy was home for the week end.

Marguerite Moore spent last week end at her home in Algood, Tenn.

Elizabeth Mann and Helen Wheeler were at Mt. Pleasant for last week end.

Frances James and Martha Ellington were both at home for last week end.

Martha Bell spent the week end at her home in Springfield, Tenn.

Jean Franklin was with Mrs. Harlin last week end.

The week end. Her home is in Co. Katherine Greenlaw went home for lumbia.

Gwendolyn Hamilton was with her parents Sunday.

Edith Frye was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hooper, Sunday afternoon.

Amelia Aberdorfer was with her aunt, Mrs. Layana Sunday.

Susan Luge and Eda Thromson spent Sunday P. M. with Mrs. C. Blair.

Geraldine Bess was with her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Smith, Sunday.

Lucile Wade spent the day with her sister and Mrs. W. W. Wade, Sunday. Frances Waller was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. L. C. Glein, Sunday.

Louise Harris was in town with Mr. and Mr. E. S. Davis Sunday.

Lucile Pew was with Mrs. Chas. Cromwell, Monday afternoon.

Mary Haines was with her father Sunday and Tuesday for dinner and the evening.

Mildred King and Katherine Tubb were both with their mothers Tuesday P. M.

Mary Catherine Greenlaw, Myrtle Thomas, Martha Ellington, and Ernestine Dortch spent the week-end at their home in Columbia, Tennessee. Antoinette Godard went also as a guest of Ernestine and Lydia Magana as guest of Mrs. Fishburne at Columbia Military Academy.

Helen Wheeler, and Elizabeth Mann as her guest, spent the week-end at Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee.

Mrs. W. B. Greenlaw, of Columbia, spent three days with her daughter, Catherine.

Saturday evening Miss Clements chaperoned the girls at her table down town to dinner at the Satsuma and to a movie. Miss Clements is an ideal chaperone and everybody had a wonderful time. Those who went were Agnes Tramel, Hortense Rey-

nolds, Elizabeth Woodbury, Florine Ashcroft, Alma Richie, Josephine Frenzer, and Miss Clements.

Mrs. McComb had dinner Monday night with Mildred and her mother, Mrs. Kenzel, of Wisconsin, Mrs. Kenzel spent the week-end with Mildred.

THOSE LAST SIX MINUTES

Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Now clangs the bell.

And surely it is hard to tell Just where those stockings did go Or what become of that left shoe.

Did "roomie" take my new hair net Oh what a terrible time to get A torn nail on my trembling hand!

Such fate I cannot understand. "Shall I put on my organdie?"

"Turn clear around and let me see." "Yes it hangs just at the right"

"I'm hurrying with all my might!" At last I'm ready and I tear

Along the hall way, down the stair Into this dining room I pace,

And get there just in time for grace!

THE ARKANSAS CLUB

The Arkansas Club is sure that it is quality that counts not quantity. Although, only nine in number, they are organized with Mabel Brandon, President; Elizabeth Snabaum, Vice President; Mildred Blackburn, Secretary and Treasurer. This club with their sponsor Miss Levell saw "The Affairs of Anatol," and had refreshments at Mocker's Monday afternoon.

X. L. CLUB MEETING

The first meeting of the X. L. Club, was an informal, get acquainted meeting. The first part of the evening was devoted to business, then Louise Bell took charge, and had everybody tell who they were and where they were from, until we knew every other X. L. old and new. We were surprised to find we had 14 girls from Texas and 4 from Shreveport Louisiana, and were well represented in other states too.

The club adjourned with plans for our week-end at Woody-Crest.

NOTICE

Will all reporters of Class, State and Social Clubs hand in their reports by Tuesday night, and will they please write up every meeting? We're trying to make the Hyphen a really newsy paper, and we want it to represent every organization in school, so give us some news! Just put "Hyphen" on the envelope and put it in the home mail. Thanks!!

JUST A SUGGESTION

The world is old, yet likes to laugh; New jokes are hard to find; A whole new editorial staff Can't tickle every mind.

So if you meet some ancient joke Decked out in modern guise, Don't frown and call the thing a fake; Just laugh—don't be too wise.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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ACADEMIC

Why is it that few of us ever write about academics? And yet, just think how much of our time is spent within the walls of the academic building. It is the center of our learning, a store-house of knowledge into which each day we enter to receive our share.

Ward-Belmont is known for its strong Conservatory of Music and in the Academic Building there is located one branch of the Conservatory, namely that of the musical science; equipped with all the necessary instruments for such courses.

The Art School is also one of the finest. Every year the work of the students in interior decorating, costume designing, poster work and free hand drawing, is exhibited.

The business course which is possible for those not interested in fine arts or straight academic work to prepare themselves for a business life.

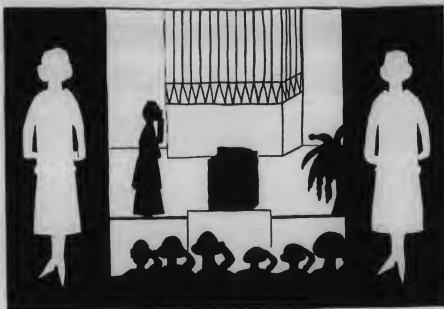
The straight academic course is under the most able and experienced teachers. The languages being taught by the native teachers. The sciences equipped with excellent experiment laboratories.

The Physical Education department is one of the best to be found. A well equipped gymnasium, natatorium and athletic field arranged for tennis, basketball, baseball, hockey, and archery are used not only by the physical education department, but by the entire school.

Ward-Belmont has a new and very able member of the faculty, Mrs. A. G. Bowen, who is teaching part time to relieve the congestion of classes, (Continued on page 4.)

THE KAMPUS KICK

"Oh, isn't she just adorable; oh, she is perfectly darling; why, it's just precious! Aren't they gorgeous, oh simply marvelous!"—and so on, rave the gushers about everything under the sun. Girls, fact is it really sickening to hear these same worn-out, stale, and usually inappropriate phrases repeated hundreds of times a day and applied to anything from a visiting lecturer or a fruit salad for lunch to a piece of sentimental music or a full moon. The gushers seem to have developed tones of voice like melted honey or sticky molasses. There is nothing sincere, vigorous, or forceful in their speech. This week devoted to the improvement of the American language is an especially good time to try to guard against such extravagant expressions. All of us, it seems, are inclined to exaggerate, but we should be very careful to speak simply and accurately, and we shall find after all that it is much more expressive.



Our Salute to Gen. Pershing Was Called "Perfect." No Wonder! Behold the Rehearsal!

GENERAL PERSHING VISITS WARD-BELMONT

All last week there was a great deal of excitement at W.B. It seemed as though preparations were being made for some unusual event. By Saturday morning, anyone could see that certainly something unusual was going to take place. The colors of our American flag were flying in front of the buildings, on the campus, and from the old belfry. At eight A.M. the walk between the academic and the main building was bordered on either side, by the students of Ward-Belmont, grouped according to classes, and every one in pure white. On the steps of the main entrance stood the faculty. Suddenly somebody cried, "He's here!" and everyone, after a quick, joyous glance in the direction of the driveway entrance, came to attention. Cars entered the drive and stopped at the Academic building. A tall soldierly gentleman, khaki-clad, and bronzed, stepped out and started up the walk with Dr. Blanton. It was the commander of the American armies, General Pershing, and with him were about thirty of his officers who were also in uniform.

They had come to Nashville for the celebration of the reunion of the Thirtieth Division of the army. General Pershing was in Nashville for only a day and was the guest of Ward-Belmont at breakfast.

The girls had heard so much about General Pershing and their expectations were great. In no way were they disappointed. As one girl said, "He looked just like his picture; just as fine and brave and strong as we could wish for."

And his officers passed between the endless number of girls, they received a salute which they returned. It was, indeed, a very enthusiastic group of young ladies, and

it was only with great difficulty that they were able to check themselves from shouting with joy and keep their "dignity." After passing the entire line of girls, the general greeted the faculty and then went inside the building.

The W.B. students formed four abreast and marched into the dining room, which was decorated simply but very effectively with its red, white and blue streamers suspended from each light and baskets of gorgeous chrysanthemums, tied with the patriotic colors, on the guests' table. Each girl remained standing at her place in the dining room until General Pershing and his staff and the local committee entered with Dr. Blanton; then, after the chanting of the blessing, all were seated.

A program was carried out during the meal. Two songs, written by some of W.B.'s students to the old tunes of the war songs, were sung. The first was to the tune of "Good morning Mr. Zip Zip Zip" with the words changed to:

"Good morning Mr. Jack, Black Jack, With your officers all looking fine. We're glad to have you with us here At this, our breakfast time. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust If hard tact didn't get you, then our biscuits must."

Good morning Mr. Jack, Black Jack Are you hungry? Well its breakfast— Are you hungry,—well its breakfast— Are you hungry,—well its breakfast time."

It was a peppy song which gave the girls an opportunity to let out some of their joyousness and enthusiasm.

The second song was of a more serious nature. It was written by Vera Melsheimer, to the tune of "It's

(Continued on page 4.)

THE AGORA FOLLIES

The entire school is indebted to the Agora Club for one of the most pleasant entertainments of the year. Every year the Agoras entertain all the clubs but we know that nothing could have been more clever than the program of last Wednesday evening.

It was called "Follies of 1921," and opened on a Japanese scene. Maurine Arends, wearing a wonderful costume from Japan sang while her maids interpreted her song "Tea Leaves" in dance.

If any number could have been said to be better than any other, we believe the "Jazz Wedding" would take the prize. The wedding march as played by Miss Inez Adrian was a transcription of the theme of "Lohengrin" in a perfect jazz mold. The bridal procession jazzed down the aisles. The bride, Miss Nadine Gandler accompanied by her maids, jazzed to the altar with her father, Miss Katherine Urschel, to meet the groom Miss Antionette Goddard. Low strains of jazz were played as the minister read the ceremony in rhythmic form. Thus united, the bridal couple and attendants jazzed their way up the aisles.

School days have come and gone, but we are sure that never have any come so clever as the Agora "School Days." Who ever thought we had so many bad little boys and sweet little girls, with pink hair-ribbons and half socks. Not even the inevitable cantilever was left out.

The talent of the Agoras did not stop with pantomime, however. Bereyl Wellington was encored time and again after the beautiful Spanish dance. "Bits of Jazz," the unusual playing of our popular piece in the style of

(Continued on page 4.)

GUESTS AT WARD-BELMONT

Last Saturday night, Ward-Belmont had the pleasure of having as its guest two war heroes, Mr. Holton and Mr. Philipino, of the recent war who were in the city to attend the reunion of the Thirtieth Division. These young men have a very splendid record and are two of the twenty-eighth heroes who were awarded the medal of honor by Congress. They were here for dinner and afterwards attended the school movie. To be entertained by almost six hundred girls must have been a unique experience and yet we believe they enjoyed the evening.



ALMANAC
RAINY WEATHER!
You tell 'em, Olympians! It takes more than the weather to dampen your spirits!

COLLEGE SPECIALS GIVE PARTY

Our lives are surely crowded with events these days. Evidently just a movie didn't satisfy the craving for excitement that some of us have, so that peppy College Special class gave a mask in the "gym" Saturday night after the movie. The "gym" was beautifully decorated in Halloween colors, and the decoration committee is to be congratulated upon the artistic effects. Two weird witches sat watching over a kettle, in which our "fates" were cooked, and at the opposite end of the dancing space, an interesting and wise palmist had her den, which was one of the popular spots in the "gym" that evening. There was plenty of good music for dancing, which some of our musicians kindly furnished. Later, bobbing for apples, was the order of the evening, and then refreshments were served. Pumpkin pie, doughnuts and cider were served in a most attractive manner. Then the melody of "Home Sweet Home" drifted gently about the room, and all the little ballet-dancers, gypsy girls, yama yamas, "boys", Japanese maidens and spirits of Halloween, bade each other "good night."

The College Special Class claims the honor of having had the two members of the 30th Division as guests at their party. The girls enjoyed having the hope and the gentlemen had a pleasant evening.

ATHLETICS

The first Hockey game of the season has been played! To the tune of "Fight for the Panthers" the Regular-Panther combination of rosters snake-danced to the Panther-Olympian game last Tuesday. They arrived very much "better late than never" as the first quarter was already well started.

The first quarter ended with the score decidedly in favor of the Panthers. However the Olympians gained their stride in the second quarter and maintained it throughout the rest of the game.

The Olympian forward line did splendid work and their halves fed the forwards well. The Panther halves also did some good defense work.

The rosters on both sides were loyal to their teams even in the rain which persistently tried to dampen their spirits. Standing in the rain each side gave yell for yell and sang in between times. The Olympian locomotive:

You rah rah
Olympians rah rah
You rah rah
Olympians rah rah
You rah rah
Olympians rah rah!
Was answered by:
Hallahalloo
Ka-knock-ka-knock
Wa-hee Wa-hee
Look at the team
Look at the team
Look at the Panther team!

The first game proved that the new girls will not let any game be walked away with and showed the old girls

they must do some hard work if they are to have a chance of winning.

The line up was:

Panthers—

Thompson, C. F.
Kenney, R. I.
French, R. W.
Smith, L. I.
Matthews, L. W.
Sudekum, C. H.
Weber, R. H.
Martin, L. H.
Schenk, Goal.
Chase, R. F.
Coats, L. F.

Substitutes—Barnhart for Sudekum
Clymians—

Bable, C. F.
Kawin, R. I.
Holmes, R. W.
Lancaster, L. I.
Tolerton, L. W.
Coleman, C. H.
Flemming, R. H.
Shepard, L. H.
Unlonie, ? Goal.
Jewell, R. F.
Straub, L. F.

Officials:

Referee—Miss Morrison.
Umpires—Bell, Dyer, Tolerton and Dickey.
Scorers—Connett, Speer.
Timers—Frye, Robinson.
Referee Goals—Margaret Morrison, Cone.

"BETTER SPEECH" WEEK AT WARD-BELMONT

A short but valuable talk was given by Miss Townsend, in chapel, Tuesday morning. It was on "Good Speech." She told us of the plans of the Federation of Women's Clubs to carry on a "better speech week" in connection with the celebration of Armistice Day. According to Miss Townsend, the purity of a nation depends a great deal upon the purity of the language and the decay of the language often causes the decay of a country. "Slang," said the speaker, "is like a cancer." It eats away the good language as a cancer does the human body. She reminded us that since slang can so easily take possession of the good speech, it should be driven out.

The action of Ward-Belmont in promptly taking up the observance of "Better Speech Week" is in line with the effort of the American Committee of the National Council of Teachers of English, and this committee reports that indications show nearly every school in America will make a formal observance of this effort.

The "Better Speech" pledge, which the Ward-Belmont students took and promised to observe is as follows:

"I love the United States of America. I love my country's flag! I love my country's language. I promise:

1. That I will not dishonor my country's speech by leaving off the last syllables of words;
2. That I will say a good American 'yes' and 'no' instead of an Indian grunt 'unhum' and 'nup um' or a foreign 'ya' or 'yes' and 'nope';
3. That I will improve American speech by enunciating distinctly and

by speaking pleasantly and sincerely;
4. That I will try to make my country's language beautiful for the many boys and girls of foreign nations who come here to live;

5. That I will learn to cultivate correctly one word a day for one year."

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

Last week an exceptional movie, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," was shown at the Orpheum theatre. Quite a number of the girls took advantage of this opportunity and went to see the show in chaperoned parties. The movie is a dramatized picture of the well-known novel by Ibanez and is considered one of the most striking shows of the year. At the local theatre the music accompanying the picture was so good as to add a great deal to the production.

SUCCESS TO VANDY

The Vanderbilt Commodores are meeting victory at every turn. The defeat of the University of Tennessee and of University of Alabama this week adds to a list of triumphs that are unprecedented in recent years. We're wishing them success in the Thanksgiving game with Sewanee! And we're glad we'll be there to see it.

Ups and Downs

Four Downs.
Down in the mouth.
Down in the pocket.
Down on everything.
Down and out.
Four Ups.
Up in the morning.
Up to the mark.
Never giving up.
Up in the world.
—Gold and Black.

APPRECIATION OF THE SCHOOL CARS

When we stop to think about it, we girls of Ward-Belmont do have an unusually large amount of pleasure and opportunities for entertainment and refreshment in our school life. In fact, we become so used to them that we sometimes overlook the fact that they are real luxuries compared with what girls in many other institutions receive. Can we really appreciate what the school cars mean to us? Every day they are on duty to take the girls on pleasure rides.

We will be glad to have you make our store your headquarters when in town

McFADDENS

"Nothing But Good Things to Eat"

527-529 Church Street

The SATSUMA Tea Room

225 6th AVE., N.

Lunch

Dinner

School Memory Book PRESBYTERIAN BOOK STORE

711 Church Street

MEADORS

SHOES AND HOSIERY

Fancy Slippers
a Specialty

408 Union Street
NASHVILLE, TENN.

DR. WEST TALKS ON CANCER

In various educational institutions of Nashville last Thursday, the subject of Cancer as presented, in line with the campaign being carried on by the American Society for the Control of Cancer; and Ward-Belmont students had the privilege of hearing Dr. Olin West, Secretary of the State Board of Health. The subject was gruesome, but Dr. West treated it so sensibly, and so forcibly, that every girl lost her sense of terror in listening to the plan laid down for the recognition and care of the disease, and felt a deep appreciation for such a presentation of disease conditions by an expert authority. Dr. West told of the last fatal forms of the disease, and while his talk was free from the danger of causing unnecessary panic it presented in plain terms the terrible menace of cancer to human life. He warned his audience against the danger of using quick remedies, always useless and frequently harmful, and said, in conclusion, that examinations by competent physicians and the immediate intelligent treatment of the affected part is the only hope for the control of a disease which is yet almost a mystery to the most skilled medical thought.

MOCK WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Pinky Dinkey of Pea Vine Ridge, Utah, gave their daughter, Sally Courtessol in marriage to Josephus Clankston Louette of 29th Bologna Alley, Maine.

The marriage was noisily solemnized in the beautiful reception hall of Hudson Cottage at 6:30 Saturday evening, November 5.

The bridal party tripped lightly down the stairway (all except Old Mrs. Louette who is getting along in years). Well as I was saying, they descended from about third-floor I mean, and were married after many suitable questions had been asked by our beloved pastor Rev. Ti-The-Knot, who has been with us for only a year but is greatly loved by all.

It is needless to say the bride was beautifully gowned in a white midie, and sport skirt. From the crown of roses, which entwined her hair, flowed a veil made of a long cherished curtain.

The groom who is of a striking personality and short statue was handsomely attired in a pink skirt and a blue coat.

Those taking part in the wedding were Bernice Bish, the Bride, Willy Barr, the bride's father, Charlotte Seward, the bride-groom, Grace Morrow, the groom's mother, Best man, Lois Boone and the Preacher, a very necessary article, Jenette Beaton.

After the wedding a delightful three course dinner was served for which we wish to thank Allah Watson. Guests of honor were Mrs. Tarbox and Miss Boyer. The music for the occasion was rendered by Miss Evelyn Bowman.

Did we have a good time? Well, just ask any one rooming in Hudson!

WOES OF A MIDDLE- MARCH HOUND

Oh I pace the floor of Middlemarch,
And I haunt it every day;
I have tried the same old weary path,
Till I could not lose my way.
For I rush there from my classes
Just to have a look and see,
If my "treasure" box is full, or
If there is no mail for me.
My mail to me is precious,
My letters are jewels rare;
I call my P. O. box a safe,
And keep my happiness there.
Lovely "pearls" are what I've learned
to call

Just an ordinary letter,
But a "special" is a diamond,
So you see I like them better.
A package slip is a "ruby,"
You know they're rather scarce.
An "Opie's" a monitor's summons,
An ill-omen, rather "fierce."
Yet upon my disposition
My treasure box does act.
And, if the P. O. lady knew
She'd surely use some tact.
She'd put some mail in every day,
No matter how little she had,
So I'd go around school smiling
For a letter makes me glad.
She'd never leave it empty,
To her task she would be true;
For an empty P. O. box can make
The gayest of us "blue."
But this will never happen,
So I mustn't sit and dream,
I'll go there always brave at heart
Hard though it may seem.
Yet it serves another purpose
And I find it very fine,
I'll now unfold the secret
So you'll be "up" on it next time.
For along the rows of boxes,
Mine is next the very end,
And, each time I take a little peep
I'm always forced to bend.
They tell me this is exercise,
So now I hope you know
"Reducing" is the reason
That to Middlemarch I go!

THE ANSWER

She made me work
I tried to shirk,
It was in vain;
I did remain,
Her bed I made
I had no aid,
I cleaned her room
Out with a broom,
I took her book
Without a look,
I made some trips
I almost slipped;
She made me work
I tried to shirk,
I could not lag—
I was a fag!

FROM OUR EXCHANGE

"The Bayonet," Tennessee Military Institutes' weekly gives a list of the menus for the week under the title of "Reasons Why T. M. I. Boy's Don't Starve." Shall we publish our menus in next week's Hyphen and head it, "Why Ward-Belmont Got Fat?"

There's an old prescription and a good one: "Two miles of oxygen three times a day. It cures cold feet, hot head, pale faces, feeble lungs, and bad tempers."

THE CHARMFUL CHERUB

Though the Pershing breakfast's over,
I still must have my say,
And I think that you will all agree
'Twas a grand and glorious day!



THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Question: "Do you think Ward-Belmont should have a riding club for the girls?"

Where asked: Heron Hall.

Answers:

1) Adaline T. "Yes. I do, by all means. I like horses and I think it's fine exercise."

2) Ruth Mc. "Formerly the school had them, and I hope we will again. Horse-back riding is not too strenuous exercise for anyone."

3) Helen P. "Enthusiatically so! It's great sport, I think and would add a lot to the enjoyment of the school. There should be an instructor to teach the girls how to ride properly."

4) Jo C. "Yes, I think they should have. It is good exercise and every girl should learn how to ride as a part of our general training. Girls with weak hearts can ride horse-back, and they cannot play hockey and other sports. We could see more of the city too."

5) Sconcie. "Girls who wouldn't exercise in the regular sports would enjoy horse-back riding. It is one of the best outdoor exercises and uses all the muscles."

6) Jane G. "Yes, I do. It is awfully good exercise and all girls ought to know how to ride."

7) Elizabeth S. "Yes, indeed! It's good exercise. The girls are all anxious to have a club."

WITH APOLOGIES TO CHAUCER

There is a ladie ful faire and fine,
So esteemed by me as one divyne;
Ful wel beloved and familiar is she
With the students and teachers of our cite.

Hir eyen shine lyke the stars at night,
Deyntee in hir mouth and ook petite,
Hir face is as faire as the blue flour,
And hir hair is of a brawn colour,
A teacher she is of historye,
Theoretic of logic and eek psychologye,
Nowhere is one so learned and wyse
And wel can she talk as you devyse.
Hir vois is lyk the merye organ
That every morn in chapel gaun.
Wel can she teche and kepe quiet the halle,
And everywhere she gaon indied she's loved by alle.

—J. W.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

Published Every Friday by the Students of Ward-Belmont

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Florine Ashcroft
 Assistant Editor Lucella Hyman
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 Asst. Business Mgr. Evelyn Bonham

REPORTERS

Lyda Kenney, Vera Meisheimer, Edith Frye.

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent to the Hyphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

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EDITORIAL

The athletic season is on. Heroines are being made every afternoon; as "fifteen rahs" split the air we onlookers feel a little pang perhaps, "Why couldn't I have made that team?" or maybe it's just, "Lucky girl!"

Lucky? No it is not luck that made her the heroine of the afternoon. Have you ever thought what it cost to enable that girl to make the hockey team? It meant persevering practice and it meant some sacrifice—giving up that last good sleep just before rising bell, the joys of the Tea Room, and perhaps a chance to go down town. And was it luck that made her keep her head when everywhere up and down the field there was pandemonium, excited cries, pursuing opponents, and frantic efforts to stop the ball? No it is as the natural result of clear thinking and self control all the time. A crisis does not make a heroine; it simply reveals her.

Can't you see that not only in hockey does this apply? It's the same in everything. Don't wait till the crisis comes and say, "Why didn't I do it?" Set your dreams, your efforts upon one goal and get to work. If you're not afraid of work, and if you are willing to sacrifice, well—you may not be a heroine, but you'll get success. And that's enough!"

Y. W. C. A.

Mr. Frederick Arthur Henkel will give an organ recital at the vesper half-hour on Sunday, November 13 at 6 o'clock. His program is as follows:
 Solemn Prelude Noble
 The Fountain Matthews
 Meditation Sturges
 Jubilate Deo Silver

THE WORLD FELLOWSHIP WEEK OF

PRAYER.

This week the girls at Ward-Belmont are joining hands with girls all over the world, circling the earth in prayer. It brings to our attention again the fact that students, business girls, industrial girls, and the girls at home, of almost every nation are working under the Blue Triangle.

The observation of World Fellowship Week began Sunday when each girl found on her breakfast plate a flower and a slip of paper on which was printed:

"How large is your world?"

Are you a village or a world citizen?

How wide is your love?

Is it imprisoned in self, or does it seek benediction for many?

How wide is your prayer circle?

Does it just include your own family, or is China in it, and India, and the uttermost parts of the earth?"

In the evening at the vesper hour Dr. Stoves spoke on "Prayer." At seven o'clock each morning the remainder of the week the students met in the chapel for prayer, making special mention of different nations, as follows: The Y. M. C. A. of North America, Monday; the Y. W. C. A. of Africa, Tuesday; the starving students of eleven countries of Europe for whom the Student Friendship drive is being made, on Wednesday; the Y. W. C. A. of the Orient, Thursday; the warring nations, disarmament, and peace, on Friday (Armistice Day); the Y. W. C. A. of South America and Miss Heishel, the Ward-Belmont Y. W. C. A. secretary, Saturday.

The Association expects to continue developing world Fellowship among its members by a monthly vesper meeting devoted to acquainting them with nations other than our own.

THE STUDENT FRIENDSHIP FUND.

Captain Chambers of Poland will speak at chapel Thursday in behalf of the starving, suffering students of his own and ten other countries of Europe. Captain Chambers comes under the auspices of the Student Friendship Fund Committee, helping to raise \$750,000 among North American students for European student relief.

The situation among the European students is this year much the same as it was last. The American Relief Administration under the direction of Mr. Herbert Hoover has asked the students of America to stand with the students of twenty other countries in helping these students. This is the greatest task the American students are undertaking this year. Mr. Hoover says:

"The conditions in the central and Eastern European universities make it imperative that we undertake at the earliest possible moment further endeavor to meet their needs. Students and professors are suffering greatly. Unless we can provide means for worthy students to continue their studies in as favorable an atmosphere as possible, we shall see a decadence in the intellectual fibre of Europe. We have a strong obligation to these colleges for the great services they have rendered in the past in adding to our store of knowledge. To allow these institutions to disintegrate would be a disaster, not only to their own nation, but to the whole civilized world."

Among the committee for the raising of this fund are John R. Mott, Jane Adams, President Barrows of the University of California, President Angell of Yale, President Bryan of the University of Indiana, President Wilbur of Stanford, Ex-President Woodrow Wilson and Mr. Hoover.

"Perhaps at the Last Day all that will be worth recording, will be those

little deeds of kindness that were done secretly beneath the Eye of God—unknown to mankind."

Sunday—Mark 10:21-27

Monday—Mark 7:15

Tuesday—Matthew 10:39

Wednesday—1 John 6:27

Thursday—III John 1:4

Friday—1 John 4:14

Saturday—Mark 11:24.

Last Saturday evening Dr. Stoves of the West End Methodist church spoke at vespers. Since it was the beginning of the week of prayer he took that as his subject. Dr. Stoves stressed the difference between saying prayers and praying. He told us that he himself never prayed without first feeling the presence of God and secondly without having something definite to pray about. He suggested the use of a plan of prayer, and also counselled us against repetition. Then he brought out how praying was really being face to face with God and that if this were kept in mind there would be no danger of "going to sleep while saying our prayers."

SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIE

The movie Saturday night was Mary Pickford. As usual Mary made us laugh and she made us cry, and it was mostly crying this time. Of course it was rather unfortunate that three-fourths of the cast should be annihilated, including the best looking man in the play, but oh well, Miss Scroggs says the drama is to cleanse our soul through pity and terror, so the play fulfilled the mission.

A student walk-out at Emory University has been narrowly averted. A compromise between the faculty and students of the junior and sophomore classes over the suspension of five upper classmen for hazing was all that saved the day.

GENERAL PERSHING VISITS W-B.

(Continued from page 1.)

A Long, Long way to Tipperary." The words are:
 "It's a long time since you went over, but a few years you're back. But you won us the greatest victory. And we're proud of you Black Jack. We welcome our General Pershing. Our hearts to you are true. For we're all Americans together, Ward-Belmont's for you!"

Each of the songs were sung by six W-B girls, the whole school joining them in the chorus. A whistling number by Virginia Sledge, was enjoyed very much. After the marching of several girls through the dining room carrying the flags of the Allies, a badge was presented to General Pershing by Betty Hume, Martha Coleman, and Lela Chase, three Ward-Belmont girls who have fathers in the regular army, who served with distinction over seas.

The best part of the program, however, and that which we will ever remember and cherish, was the speech which gave us the opportunity of hearing the voice of our great commander, General Pershing.

The program, as did the breakfast, closed with the Ward-Belmont song, "There's a School in Tennessee."

We feel that General Pershing has done us a great honor by being the guest of Ward-Belmont. The fact that he referred (a number of times during the day—both formally and informally) to the pleasure, his visit with us brought him, makes us very happy. We can never forget those few short hours which brought us so much happiness and inspired us with fresh patriotism.

ACADEMIC

(Continued from page 1.)

thereby adding immeasurably to the pleasure, as well as to the increased opportunities of the students. All girls like small classes, and there is no question of their vastly superior educational advantage. Mrs. Bowen is taking classes in Latin and English. She was at one time Dean of Ward-Belmont faculty, a position now held by her sister, Miss Norris. Mrs. Bowen, like Miss Norris is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, where she took her M. A. and B. A. degrees.

Interesting forms of old ballads has been a fascinating study for some of Miss Ross' classes in first year college literature the first week. It comes in as a feature of the survey of English literature, which the girls are making as a ground work for University courses.

Some of Miss Scroggs' classes have enjoyed, with equal pleasure the study of diction, and the differences in tongue, and another group has become so keenly alive to the interesting intellectual by-paths in the study of psychology, especially the branch of Sensation—that they are finding articles bearing on the subject in current magazines and applying the roots and effects of what they read to the text books' lore.

THE AGORA FOLLIES

(Continued from page 1.)

the Spanish, Chinese, a student minister, and a W. B. student in a practice room was done by Inez Adrian so cleverly that the Agoras were unable to continue with the next act on account of the tremendous applause of the students. Miss Adrian played some of the most popular songs as only she can play them.

Could Irene Castle have witnessed the dancing of Miss Beryl Wellington and Katherine Urchell, in the role of leader, she would have felt that the Castle reputation had met competition. The grace of the dancers is unquestionable, and also they proved that the prettiest dancing could be done without "cheeking."

The grand finale came with a song of the Agoras by six Pierros, in gold and white suits, the club colors, when they turned with their backs to the audience spelled the word Agoras.

Three cheers for the Agoras. We can scarcely conceive how one club could think of so many clever stunts and carry them out with such perfect talent. But the Agoras did it with Miss Katherine Urchell as President and Miss Helen Thach, sponsor.



And did the great American General smile at you?

There will always be one "break-fast time" in the records of Ward-Belmont.

And did you stand up in your little white dress and give the salute like Miss Morrison told you to?

Poetry?! The very atmosphere crackled with inspiration!

We tried our best to get off something about "Check all your troubles in the package room, and smile, smile, smile," but the inspiration flickered out.

Besides, the only words we could think of, to rhyme with "room," were "loom," "bloom," and "doom," to say nothing of "boom." And who could write a poem with any of those words?

They say that the College Special dance was perfect, but we couldn't vouch for it, not being sufficiently urged to attend.

Once upon a time, the printer made a mistake and printed something about a Missouri "lovie", and although mentioning it in this column, we overlooked the error. But last week, when he lost control of his machine and printed the headline "Missouri Doves," we decided that joking must cease.

Oh Mr. Printer, how could you? The word is *DANCE*! Write it so we can read it, Sister. We print it like you write it.—The Printer.

Oh you "lovie-doves" from Missouri!

JOKES

A lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad. "There are many spectacles in the world that one never forgets," he said.

"I wish you would tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I am always forgetting mine."

—North China Standard.

Wisdom is always known by the company it keeps out of.

Heard among the California fruits: "I cantaloupe." "O, honeydew!"

Young Aldrich was waiting in the parlor for his loved one to appear, when her small brother came in and took a seat.

"Well, Chester," said Aldrich, "what did your sister say when you told her I was waiting?"

"Why, she didn't say nothing," re-

plied the small brother. "She just took a ring off one finger an' put it on another."—Ladies' Home Journal.

DOG NEEDED

An irate fan, who had watched the home team go down to defeat, stopped the umpire as he was leaving the park.

"Where's your dog?" he demanded. "Dog?" ejaculated the ump. "I have no dog."

"Well you are the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog," returned the disgruntled one.—Ex.

The small boy wonders why they don't wait until the end of the world before they write a history of the darn thing.

It Is Not Easy—

To apologize.

To begin over.

To admit error.

To be unselfish.

To be charitable.

To endure success.

To keep on trying.

To forgive and forget.

To keep out of the rut.

To make the most of a little.

To shoulder a deserved blame.

BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS!

—The Hallegram.

PERSHING DAY

'Twas Friday, as sure as fate
No breakfast was served until way late.

I would not have minded this at all
If it had not been for the early rising call.

We dressed in white as we were told,
Some wore colored sweaters—it was cold;

We arrived in chapel at exactly eight
And took our seats without debate.

We then were told just how to sing
And how to salute—an important thing!

We thought this was all but soon we were told

To remove our bright sweaters—"to be one of a whole."

We then left the chapel in much haste
And counted the cracks to find our place.

The guests arrived, marched up the walk

And every girl her mouth did lock.

"Salute," was whispered along the line

And every one did do it fine

We followed the General up the line
And found that our mail was up by that time,

But we were soldiers, good and true
And couldn't break line just to get our news.

We got to our tables without delay
The breakfast was served in the Southern way,

Between the courses up we stood
And sang the songs in the best of mood.

Down we sat, grabbed another bite,
Up we hopped and sang outright.

But it was soon all over—come out of the trance

It is half past nine—time to go to class!

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Were we thrilled when we all piled in the cars, looking forward to a week end of "Do as you please?" I'll say so.

The weather was ideal and every one was full of pep.

Sunday night, the marshmallows were toasted and apples served to every one. Telling of ghost tales made everything feel spooky and full of thrills. We were all sorry when Monday morning dawned and we had to think of leaving the School's big Country Club, where so many happy times come to us.

ANTI-PAN MOVIE

Last Monday the Anti-Pans didn't get the movie they had contracted for, so for the second time the Social Clubs were entertained by the Anti-Pans in Chapel on Monday afternoon with a movie. It was Anita Stewart in "Sowing the Wind" and was an extremely interesting play. Everybody enjoyed it, and we wish to express our thanks to the Anti-Pans for the lovely afternoon they gave us.

REGULAR YELLS

1 — 2 — 3 — 4 — 3 — 2 — 1 —
Who for, what for.
Who you going to yell for?
Regulars!
Go! Regulars, Go!
Git 'em high!
Git 'em low!
Go, Regulars! Go! Go! Go!
Regular girls are high-minded,
Believe my soul they're double-jinted.
They work hard and don't mind it
All day long.
Our spirit it is simply great
So geometrically straight
No other team can imitate
The spirit of the Regulars.
Hail! Hail! Hail
Regulars Hail!
Of all the rest
We are the best—
Our courage never fails,
Oh! Hail! Hail, Etc.
15 Rah's.
Whip-por-wee!

CHEMISTRY GIRLS HAVE OUTING

The College Chemistry girls were given their annual treat Monday, when Dr. Hollinshead took us to Edenwald farm to gather nuts. We left school at ten o'clock, each girl carrying her own sack of lunch and they were the very delicious lunches that Mrs. Robertson always gives us. Perhaps the biggest feature of the day was the rough ride in road wagons from Amqui to the nut grove. This was one of Dr. Hollinshead's surprises and if you could have heard

the shouts of merriment you would know how much we enjoyed the ride, rough as it was.

After we arrived at the big grove some of us gathered hickory nuts and walnuts very diligently; a great many first roamed around enjoying the beauties of the fall day.

All too soon we were called in—not to go home yet, but what day would be complete without toasting marshmallows?

The ride back to the Interurban was as mirthful as going over and we came back to school using that very trite expression, "tired, but happy." One, two, three, fifteen Rah's for Dr. Hollinshead!

A BIT OF RED, WHITE AND BLUE

"Just a bit of torn paper, white red and blue,
Is this trifle, grandmother, of value to you?"

"Of great value dear,—it's a memory gold,
Folded in the leaves of a diary old.
Tell you the tale of that knic-knack you ask?

Well, that is a charming and pleasant task!
In my girlhood years when I attended W.B.
That splendid school in Nashville,
Tennessee,
It chanced one fine November day in '21

That a general great did come,—
Pershing was his name,
And his wide-spread fame was great.
So you know what an honor 'twas to see

Him, who gave the Croix-de-guerre,
To your grandfather, whose picture hangs there.
Saluted we who stood in glistening white,

The general smiled to left and right.
Then into the dining hall he passed
As many an admiring glance was cast
At him who at table took his place
Where stood white flowers in a vase.
Adorned with streamers white, red and blue,

Two great songs we in greeting sang,
Then in gratitude the voice of Pershing rang,
Through the great dining hall
Now, my grandmother dear,
Is that but a trifle you see here?
That torn bit of paper white, red and blue?

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ALUMNAE NEWS

One of the recent additions to the Ward-Belmont Alumnae Association is Lucile Bonham, class of 1921—whose sister, Evelyn, is a student this year. Lucile is attending Western Illinois Teachers' College this term, expecting to take a degree there next year.

Girls who date back to the 1914-15 years will be interested in news of Laurence M. Royer, who after she left Ward-Belmont in 1915 studied for two years at the University of Minnesota, and took her B.A. degree.

The following year she went again to the University for graduate work in English, and the Spring following that year found her teaching in a High School in the Western part of Minnesota. With the coming of the Fall term she became head of the Department of English and Public Speaking in the Crosby-Fonton High School in Minnesota, but she was forced to resign her position before the school term ended because of the fatal illness of her mother. Feeling that she must then stay at home with her father, and yet loathe to give up the

teaching which she so much enjoyed, she accepted the position of assistant principal and teacher of English History at the Bakers' School for Girls in St. Paul. At the close of that year, her father, the Rev. Benjamin Burn Royer was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church at Franklin, Pennsylvania and since the removal of the family there, it has been impossible for her to resume teaching on account of the multiplicity of her duties as the manse. She is one of the old girls who is most interested in the formation of the Alumnae, and anxious for its success.

Harriet Gregory, Kansas University, Kappa.

Ruth Bond, Kansas University, Kappa.

Alberta Smith, Northwestern University, Theta.

Agnes Robertson, Missouri University, Pi Phi.

Gilberta Woodruff, Manhattan, Kappa.

Lucille Boaham, home.

Helen Harline, home.

Celeste Roberts, home.

Jane Fisher, Studies for Expression, Decatur, Ill.

Mary Francis Johnson, Southern Methodist University, Zeta.

Elizabeth Mead, Kansas University, Theta.

Ruth Crowell, Southern Methodist University, Zeta.

Lillian Jenkins, home.

Ann Jenkins, teaching violin, Fort Scott, Kansas.

Felice Baratine, Southern Methodist University, Zeta.

Ida May Bowers, home.

Celestine Nelson, Kansas University, Chi Omega.

Evelyn Lawman, Kansas University, Pi Phi.

Francis Kenney, Missouri University, Delta Gamma.

Elizabeth Colson, Northwestern, Tri Delta.

Dorothy Becker, Northwestern, Tri Delta.

Nora Nelson, Missouri University, Phi Mu.

Margaret Neville, Missouri University, Alpha Phi.

Nina Woodall, Texas University, Pi Phi.

Sara Francis Eastman, Texas University, Zeta.

Virginia Glascock, Kansas University, Pi Phi.

Wilma Leonard, Colorado University, Tri Delta.

Francis Leonard, Colorado University, Tri Delta.

Leta Johnson, Louisiana Normal.

Miriam Woods, Washburn.

Miriam Faville, Iowa, Kappa.

Katherine Cox, Iowa, Pi Phi.

Charlotte O'Flaherty, Iowa, Kappa.

Elizabeth Harwood, New York, Costume Designing.

Erma Ferguson, Home.

Dudley Costal, Honolulu.

Ellonna Born, Corpus Christi High School, Expression Dept.

Cecelia Addicks, Texas University, Kappa.

Mildred Colby, Texas University, Kappa.

Alice Gray, Chicago, studying music.

Nancy Lawson, Missouri University, Kappa.

Lelia Wood, Missouri University, Kappa.

M. C. Jensen

J. H. Jack

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PERSONALS

Virginia Welch spent the week end in town with her mother.

Roberta Shellingham was with her brother last week end.

Helen Wheeler, Ernestine Dortch, Edna Thomenson, and Susan Suggs, all spent last week end at home.

Mariam Goode was in town with her mother last week end.

Margaret Huffman and Jane Thiele were with Mrs. J. P. McDonald Saturday P. M.

Mary Jewel went home last week end.

Lily Baily was with her aunt and uncle last Saturday.

Elizabeth Leffingwell enjoyed the week end with her parents.

Rena Peredinan spent last week end with her mother.

Amelia Obendorfer was with her aunt, Mrs. Rosenthal, last week end.

Elizabeth and Lucile Capwood enjoyed last week end with her mother.

Frances Waller was the guest of Mrs. Jenkins last week end.

Roberta Townsend spent the week end with her sister.

Helen Holmes visited last week end with her mother. Adeline and Alice Toleston and Ruth McCartney were their guests for dinner Saturday evening.

Mary Jane Dougherty enjoyed last Sunday with Mrs. J. H. Brady.

Lois Donough and Pauline Westmoreland spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. G. Wallum.

Martha Coleman went to church with Mrs. Schmitz last Sunday.

Dorothy Gilder spent last week end with her parents.

Frances Thurtell was with her mother over the week end.

Sare Stewart spent Sunday with her father.

Beryl Wellington was with Mrs. Sam Cason Sunday P. M.

Florence Bell spent Monday in town with Frances Brown and her mother.

Mason Graves and Margaret Moore spent Monday with Margaret's mother.

Martha Bell and Susannary Roberts were at the home of Mrs. R. N. Herbert Monday evening.

MARRIAGES

Myra Hill Peagler, Ward-Belmont, 1915-16-17, to Mr. William Samuel Blackwell, on Wednesday, Nov. 2, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Thomas William Peagler in Greenville, Alabama.

Mildred Lucile Swilley, Ward-Belmont 'Class of 1919, to Mr. Grady Triplett on Tuesday, Nov. 1, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Swilley in Houston, Tex. After Dec. 1, the bride and groom will be at home in the Charles Apartment in Houston.

SENTIMENTS

"We shall rest, and faith we shall need it—"

Thus the old girl quoth and flinging herself on the bed hoped she should never have to get up again. Light bell and then almost immediately, it seemed, the rising bell rang

—it was Sunday morning. Initiation was—over but the sad effects were having full sway. Sunday flew by and not a letter was written.

Monday came. Our only day of freedom (meant for sarcasm) was spent taking economic notes in the library, translating three pages of French, reading an old drama and writing a paper. The letters suffered as a result.

But there is joy in working—so we are told. At the present the joy for the old girl lies in the fact that rushing is over and that the "perpetual smile" may now fade away and become a thing of the past.

You didn't even get your trunk unpacked except just as you needed each garment, did you? None of your dresses were pressed either until "fag day". But now it is all over you need call on no one. You can really get acquainted with your room mate again and classes need suffer no longer.

Therefore: Rejoice, We are all Old Girls!

THE BELLS

(Apologies to Poe.)

Hear the pealing of the bells—

Naughty bells—

Just another hour of class-work their echo now foretells!

How they tingle, tingle, tingle, through the corridors and hall,

While their never-ceasing jingle, With our deep groans seem to mingle.

(We don't like those bells at all!) But 'tis time, time, time,

Though it be a sunny clime, To flock inward at that ringing which

so constantly wells

From bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,

From the tingling and the jingling of the bells.

Hear the ringing of the bells—

Happy bells—

Just another hour of freedom their melody foretells!

How they tingle, tingle, tingle, through the corridors and halls,

While that very merry jingle With our happy smiles doth mingle.

(We don't hate those bells at all!) Since it is a sunny clime

For 'tis time, time, time,

To rush onward at that ringing which so pleasantly wells

From the bells bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the tingling and the jingling of the bells.

MISTAKES

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake he has a chance to try the mistake all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it is just as he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes law.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when the editor makes a mistake—GOOD NIGHT!

—Exchange.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

VOLUME XI

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1921

NUMBER 7

THE REGULAR-OLYMPIAN GAME

The regular team played and won its first hockey game last Saturday afternoon. This game was the Regular-Olympian one. The new team put up a good fight but the experience of the Regulars showed in their superior playing. The Olympian formation was good and the Regular defense was exceptionally strong.

The score was close during the first quarter but from there on the Regulars kept the long end of it. Dorris Cone did her usual good playing for the Regulars. The final score was 36-18 in favor of the Regulars.

The line-up was:
Olympians.

C. F.	Babb.
R. I.	Kohrs.
L. I.	Lancaster.
R. W.	Kawin.
L. W.	Tolerton.
C. H.	Coleman.
R. H.	Fleming.
L. H.	Shepard.
R. F.	Bollard.
L. F.	Straub.
Goal	McNeill.

Regulars.

C. F.	Blackman.
R. I.	Brown.
L. I.	Edee.
R. W.	Ryfe.
L. W.	Cone.
C. H.	Dyer.
R. H.	Connelt.
L. H.	Speer.
R. F.	Bowen.
L. F.	Goety.
Goal	Bell

EXAMS

We might compare our first quarter of school work to a meal, the first course of which is just a preliminary course—getting acquainted with the teachers and studies—and the main course consisting of the wholesome studies which we have taken in and digested. Now comes the dessert—but there is not the usual clapping of hands and rejoicing that comes with dessert. Perhaps, it is not liked. Why? Because the dessert is—exams!

Everywhere is heard "Oh! those awful exams!" or "What do you suppose she will ask in English?" The undertakers must be going to have a sudden wave of good business by the exclamations of "I'll never live through these exams!" Is it really so bad as that? Then, there are the murmurings of "Call me early in the morning." 'Tis true, the teachers say that cramming puts poisoned material in our brains but let us ask them if it is not better to have something in

our heads even if it is poisoned, than nothing at all!

Thus exams come nearer and nearer and each girl acquires a more serious attitude. In fact, many of the most care-free girls have become the most studious. 'Tis strange how an exam can transfigure a girl, isn't it? Many have donned their glasses and almost all have gotten their alarm clocks in good condition. B-b-b-b buzz!!! goes the alarm clocks every morning at 5:30. Then from each room appears a sleepy looking person in a kimono, a book under one arm and a pillow under the other. She sits on the floor of the hall and begins—cramming!

During the day, everyone goes about her business. This is no time for play. The campus and even the tea room is deserted.

Finally, the "Big Day" arrives. It is with trembling hearts that the girls enter the class-rooms. They come out with a relieved look—that one more exam is over. At last the day ends and exams are finished. "They were so easy," said the brilliant girl. "Oh! I thought they were simply terrible. 'I know I'll flunk,'" added the "dumb" one. "Thank goodness, they're over!" exclaimed the crammer and each girl, whether studious or not, joined in "Thank goodness they are over." No grades have come out yet. We have nothing to worry about so we'll all have one glorious time over the week-end.

LETTERS

There's the kind
That you get from Mother,
Full of love and sympathy;
There's the kind
That you get from Brother,
Full of pep and energy;
There's the kind
That you get from Sister,
Wishing she were here with you;
There's the kind
That you get from "Mr.?"
Swearing he'll always be true;
There's the kind
That you get from an old pal,
Whom you had to leave behind,
But she's wishing you "best of luck,"
And that's the "real pal" kind.
There's the kind
That you get from Billy,
Telling you of all the news;
And the kind
From your home sorority,
"Will you kindly pay your dues"
But the kind
That is most welcome,
And the kind
You always want,
Is the letter from your Daddy dear,
With "your allowance for this month."

THE ATHENIAN-OLYMPIAN GAME

The two new teams were rivals on the athletic field for the first time Tuesday afternoon. Both Athenians and Olympians were bent on victory and the contest was a keen one. There was good playing on both sides and the game was an interesting one although the Athenians gained and kept the long end of the score throughout. Babb showed good sportmanship by staying in the game after she had been knocked out twice.

The game ended 30-8 in favor of the Athenians. This gives the Athenians a place in the final Thanksgiving game.

The line-up was

Olympians.	Babb.
C. F.	Kawin.
R. I.	Lancaster.
L. I.	Holmes.
R. W.	Tolerton.
L. W.	Coleman.
C. H.	Fleming.
R. H.	Shepard.
L. H.	Blsh.
L. F.	Straub.
Goal	McNeill.

Athenians.

C. F.	Tolerton.
R. I.	Robinson.
L. I.	Jeter.
R. W.	Dutton.
L. W.	Kling.
C. H.	Williamson.
R. H.	Warren.
L. H.	McKnight.
R. F.	St. Mary.
L. F.	Carling.
Goal	Campbell.

ARMISTICE DAY AT W. B.

"How many of you remember what happened three years ago?" began Dr. Crossland in his usual delightful way, in his talk in chapel Friday morning. Indeed, we did remember that the world war had ended on that date. "If you recall," continued the speaker, "It was a day of great rejoicing and merrymaking." He went on to tell us that, although we still rejoice over that victory, there was to be a more serious element in our Armistice celebration. He told us the story of the fall of the unknown soldier on Flanders' field, who after hard fighting had given his life for his country. He was brought to the U. S. to the Capitol and is the only person who has lain under its dome with the exception of martyred presidents. General Pershing and General Foch were both there to pay their tributes and we were supposed to

show our love and respect for this unknown one and the other heroes who made that sacrifice. Every person in the U. S. bowed his head for two minutes of reverence, at 11 o'clock, the hour of the funeral, which was a beautiful way of paying tribute.

Mr. Henkel played a beautiful war selection—a chant to dead soldiers—on the organ, which filled us with a great deal of serious thought and reverence.

GEN. PERSHING SENDS HIS PHOTO TO W-B. GIRLS

Dr. Blanton has received from Gen. John J. Pershing, the following formal expression of the appreciation he so cordially showed on the morning he was entertained at the school:

"Dr. J. D. Blanton,
"Ward-Belmont College,
"Nashville, Tenn.
"My Dear Doctor Blanton: I told you the other day how very much I enjoyed and appreciated the delightful breakfast arranged for me at Ward-Belmont College, and I am writing this note more formally to assure you of my appreciation. I hope you will convey to the young ladies and their instructors, my cordial regards and personal thanks for a very charming experience. Please tell them that I am sending an autographed photograph as a slight evidence of my appreciation.
"Very sincerely yours,
"JOHN J. PERSHING."

ACADEMIC

English M class under Mrs. Whitson is studying "Atlantic Narratives I and II."

English E class. "The Rise of the Drama" under Miss Scruggs has started its study of Shakespeare. The "Twelve Representative Plays" of Shakespeare will be completed and compared with early and late dramas.

The English B classes under Miss Rhea, Miss Levell, and Miss Field have finished the study of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

The English A classes under Miss Scruggs, Miss Ransom and Mrs. Whitson have been especially concerned with "Better English week." They are using the text book of Manly and Rickert on "The Writing of English."

The History of Art classes have been studying the sculpturing and painting of the Hellenic Period.

ALMANAC

RAINY WEATHER!

Weather? Atmosphere electric!
Who'll win the hockey championship?



STUDIO RECEPTION GIVEN BY SIGNOR DE LUCA

On Wednesday evening, November 9th, Signor de Luca entertained his pupils with an informal studio reception. A delightful program was given by advanced pupils, each of whom appeared with finished style and grace.

Miss Reeves, his accompanist, charmingly assisted in entertaining the guests. Delicious refreshments, consisting of a salad course, nuts and bonbons, were served.

LADA, THE DANCER

Last Monday night, we all "got into" our uniforms and winter coats, boarded the dear old "specials" and got off at Ryman Auditorium. There surely was nothing unusual about that. No, indeed! but there was something very unusual about what we saw there. Lada, the supreme concert dancer, was the lovely surprise. There is no need to say what a wonderful dancer Lada is. She is motion, grace, and rhythm in perfection. Her interpretation of music is unequalled, and the trio of musicians, which accompanied her, are each artists and soloists in themselves. Ward-Belmont certainly enjoyed this entertainment, as was proved by the great and almost, unceasing applause from the balcony. We thank Dr. Blanton for giving us the opportunity of seeing such an artist as Lada, and hope we may have the pleasure of seeing her soon again.

THE WOES OF AN EXAM HOUND

Oh, the quarter's nearly up,
And exams are fast approaching!
I haven't kept up my daily work,
And now I need some coaching!

Oh, I'll have to cram and study—
Yes, my plight is quite a sad one
That exam in English "B." I know
Will surely be a bad one.

I have taken notes on lectures,
And I've taken them in class,
Why, I have so many note books,
I surely ought to pass.

I have no time for letters;
I never get to write,
All I ever do, is study
Every morning, noon, and night.

Books are my soul companions,
They are always at my side,
I can't afford to leave them,
They're now my joy and pride.

I carry them to chapel,
With me to lunch they go,
To part from them is mis'ry
We're so attached, you know.

I've learned to know their value
In this week before the tests,
If e'er again I neglect them
I hope I never rest.

Each page to me is lovely,
Full of things I want to know,

And keep inside my memory,
But somehow I can't do so.

Why is it that these last few days
Before I learn the way,
My mind will not remember,
And I cannot concentrate?

I rise at five "a. m."
My intentions are so good,
If passing counts on studying
I surely think I could.

But I know I'll never do it,
For my mind is just a "wreck,"
My thoughts are all a-jumble
And they don't seem to connect.

So I plead with you, dear faculty,
Please don't think I am dumb;
It's just because I know too much,
That my mind appears so numb.

I really know a lot of things,
They're somewhere in my mind,
I know some Math, some Spanish, too,
But they're awfully hard to find.

I keep them in my brain box,
Always on top my head,
But it's so full of knowledge
That it's as heavy as pure lead.

Still with all this super-abundance,
I will have to study more.
Why, I've studied here these last few days,
As I've never studied before!

And Thursday night you'll find me
In my room, just trying to cram
And cram, and cram, and study more,
To pass some "wild" exam.

Now please don't think I'm foolish
Dear faculty, and read this with a grin,
There are just "600" other cases
Like the "fix" that I am in.

So when you grade our papers
Please be merciful and just,
And remember how we've studied
And give us all "A +."

OPPORTUNITY

What lies out there in the Great Beyond?
Who lives across the sea?
Are they fairyfolk of a magic town,
Or people like you and me?

In the setting sun do shadows fall?
And do the robins sing?
Are all flowers bright and mountains tall?
Do soft winds talk in spring?

They are "folks," my dear, like you and me,
Hardly different in any way.
They rise and fall as the Fates decree;
They suffer and sing and play.
If we clasp those eager hands out-held,
And share the Light from above,
We can teach each other until we build
A world, encircled by Love.

PERSONALS

Helen Wheeler spent last week end at home.

Marie Brown was with her sister, Mrs. H. W. Marshall, Jr. for the week end.

Florence Prichart was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Zorn and Marie for dinner and the evening, Saturday.

Rena Friedman spent the week end with her mother.

Marie Zorn was with her parents last week end.

Isabel Enderlin spent last week end in Gallatin.

Marion Kavin was with her mother last week end.

Mary Bressler was in Franklin, Tenn. last week end.

Henrietta Prewitt was with her mother over the week end.

Katherine Tubb spent last week end with her brother.

Mabel Brandon was the guest of Frances Brown and her mother Saturday afternoon.

The Sudekum sisters and Edna Lawrence were with Mrs. Tony Sudekum Sunday afternoon.

Elsie Bear was with her aunt Mrs. Josephs Sunday.

Elizabeth Parsons and Isabel Kemp spent Sunday afternoon with Elizabeth's uncle, Mr. Hempstead.

Ethel Wolf and Blossom Bath spent Sunday with Mrs. Julius Rich.

Ruby Kaiser and Jocelyn Hamburger were with Mrs. Henry Weinbaum on Sunday.

Kathryn Turner spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Cowan.

Sarah Bradford went home Sunday for the day.

Margaret Huffman spent Sunday night with Mrs. Cawthorn.

Ruth Smith was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Allen, Sunday.

Mary North spent Monday in town with her mother.

Peggy Foster and Louise Bell spent Monday afternoon and evening at Louise's home in Nashville.

Ruth Wallace spent Monday with Mrs. H. C. Parent.

Emage Reeves was the guest of Frances Brown and her mother, Monday.

Mary Edwards and Martha Lucas spent Monday in town with Martha's mother.

Louise Wooley and Josephine Frenzer spent Monday with Mrs. H. Marshall.

Gennie Chenault was with her brother, Monday afternoon.

Frances Hassell was with her brother Tuesday afternoon.

VICTORY TABLEAUX

Miss Townsend assisted by Miss Middleton, presented a tableaux of Victory from a "Canticle of Praise" by Wilter Byrner at the Auditorium on November 11th as a part of the Armistice Day program.

Every girl acquitted herself admirably and the ensemble was artistic and inspiring. We bow again to the expressive department!

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Lunch

Dinner

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CHAPEL TALK

Tuesday morning, in chapel, Dean Norris gave a short, splendid talk on the evils of the make-believe invalidism. She pointed out the troubles caused by this habit in later life, and revealed the amusing fact that here in school the infirmary list shows the truth and no one is really deceived unless it is the girl herself.

Tuesday morning in Chapel an explanation of the duties and place of the Honor Committee in our school was given. Dean Norris explained that the Committee was to be composed of the presidents of the different classes, and that they would represent public opinion. Lucille Bell, president of the Junior Middle class spoke of the importance of being thoroughly honorable, especially during this week of examinations, and urged the preparatory students to loyally uphold the standard. Louise Bell, president of the Senior class gave the striking illustration that cheating in an examination is as foolish as being unfair in a game of solitaire, and stressed the fact that the college girls must be honorable in all their work this year.

NEW MONITORS ON

Last week a brand new set of monitors came on duty. Of course everybody was interested, and comment ran high. There were four views of the question. First, the old monitor's going off. Need we say that relief it is to word for their feelings as they faced the last delinquent across the table! And then there was the wondering and the speculation of the girls themselves, "Will the new head be stern?" or "Can you imagine my roommate a monitor?" Of course, the "Patient Proctor," views with anxiety the new recruits, and hopes she has succeeded in impressing them with the severity of their tasks—a proctor's is a hard life anyway, girls! Then last there's the overwhelming surprise that always greets the new Monitor herself when thinking to get a package slip, she receives her summons in her box. But the new monitors are all "settled in the harness" now, and we wonder why we were all so surprised last week when those slips came out.

A SHOPPING "PARTY"

"Dear, dear! Will that other girl never come? There it is almost three thirty and that one child has kept us waiting all this time. I always did hear she was slow as molasses in January! Well, we'll not wait another minute. We've missed one car already and its time for another. Come on, girls, the chaperone says we can go ahead without her. . . . Here she comes! You might know she'd slide in just at the last minute. I declare, she thinks the whole world can wait on her! . . . Who is going to buy the tickets? I haven't a bit of change. . . . Oh, aren't they marvelous looking men. She'll not even look at them. You will suffer if you

do. . . Oh, here's the station. Doesn't it simply thrill you to look at it? Just a month from today we'll come down here for the last time until 'next year.' Oh, aren't you all crazy to go home? I just can't wait! At last we're down town. I declare I've forgotten my shopping list, but I guess I can remember some of the things I have to buy. Where do you have to go first? Loveman's? So do I. We'll get the chaperone to take us there first. . . . I'm just starving. How long is it until we go to McFadden's? You might know that poky girl would keep us waiting again.

My dear, I saw the darlingest necklace and earrings to match. They're just precious—I couldn't resist them. Yes, it took every cent I had! Can you loan me a quarter?

Wasn't that maple nut perfectly wonderful? I love to go shopping just for the eats. Will a street car ever come? I guess they're all at the other end of the track. Oh, there's one—too full to take any more. Just our luck! We'll never get back for dinner.

At last! Oh, I am so tired, and we'll have to stand all the way. Here you can hang on my strap, too. Oh, my feet! I'm simply exhausted; why did I ever come?

The cold cream! It slipped my memory entirely. That reminds me, I hope we have ice cream with caramel sauce for dinner! Um-m-m."

SUBSCRIBE TO THE LITERARY DIGEST

Dr. Crosland, the popular associate president of Ward-Belmont, gave a short talk in chapel last Saturday on the merits of the "Literary Digest" as a magazine pointing out its great value in educational and cultural information especially at the present time when it gives a full and accurate account and discussion of the Disarmament Conference at Washington in which everyone is, or should be, interested. Samples of the magazine have been placed in all the rooms of the dormitories. In a few days there will be given an opportunity for subscription and it is hoped that there will be subscribed at least one magazine for every two girls in school.

ALARM CLOCK

Ding-ding-ding-ding. Oh! That trouble clock! I wonder who it is that is getting up at this hour? It must be earlier than 5:30. (Asleep once more.)

E-e-e-e. Why don't people have their transoms veiled (Sleep overtakes me.)

Bing, Bang! The heat comes on. Shall I get out of this warm bed and put down the windows? Oh! it is so cold! I never shall be able to get warm again. I wonder if my roommate will get up and put down the windows? But I suppose she is still asleep. Oh, my ear is cold! Why

THE CHARMFUL CHERUB

When morning gilds the skies
My heart awakening cries
Exams begin to day!
So from my bed I rise,
By cramming to get wise
Exams—Ah, woe in me!
Ameh.



doesn't someone invent something to make windows drop when the alarm goes off?

Why doesn't some one turn that clock off? There is another one! Bang—another transom! I am so, glad I studied last night. I can sleep now.

Later.
Ding-ding-ding-ding! Why that is in our own room. Does that roommate of mine think she is going to get up and fuss around and make me lose some sleep? Well, why doesn't she turn it off?

"L— L—"

I never saw such a person to sleep. That clock is way over on the other side of the room. Where is that slipper? Good gracious but it is cold. Now I can sleep. I know what I shall do. I'll just put up my transom and fool the rest of them.

These covers are so cold. Where was I lying before. Now can you beat that. I left that window up. Why doesn't that roommate of mine get up? she must have set the alarm. She didn't say she intended to study. I wonder if it will snow? Can I say that quotation from Shakespeare? Wonder if she will ask for the life of Chaucer—What is the French word for interesting?—interessante—is that it? These exams just scare me to death. (Sleeping peacefully when out of the distance comes.)

"M— did that alarm go off?
"Yes, yes, a long time ago. What are you going to do?"

"Have to study that history. I'll try not to bother you."

"Thanks" dreamingly.

Ding-dong—Ding-dong.

Yes, it is the rising bell. Just time for one little nap. (Someone starts the water and the nap is interrupted.)

This is one morning only. But it has been going on for at least a week. Please rest girls, exams are over. The hall will rest with you.

PENTA TAU BUSINESS MEETING

On Wednesday, November 9th, the Penta Tau's had their business session. Plans were worked out and arranged for the future.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Lucille Hyman
Assistant Editor Virginia McCoy
Editor Elizabeth Leggett
Business Manager Evelyn Bonham

REPORTERS

Lyda Kenney, Vera Melishmer, Edith Frye.

Communications, news items, and suggestions, which are cordially invited, should be sent to the Hypphen Box, or addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. In order to receive consideration, all articles should be signed and turned in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the following issue.

Application for second-class entry pending.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year

EDITORIAL

Exam week! And it's all over now! Shakespeare's Prince Hal says:

"If all the year were playing holidays
To sport would be a tedious as to work."

And I think there's as much truth in what he says. Did ever a week-end seem as alluring as this one, promising rest at last? And how many times have you heard girls say this week, "If I ever get through these exams I'm not going to open a book again for a week?"

But—what made those exams such a trial but that very spirit? That frantic, last cramming and sinking sensation when the questions appeared on the board were only a natural result of "not opening a book for a week." You can't neglect your daily work and escape paying for it.

Begin the new quarter right. Go home Christmas with an easy conscience, no unfinished note books to await your arrival back at school after the holidays, and no dread of those next exams that are no dread of yours slowly but surely, again. The soldiers were spurred on by "Remember the Marne!" If you find yourself lagging, try this: "Remember last exam week!" and never go through it again.

THE KAMPUS KICK

Did you ever stop to think of any type of girl or any particular trait in a girl that seemed to you especially despicable? And if you have thought about it, don't you all agree that the kind of a girl—you just can't stand is the "parasite!" You know the girl I mean—the one who borrows your history or domestic science notebook at the end of the quarter and copies in a few hours the notes you have labored over at each lesson during the eight weeks; the girl who borrows your English paper for which you have spent hours in the library collecting material from various source of books, and who just "reads it over to get an idea," or perhaps, copies it almost word for word; the girl who has been "so busy" and comes to you the day before her exams imploring you to give her your

history of art notebook so she can copy the discussion of the pictures. With these and the other pests you are thoroughly familiar.

Not only during exam week but even in the daily school work there are some girls who are determined to sponge off of their schoolmates all that they can. We all have a feeling of irritation and disapproval when someone wants to borrow something from us, and yet we are weak enough to yield, instead of showing the girl where she is making a mistake. Thus, to a certain extent, the girl who loans is as much at fault as the parasite. Shall this thing continue as long as there are schools? When we all address to ourselves that it really is wrong, why can't the school's public opinion be made forcible enough to crush it out?

AN APPRECIATION

When we come bustling in from church every Sunday morning, go straight to our mail box (as everybody does), and find that we don't have that Sunday Special, but still our mail box is full, do we stop and think how much we ought to thank Miss Swift and Miss Shea? They put up the regular mail on Sundays just as a special kindness and consideration for us, and we want to tell them how we appreciate it. Theirs isn't an easy job anyway, and that extra work means a lot.

So here's to Miss Swift and Miss Shea, we thank you for our Sunday mail.

SUNDAYS AND I

"The Sabbath is made for man." The Bible does not say anything about its being made for women. Any way, I think it was made for me.

"Up early to breakfast and rush to Sunday school," reads an extract from my diary every Sunday. Then I stumble into my uniform all the while wishing that I had a new hat or that I had not forgotten to have Sam shine my shoes.

Then packed in a "special" street car, we leave for town, lap landing at every turn, for I never get a seat. We march into church "two by each," like the animals in Noah's ark, and are seated in the very front row. Then follows an hour or two at church. And all of the way back I think of the "special" awaiting me in my mail box. After church I lope back and scramble to my box—nothing there. Oh! Well it will come later. But after dinner I rush to my box—only habit—and alas! it is empty. Habit again, shall I say.

Every one goes riding except me. Out on the campus I watch the cars roll up, fill up with lucky girls and roll away. The sight is so maddening, so I seek something indoors.

In every other room are care-free girls, some writing letters home—what they can find to say, I can't see—and others tuning up their ukuleles. I never hear any tunes; they're always tuning up or striking a chord; always "getting ready" to play.

I finally walk up and down through Recreation Hall, thinking a chance for an automobile ride will jump out and say, "Boo!" I do believe I'd faint if one would.

"Quiet Hour" arrives, quieting my wanderings and weary from scheming rides I pile up for an afternoon nap. Of course I know there's a paper to write, and a report to read before Tuesday and a book to get up, besides answering a dozen letters. Oh, yes, I remember a verse that I learned when six years old for not going to Sunday school one morning. I think it can be applied here: "If ye be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye up thought for the rest." I was told to learn any one verse that time, and I liked the sound of that one. Funny, how we remember them. Anyway I said it four hundred times. I had to.

After tea I wander around to Mary's and Alice's room but they are not at home. The odor of sticky black fudge steals up from the basement, where some very energetic girls are having fun. Why didn't I buy some sugar and chocolate yesterday while in town? Some girls must have never-stop thinkers, the kind you wind up and they run forever.

Sh! Someone's heavy steps are heard coming down the hall. Maybe you have a "special" but it couldn't be time. Is it opportunity or fate? Why, if opportunity were to knock and we didn't hear it, we'd only have ourselves to blame, for most of us are too lazy to hang up a door knocker.

I dive to the door, falling over a chair. No one told it to get in the way just then. "Special for Miss—"

The special has arrived at last. Father wishes to congratulate me on a two-page note and to send me a "few more dollars" to last over until time for next allowance. Is it not time for light bell?

POSTURE CAMPAIGN AT ROCKFORD COLLEGE

Rockford College for girls, Rockford, Illinois, has launched a Posture Campaign. Its paper, the Purple Parrot, a live, interesting weekly, gives a plea for the new movement. We wonder if Miss Sison and Miss Morrison are not doing the same in Ward-Belmont, when after every physical exam the parting word is, "Chest out, hips back, head up!" And just wait till the Hygiene lectures begin.

The Purple Parrot says the following in behalf of "Good Posture". It is a movement which we must recognize is for our own personal good and which for that reason alone may claim our attention. What finer sight is there than that of an upright, alert man or woman, carrying as he or she does the indications of a lively intelligence and keen enjoyment of life? Is not that the type of person the college student is supposed to be? It may seem surprising that it should be necessary to make use of a campaign with class competition, awards, etc., for the purpose of impressing on the minds of college students the importance of standing and sitting correctly. From the amount of time and

attention given to college athletics one might suppose that we were reaching at least physical, if not mental, perfection. And yet we are told that photographers have more trouble in posing college students than with any other one class of people, because of their faulty posture. One cause may be that often too much emphasis is placed on the competitive sports and on the training of teams of individual stars, and not enough on the simple corrective work for the average person.

The aim of this Posture Campaign is to reach each individual, impress her with the importance of good posture and inspire her to follow the simple rules which will secure it. The slogan of the Campaign is "100 per cent A Posture." Let's realize that slogan. When we leave Rockford, let it be with heads up, shoulders back, and back straight-looking and feeling alive!

MELANCHOLY DAYS

Bryant, our "sweetest poet of nature," as an ardent admirer has styled him, sings of this season:

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

But one looks in vain for signs of melancholy and sadness in these bright, warm skies, in the smoky light that hangs dreamily over meadows, marsh or forest; in the bright and parti-colored garments of the trees, and in the general air of quiet and rest that seems to pervade all nature. Very old persons who trace a mournful smile in young nature, and melancholy dying men with long hair combed behind their ears, and very large turn-down collars, will endorse Mr. Bryant; but lovers of nature in her every phase think of this golden autumn season as the most charming of the four.

No other season is half so pleasant for walking or driving in the country. We find intense pleasure in sitting on the campus or walking around the drives or on the walking limits. The sport of the athletic field and bicyclist riding add to our opportunities for making the best of the season. It is easy to talk and to write sentiment about "melancholy days," but it is difficult for the practical eye to see them, especially when we are having such weather.

WE KNOW IT WELL

The night was dark
The whistles blew
As down the stairs
The maidens flew.

Each carried high
Above her head
A towel, that was
Just soaking wet.

A silence reigned
So very still
Excepting for
That dreadful bell.

A captain called,
Her ranks stood still,
For all of this
Was just fire drill.



"Hubby, how do you like my marble cake?"
"I never saw a better imitation of marble."—Judge.

Clerk—"What size toothbrush do you want?"
Black—"You had better give me a big one; I have a large family."

Professor's wife—"Why, my dear, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet."

Professor—"But, Henrietta, they are the only feet I've got."—Phoenix.

He—"Then you are not interested in my welfare?"

She—"No, but if the two syllables were transposed, I would not only be interested, but enthusiastic."—Furman Hornet.

He—"Aren't you going to study for that exam tomorrow? You know genius sometimes wins but hard work always does."

Ha—"That's all right, I'll take a chance on genius—he sits next to me."—Widow.

Prof: "Who promulgated the first geometry problem?"

Student: "Noah. He constructed the ark B. C."—Jade.

Scene: W. B. drawing room. Vandy freshman. "I think the weather is awful."

Dot H.—"Don't grumble. If it wasn't for that you wouldn't have anything to talk about."

Signor to frightened new girl—"Open your mouth, you aren't singing a bit."

Miss Reeves—"Oh yes she is, Mr. DeLuca, she sings through her nose."

The orchestra softly played, "Kiss me again."

She gazed into his eyes And breathed a sigh. "Your dancing is like a poem," She said.

"Yes, yes, go on," he murmured.

"An Amy Lowell poem, The feet

Are all mixed up," She answered.

A Freshman Cook Book.

In September There are four kinds

Of freshman—

Half-baked,

Hard-boiled,

Raw,

And Very Raw.

But in June When the reports are sent

Home, They are all hauled over the coals

And Roasted.

—Punch Bowl.

When you procure, you H₂S
And other stuff as bad or less,
And mix a frightful smelling mess—
That's preparation.
And when you take a tube of stuff
And pour it through some paper
rough—

That's filtration.
And when you dump some acid in
And shake it up and boil it thin,
And stir it up awhile like sin—
That's separation.

But when you've worked both hard
and long,
"Write up" your notes with courage
strong.

Then Miss McFadden says, "All
wrong!"—
That's thunderbolt!

A MOONLIGHT FEAST

I.
A mouse and a cockroach met one
night

On the floor in a darkened room,
And the mouse asked the cockroach
what he found

As he searched the floor and the
furniture round
By the light of the glorious moon.

II.
The cockroach answered his friend,
the mouse

In a voice that was low and sad,
That the maid must have swept the
crumbs away

From corner and carpet and floor
that day,
For not any luck had he had.

III.
Then the mouse told his friend that
he knew a place

Where a wonderful feast was pre-
pared,
With none to enjoy and no one to
eat

This marvelous toothsome tempting
treat
And never a mortal cared.

IV.
So the mouse led the cockroach across
the floor

To the place where the waste basket
stood

And they crawled inside where a
feast was laid.

An apple core and a cracker made
Most delicious cockroachy food.

V.
For hours they ate and gnawed and
gnawed

Till the moon began to fade.
Then they hurried back to the hole
in the wall

To wait till the next night's shadows
fall

THE SATURDAY NIGHT MOVIE

The movie Saturday night was "The
Carnival." The acting was unusually
good, the scenery effective, and taken
as a whole it was a good play.

And did you see us file into Chapel
like "ladies"?

TAKE HEED, OH, FAIR INNO-
CENCE.

"Father, what is Innocence?"
"Innocence, my son, is a woman
who believes that her husband likes
cloves."

Joy's *"Say it with Flowers"*

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CLUBS

X. L. CLUB MEETING

One of the most interesting meetings the X. L. Club has had, took place Wednesday evening when Miss Scruggs gave a talk to the club on her travels in Egypt last winter. Miss Scruggs gave a charming description of the people, the manners, and the old historic places she visited, and she brought interesting kodak pictures and post cards to make more realistic her description. She gave us a phase of Egyptian travel that we could never get in books, and when she had finished we felt we had seen a bit of Egypt ourselves.

TEXAS CLUB

Tuesday after lunch in Chapel the Texas Club held a short business meeting. Plans are on foot—but you'll hear the result later! Wait until December 2nd!

AGORA BABY PARTY

What will one of these clubs think of next? Surely one of the most enterprising in this line has been the Agora Club. Not satisfied with having given one of the most novel entertainments ever presented before the student body, they planned and carried out to the least detail, for their last meeting,—a baby party!!

The Agora girls found in their mail boxes, on Wednesday morning a peculiar looking card, which proved to be an invitation cut in the shape of a baby's milk bottle. In attractive verse, the members were invited to come either as babies or as nurses.

When, that evening all were gathered in the gym, the sight was very funny. There were babies, all in long white dresses, and nurses in black dresses and white aprons. There were crying babies, and laughing babies, and even a jazz baby.

The first part of the program was given over to impromptu "stunts" by the babies and their nurses. These brought much laughter and applause and finally a prize consisting of a large blue bow tied on a safety pin, was given to the baby who said: "Now I lay me down to sleep, A bag of peanuts at my feet, If I should die before I wake, I'll do so with a stomach ache."

Then a very interesting paper was read on "The Care of Children," by a veritable suffragist, who urged the use of the rod to aid the circulation.

Next on the program was a song and a dance by the jazz baby, who as all babies are reputed to do, forgot the words every now and then.

The nurses were now asked to come forward and get some food for the babies. And what refreshments could have been more appropriate than animal crackers and all day suckers? These were enjoyed by all and the nurses escorted their happy babies home, declaring they had never spent a more satisfactory evening.

Y. W. C. A. NEWS

Field Secretary Quest.

Miss Elizabeth Lawson, the Field Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. will be the guest of Ward-Belmont this week-end. She will speak to the student body at the Vesper service Sunday evening. Miss Lawson has been the guest of Ward-Belmont before. As each girl is herself the hostess of Miss Lawson, a large crowd at vespers is expected.

Mr. Frederick Arthur Henkel gave one of his delightful organ recitals at vesper service, Sunday evening, November 13.

Before the program the girls sang two hymns.

The first number on the program was the Solemn Prelude by Noble. "The Fountain" by Matthews was next. This piece was very beautiful and perhaps from the enthusiastic exclamations, the most liked by the audience. The next was Meditation by Sturges. The last piece was "Jubilante Deo" by Silver. Mr. Henkel played "The Urchin Whistling in the Street" as an encore. The service was very well attended.

What does Thanksgiving mean to you? Does it signify a day of merry-making, when you can eat all and more than you really need, or is it a sacred day, a day to give thanks for all you have and to give offerings to those that have nothing, and make them happy.

After breakfast on Thanksgiving morning there will be a service in the chapel. An offering for the charity institutions of Nashville will be made. You are asked to bring fruit, clothing, money or food. This is your chance to help the unfortunate people of the city. Every girl is expected to be at the service with her offering on Thanksgiving morning. The size or value of it will not be counted. It is your helping thought that is wanted.

"Self-renunciation means devotion to our duty, going on with it in spite of difficulties, disgust, ennui, want of success. These are stepping stones to, character."

Sunday—Luke 4:1-13.

Monday—Luke 6:41, 42.

Tuesday—John 8:12.

Wednesday—John 10:1.

Friday—Matthew 23:13.

Thursday—Matthew 22:14.

Saturday—John 6:40.

Caps and Kerchiefs

They tell me that in days of old When Pilgrims to this land did come. The maidens wore dainty caps of white.

And kerchiefs on their gowns divine And so on Thursday next, we each Shall travel back a century or so. Upon our heads these caps of white And kerchiefs shall we wear. So now come all and get your caps. A quarter small they cost, Just give it to a Y. W. maid And celebrate with us.

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THE WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

I am the Ward-Belmont Hyphen.
I am the friend of the school and
all those interested in it, the bringer
of tidings to and from friends; in
I speak to the girls on the campus and
in their rooms.

I am a part of the school life; I
record the great and the small, the
varied acts of the days and weeks
that go to make up this school year.

I am for and of the school; I follow
those who leave us; where ever they
go, I take to them the thrill of old
days with welcome messages.

I speak the language of the school;
all can understand my words.

I am the word of the week, the
history of the year, the record of
the year, the record of the school.

I am the exponent of the lives of
my readers.

I am the Ward-Belmont Hyphen.

A hand to hand contest—two deaf
and dumb women discussing their
husbands.

WATCH YOUR
EXPRESSION

"When the mind is concentrated to
an unusual degree, a certain amount
of 'tenseness' is liable to appear in
one's expression. The power of mental
concentration is invaluable. It is es-
sential to the achievement of unusual
success in any sphere of activity.

But try to avoid the severe coun-
tenance that is sometimes associated
with too much concentration. Cultive
the "smile that won't come off."
Take life with a smile as much as
you possibly can. When difficulties
appear, face them. Enter into the
contest determined to dominate them,
but grace your determination with a
smile.

Take every opportunity to see the
funny side.

Life is altogether too serious for
most of us. If you can face problems
with a light heart you are better
equipped for the contest.

The fighter with a stern, forbidding
countenance works himself up too
quickly. He has not the endurance.
Naturally, there are troubles that
cannot be properly faced with a smile.
There are grim tragedies that some-
times come into life and we must
bear them until we can struggle out
into the freedom of our natural selves.

But wear a smile as much as you
can. Look for the joy in life. Let
the sunshine of your own soul light
your daily activities.

Life is dark, hopeless, or it is
brilliant with inviting prospects, ac-
cording to our mental viewpoint.

Therefore, be sure that your mental
viewpoint is upon the right side.

Watch your expression! Cultivate
the smile.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with
you," and every effort is to a certain
extent, enlightened by the attitude.

Life holds so much joy for those
who are willing to accept it.

Your thoughts are the sculptor's
tools that mold the expression of your
features. Each day these tools are
at work forming your features—mak-
ing them grim, unpleasant and for-
bidding, or the reverse, pleasant, in-
viting, attractive. From this view-
point, thoughts are really "things."
Let us therefore control our thoughts
with a view of making them flow in
proper channels.

We want to be efficient, successful,
but at the same time we want the
joys of life in all their completeness.
With this thought in mind, you may
to a certain extent regard the ex-
pression of your features as a ba-
rometer that will indicate to you and
to others just how nearly you are
living what might be termed the com-
plete life."

—Physical Culture.

MANY THANKS

A copy of the Nashville Banner
telling of General Pershing's visit to
Ward-Belmont, has been sent to the
home of every W. B. girl. As usual
we have Dr. Blanton to thank for
this courtesy, which our families en-
joyed so very much!

M. C. Jensen

J. H. Jeck

C. N. Rolfe

W. W. Benz

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TELEPHONE M. 670

NASHVILLE, TENN.

MINNIE'S BIRTHDAY

After having frequently and fruitlessly haunted my P. O. box for a letter all day Saturday, I felt doubly repaid for my disappointment that afternoon when I drew out a pink envelope, addressed, undoubtedly in Jellye's handwriting. Tearing it open with unusual thrills of expectation, this is what I read:

"Sunday Minnie will twenty be, and in 'the suite' she'll have a tea; Come at the hour before nine And plan to have a 'larrapin' time."

For some who do not know, I must introduce to you the inhabitants of the suite 316 and 318 Pembroke. There is Minnie Mae French and her "little" sister Jellye, and Edna Duncan and her "little" roommate Wilma Lyons.

I lived in a world of waiting until Sunday night. After returning to my room after vesper, I followed my nose down the three flights of stairs, when I turned in the direction of Pembroke, and arrived at the foot of the steps. Following that same nose to the third floor, I went straightway to the suite, and in the room with the four lively hostesses, I found Frankie McKinney, Evelyn Ellington, Eddie Lawrence, Junia Willis, Leach Chase, Hermine Baldridge, Virginia Sledge, Barbara Hodge, Elizabeth Barnhart, Avis Thompson, Billie Bowen, Lesla Black-Sheil.

The honoree led the way into another room which fairly beamed with a wonderful birthday cake, illuminated with candles. Across the room, the wall was a sky of ribbons, from the center of which dangled a doll, guarding the "feast." The center of the table was adorned with a pretty narcissus.

By the most adorable place cards we found that no one was left out, and lost no time in beginning to eat the delicious fruit salad, sandwiches, pickles and olives, potato chips, candies of different kinds and cake.

Each cut herself an extra share of the birthday cake. It was too pretty to ruin, we thought, but when we tasted it we all agreed that it was much nicer to know that it was good than by seeing it imagine that it was. Then surprise of surprises! The hostesses issued forth with large dishes of strawberry ice cream. We were positive there was no limit to the supply of refreshments and—r-r-r-ring! There was that horrid bell again. So nine o'clock brought to a close the jolliest of feasts.

THE GEORGIA GIRLS
STEP OUT

Geel! but didn't we have a wonderful time Saturday. I can hardly wait to go to another football game. Why we just had the grandest luck. You know while we were standing at South Front waiting for all the girls, Miss Mills came by and saw us, and what do you think she said. Listen and I will tell you. "Leslie get the cars ready and take the girls down." Wouldn't that make anyone happy? We had been so afraid we would miss the first touchdown!

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Well, we didn't miss so very much but let me tell you what we heard as we tried to find our seats. "Here comes Ward-Belmont, I knew it was time they were coming." It looks as if we are expected everywhere, doesn't it?

Well, to tell you a little about the game—first of all and most important, Georgia made the first touchdown. Did we yell? Well, ask the persons next to us. I guess you know that we Georgians hate to beat anyone so we let Vandy make a touchdown, too. And do you know just as Georgia was going to make another one the whistle blew. Time out. Now we were rather sorry that Vandy made her points. But just the same we all had a wonderful time.

TO THE TUNE OF
"AIN'T WE GOT FUN"

Next Sunday—Next Monday

Won't we have fun!

Quizzes ended

All is splendid

Won't we have fun!

We have no grades yet

To worry about

We feel so happy

We just want to shout

In the morning—in the evening

Won't we have fun

No more hurry

No more worry

Won't we have fun

There's nothing surer

The wise get A's

The "dumb" get flunked but—

In the meantime

In between times

Won't we have fun!

PENTA TAU'S
AT WOODY CREST

The time we went to Woody Crest
Is one we'll ne'er forget.

We had the very merriest fun
We have experienced yet.

Oh, playing games and telling jokes
No other sport excels.

And what is grandest of it all
There were not any bells!

We rose at ten, like ladies do
And breakfasted in style.
Then we put our gym clothes on,
And hiked more than a mile.

The time we had at Woody Crest
Was really passing fair.
We all returned quite happy
But some the worse for wear.

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PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY THE STUDENTS OF WARD-BELMONT

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THANKSGIVING ISSUE

THANKSGIVING PRAYER

¶We thank Thee, O Lord, for the countless blessings Thou hast showered upon us;
¶We thank Thee for health and happiness, for peace and content,
¶For friends and those we hold dear to us in kinship.
¶We thank Thee that we are a part of so great and fine an institution as Ward-Belmont;
¶That we have been chosen to carry her standards to all parts of this glorious land.
¶May we ever honor and remember our duty to our Alma Mater, we ask of Thee, dear Lord!
¶Amen!



THANKSGIVING AND HOME

For many of us, this is our first Thanksgiving away from home, for many the first Thanksgiving at Ward-Belmont; but surely for all of us there is something about this day which brings back memories of other Thanksgivings.

Somehow, turkey, cranberries, and pumpkin pie, have always been associated with this day, so, of course, we have that much in common. But the girls from the North probably recall a Thanksgiving Day when they drove to grandmother's house in a horse-drawn sleigh, all bundled up with furs and mittens and laprobes. They can still hear the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, and see the soft, silver-like sheen of the snow as they rode swiftly on. Grandmother always had a huge log fire burning and while the wraps were being removed, the crackling and snapping of the huge logs could be heard between the joyous greetings. They remember dear old grandmother, hurrying about, fussing over each member of her precious family and then telling them all to hurry for the cranberries would be too stiff, and the mashed potatoes would be ruined.

Then, dear Uncle Ned, or sometimes, perhaps Dad, led the way into the old-fashioned dining room, where grandpa took his place at the head of the table. After "grace" had been said, grandpa picked up the carving set like a veteran and that was the end of Mr. Turkey.

Remember how you used to fuss with cousin Mary over getting the wish-bone, and how grandfather used to settle the argument by giving both of you "drum-sticks," and presenting grandma with the "bone of contention"? And how you used to hold your breath as the pumpkin pie went

round, almost praying that that big piece wasn't going to go to Cousin Johnny? But none of us will ever forget that feeling of fullness as we rose from the table. Had you ever eaten so much before in all your life? No, not since last Thanksgiving. Then, while the older folks sat about the fire and talked, the youngsters tore up the house, or perhaps bundled up and went outside and had a snow fight. Oh, how Cousin Johnny did wash your face with snow! And how you "sailed" another snowball right back in his face, and mother had to come out and make peace!

Those were the good old days, we shall never forget, and Thanksgiving always brings them to mind. But this year, we are all here at W-B, each one of us a vital part of a great and wonderful institution, and we are going to have our Thanksgiving dinner together. Just think of eating a real "sure-nut" Turkey dinner, good as can be, with 600 other girls, everyone young and happy, and representing the whole nation! Just think of this Thanksgiving dinner as a great banquet where every section of the country is represented by its own fine type.

Surely you will never forget this Thanksgiving! It will be one of the most interesting and treasured of your memories.

A DAY IN TOWN

Synonymous with a "breath of freedom," isn't it, girls? Of course, we love dear old W-B, but is there a single girl who is not simply delighted when an opportunity presents itself to spend a day with somebody out in town? It gives us just the right amount of reaction and stimulation to do better work on our return. Girls are very fortunate, indeed, who have

relatives or friends among Nashville people anxious to entertain them.

There are few of us who do not have an opportunity sometime during the year to spend a day out in town with friends or with one of the school chaperons. We value the days spent with "outsiders" a little more highly than the others, because in that case we do not have to wear our uniforms but can blossom forth in colored bonnets, dresses and wraps, and any shoes but cantilevers.

When our invitation comes, we file our request in a hurry and await the seeming ages until its return. Then what ecstasy do we feel when it is granted! And we are so excited over the important matter of "What shall we wear?"

Perhaps we are entertained with a trip to the theatre, a long ride in an automobile, or just a cozy, home-like dinner with our hostess, which makes us feel very "un-institutionalized." It is just loads of fun in itself—this day of freedom—and then when we return to school we find we have a lot of accumulated mail awaiting us; we get our names in the Hyphen "Personals;" and we have so much to say in our home letters. Yes, such a holiday is decidedly worth while.

SERMON ON "GIRLS"

Sunday morning at the First Presbyterian church Dr. Vance gave a gripping sermon on the subject of "Girls". Naturally such a theme would instantly attract his Ward-Belmont audience, and he portrayed his message with such wonderful thought and feeling that every girl must have been influenced by it. We hope that we may have Dr. Vance to give this sermon for the whole school, sometime this year.

"DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY"

Yes, it is time to begin that old saying. Girls you can't imagine what a help it will be to you if you heed it just a little more than you ever did before. Have you noticed how the shopping parties have flourished since Saturday? If you were never disappointed before, you may be the next time you file to go to town. It seems as if every one wants to shop and you may be left behind.

I realize that you have a few days after you get home but let me tell you from past experience that presents are entirely forgotten then. Those days are so full that you may not have a real good heart-to-heart talk with mother until after Christmas. Every one of your friends will arrive home about the time you do and the excitement is so great that you can't possibly think of shopping.

But let me add another hint, girls. When it comes three-thirty, be at North Front ready to take the next street car. There may be some girl in your party that has to select a dress, even if you only have a few things to get and are not in a hurry. There is another side to that question, too. There is such a thing as being left behind. If you are more than five minutes late, you may not go at all. The entire party cannot be held back because you have a lot to do. Let's think of others.

ALMANAC

Nothin' like being so
ciable, ah Oul! You've
got plenty of company!



ALUMNAE NEWS

A hearty pledge of co-operation in the Alumnae Association work has come from Virginia Price, of last year's class, who, in handling her membership fee says: "It is a pleasure to become a member." She is at her home in Morristown, Tenn., this winter.

Nancy Lawson, of Liberty, Mo., class of '21, is one of a party of Ward-Belmont girls who are at Missouri University this year. It includes: Julia Price and Leila Wood living in the same house. In working out a party for some of the University Freshmen, whom she assisted, Nancy writes Miss Mills that she used parts of the Osborn's "Vanity Fair" idea which was developed with such success on Stunt Night last year. Nancy expects to come back for Commencement at Ward-Belmont next June.

One interested member of the Alumnae, who waited to enroll until she could send a membership fee which she had earned herself in Geraldine Parker, of Vernon, Texas, whose time at Ward-Belmont is happily remembered by her teachers and fellow students. She writes:

"I have a class in Expression, and am trying to pass on to others a few of the many good things I learned from Miss Townsend during my two years at Ward-Belmont. If I can only do so for my pupils a fraction as much as Miss Townsend did for me, and be as good a friend to them, I shall be very glad. I am very proud to belong to the Alumnae Association. I waited to join until I could send in my membership with money I had earned myself. I am always proud to be able to say I am a graduate of Ward-Belmont. One reason, is because of the friendships I made there among my teachers and the faculty."

Anna Mae McAdams, who also expresses great interest in the Alumnae, is spending this winter in New York City, at the Collingwood Hotel, with Miss McDonald. She is there to study costume designing and interior decoration, and hopes later to go abroad next year for further study.

A party of eight Ward-Belmont girls who are at Northwestern University, just outside of Chicago, have recently, through Elizabeth Cofset sent greetings to their old friends in this School. The others are Esther Crawford, Helen LeMasters, Sara Lowe, Beatrice Johnston, Helen Watson and Alice Grey. They are receiving the Hyphen, and keep up with Alumnae and school news in that way.

Nellie Deal Bent is enjoying the social life of her home, Eufaula, Ala., this winter, and in February plans to visit Martha Vordenberg, in Cincinnati. En route there she hopes to come to Nashville for a visit to Ward-Belmont.

Elizabeth Carter, of La Grange, Tenn., a Ward-Belmont student of last year, writes as follows: "I often think of Ward-Belmont and the girls and wish it were so I could be there with you all, but I am still planning to come back next year."

Nancy Browning, a W-B student of 1917-18, of Benton, Illinois, writes Ward-Belmont under date of November 18, 1921: "I am now attending the

University of Illinois and hope to graduate in February."

AFTER EFFECTS
OF EXAMS

Someone in the Hyphen last week said that

"Quizzes ended
All is splendid
Won't we have fun."

and we really thought we would have fun. But did we?

To me it seemed that every girl was so tired and yet so relieved that exams really were over that the bed and a lot of pillows were the only things that really met all their desires.

Even a good novel soon grew tiresome and we settled down for a long afternoon's nap. No one wanted to play the piano, to make candy or to read.

Did you see your best friend walk past you with a far-off stare and hear her even forget to speak to you? She really did not mean to be rude and she wasn't mad—her mind was still so full of History, Spanish and Mathematics that such an insignificant thing as a friend at that time could not be seen through the maze of knowledge.

We all agreed with Kipling when he said, "we shall rest and faith we shall need!"

Monday arrived and classes began. It was time to start over again. Some of the brave ones were determined to do good earnest work from the beginning and the best really didn't want to but soon decided that it was the best plan after all.

'RAH FOR ILLINOIS

A very exciting incident occurred last Saturday evening after dinner as the girls were dancing in Heron when one of them received a telegram saying that Illinois had beaten Ohio 7-0 in one of the season's most important games. It happened that there was quite a number of girls from each of the interested states there at the time. The Ohio girls gathered together quickly and yelled for their state's team, and those from Illinois immediately "raised the roof."

Then came the big struggle over the piano. The Illinois girls were determined to play and sing "Illinois Loyalty" and held back the girls from the Buckeye State while they sang that stirring old song with much vim and vigor. It was a very thrilling time and the Illinois girls were justly proud of their victorious team.

SCONCE vs. McSWEENEY

The first fast since the death of McSweeney began last Friday, November 18.

The exact reason for this fast has not yet been discovered but it is supposed that the absence of a very well known athlete of Ward-Belmont has caused it.

Many campus philosophers have been working with the victim but all have tried in vain. The old saying is, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder", but there is none that says, "Absence makes the 'lover fast'". We are all hoping for the best.

KAMPUS KICK

One "kickable" thing around school which is always being criticized and for which nothing ever seems to be done is the condition of our pressing rooms. We hear constantly the complaint that there are not enough ironing boards and not enough sockets for curling irons; the lighting is poor and altogether the pressing rooms make a far from inviting appearance. In some cases they are in very inconvenient places. The girls in Founder's have no pressing room at all and have to use the one in the basement of Fidelity. Someone should look into this matter. If the rule is to be rigidly enforced that electrical appliances may be used only in the rooms provided, then those rooms should be well-kept, and conveniently arranged. All of the girls, we believe, have had some experience with this matter and feel that it should be better organized and provided for.

POLICEMEN'S BENEFIT

Ward-Belmont students of Expression, who belong to the Day School Department gave one part of the program, and made it one of the most effective and clever features. It consisted of an Eighteenth Century poem read in costume by Miss Ruby Rives and Miss Dora Mae Fry. The poem is by Austin Dobson and was interpreted with great art by the two gifted students; and equally successful were Miss Elizabeth Liggett and Miss Clara Haddox in an Eighteenth Century sketch, "At the Sign of the Cleft Heart." A very attractive school sketch, "Jane Jones" was excellently done by Miss Josephine Adams and Miss Clara Haddox.

THE VISITING BICYCLIST

The girls of W-B enjoyed a treat last Saturday after lunch when Mr. Fred St. Onge, a very noted bicyclist, demonstrated his skill in the chapel before the student body. Mr. St. Onge taught bicycling in a girl's school in Boston for some years and also taught Helen Keller to be an expert rider. He had with him a very rare old cycle—one of the first manufactured, and which is still in a first class condition. Mr. St. Onge showed us the correct and incorrect way of mounting and riding a bicycle, and how it should be adjusted to suit the individual. "Bicycling is the finest outdoor exercise," he said, "and a bicycle club in the school should be encouraged." Besides the educational part of his entertainment he showed us some fancy stunts which were very amusing.

MARRIAGES

Invitations have been received from Dr. and Mrs. Walter Stratton Britt to the marriage of their daughter, Carrie Elizabeth to Mr. Lewis Matthew Moore on Wednesday evening, November 30, at 8 o'clock at the First Baptist church at the bride's home in Eufaula, Ala.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alexes Neville have announced the engagement and early marriage of their daughter, Lois Reynolds, to Mr. Livingston Boyd Steedman, Jr., of Seattle, Washington.

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Dinner

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A HISTORY PARTY

What was written on those pieces of paper sitting around third floor Founders' Sunday night? Well, it was this: "Lib and Wina will celebrate the History Exam they passed of late." So, "gic," up Napoleon, it looks like rain.

Come thinking of those of historical fame;
To Founders' third floor,
Find the door
Marked 3-7-4.

Nov. 20-21—7:30 A. D.

The room gave the appearance of a history class with Miss Leavell presiding.

The guests arrived promptly and were seated alphabetically. After a short history lesson the pupils were surprised by the teacher saying, there would be an hour's recreation.

Refreshments were served by the hostesses and each girl received a ham as a present which added to the "noise" and the enjoyment of the evening.

The guests who participated in this event were: Ruth McFarlin, Dorothy Smallwood, Mary Bresler, Carolyn Martin, Mary Phettylace, Leona Morris, Mildred Lehman, Edna Papenhagen and the hostesses, Elizabeth Parsons and Wina Close.

The evening ended by the destroying of the history book which "Lib and Wina" had completely mastered.

THANKSGIVING GAME

Thanksgiving away from home will not be so hard for us because we're going to get to see a real football game. The Vanderbilt—Sewanee game is always a good one, so though we be for Vandy, or for Sewanee, we're all going to enjoy that game. Thanksgivings are nice anyway, even if you do have to stay at school.

SWIMMING

Have you signed up for swimming? Sure, you have. Everybody is going to swim this quarter. There is no reason in the world why any girl should leave Ward-Belmont without knowing how to swim. When you get out of school you are not going to play hockey or baseball, but you can always swim.

Swimming is the greatest exercise and health builder of all sports. It brings into action and develops every muscle of the body, and not only develops the body but also the mind. The minute your mind leaves your swimming you are apt to find yourself completely submerged.

Everyone should know how to swim. Not only to swim, but also the fundamentals of life-saving. Life-saving is not for the swift swimmer or the fancy diver; it is for every one. Think of the girls who passed the life-savings exam, this last quarter, and how many more will pass it this quarter. Will you be one of them? or are you going to be one to let such an opportunity pass by you without taking advantage of it.

How many of you have thought about the swimming meet with Pea-

body? One of the biggest events of the year. We won last year. What will we do this year? That is up to you. Come out and work up and we'll beat Peabody again. Then think of the meets between our own club teams. Let's make swimming the best this year it has ever been.

THE REGULAR-PANTHER GAME

The last Hockey game to be played before Thanksgiving was won by the Panthers Monday morning. The Panthers scored heavily during the first quarter but the Regulars made the score a tie during the second. Each team made an extra effort to break this tie during the second half. The Panthers gained the long end of the score early in the third quarter and kept it throughout the rest of the game. The final score was 20 to 12 in favor of the Panthers. The best work of the Regular Team was done by the halves who played an unusually good game. The Panthers defense was exceptionally strong.

The lines-up were:

Regulars:	Panthers:
Blackman C. F.	Thompson
Brown R. I.	Kenney
Chaudier L. I.	Smith
Frye R. W.	French
Edee L. W.	Mathews
Dyer C. H.	Sudekum
Sloan R. H.	Weber
Speer—Bowen L. H.	Barnhart
Bowen—Ellington R. F.	Coats
Goetz L. F.	Wischel
Bell Goal	Schenk

Isadore: "It's raining pitch-forks! Can you imagine anything worse?"
Helen: "Yeah! Hauling street cars"

A DINING ROOM DRAMA
(In one act.)

Time: 12:30.

Place: Dining room.

Characters:

Heroism: Miss Morrison.

Rest of the Cast. Us.

The curtain rises on the Ward-Belmont dining room. The tables are set and appetizing odors come from the kitchen. The Big Bell begins to toll. Immediately a muffled noise commences, at first in the distance, but quickly coming nearer, sounding like the shuffling of hundreds of cantilevers. The doors open and the Ward-Belmont girls enter. The girls rush for their places, the bell is tapped, and grace is said.

Voice from alcove: "Oh—rolls again today—"

The bell is tapped.

"There will be a very important meeting of the Senior class immediately after lunch in the Y. W. C. A. All Seniors please be there!"
(Sighs from Seniors who want to dance in Heron).

The plates are served and everyone starts telling that she has had full classes that morning.

The bell is tapped. Forks are suspended in mid-air.

"Panther's meeting in Heron right after lunch—all Panthers must be there!"
(Sighs from Panthers who want to study for fifth hour).

THE CHARMFUL CHERUB

My roomie got a box from home
My mother sent one, too.
Oh, when it rains it always pours
So what are you going to do!



Voice from Mrs. Brown's table: "one sweet milk, three coffees, one tea—"

The bell is tapped.

Girls drop their rolls and resign themselves for another announcement. But wait—this is no simple announcement—Miss Morrison appears in the speakers place! As the girls realize this, silence settles over the dining room, save for the yelping of Ah One.

"Girls, will you please not make any more announcements during lunch? It interrupts terribly, and some of us are in a hurry."

Miss Morrison has saved the day! No more interruptions during lunch! The heroine retires to her table amid cheers.

The curtain descends slowly on the scene. Everyone is eating—everyone is happy.

SENIORS AT VANDY

If you could change that class of yours
And be a Senior true
Then you could go to Vandy games
Just like the Seniors do.

And you could pass among the crowd
Just like 'twas nothing new

To pass a hat for Vanderbilt.

Oh! 'twas quite fun to do.

You see we liked to help them out
It made us feel true blue

To feel that we had done our bit

To see the Stadium through.

And then we got to see the game

From the first—clear on straight through.

We all had such a glorious time,

We can't believe 'twas true.

WORDSWORTH, I APOLOGIZE

She was a phantom of delight.

When first she burst upon my sight—

Her hair was black, her eyes were blue

And she was slightly "made up", too.

Thru years she stayed through sun and shade,

The color on her cheeks did fade.

Her hat is black, her suit is blue

She wears the countesses shoe.

ADVENTURES OF A REPORTER

Hyphen reporter in the library—

How do you spell "Miss Thatch"?

Library hound, lost deep in thought

—M-u-s-t-a-c-h-e.

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WARD-BELMONT HYPHEN

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REPORTERS

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EDITORIAL

As we filed in to dinner in our Puritan caps and kerchiefs, Thanksgiving evening, did you think of those picturesque Pilgrim daughters that first bleak Thanksgiving on our shores? We owe so much to them for the ideals our nation has and for the example they have set, that it would be most fitting that we, a body of American daughters, should pay tribute to them at this season.

Those girls, narrowed by conventions and intolerance, both religious and intellectual, and living amidst a world of difficulties and inconveniences that we cannot conceive of, became such noble women that we may well stop and ask ourselves, "What did they possess that we, the girls of the Twentieth Century cannot afford to lose—must perpetuate to keep up the standard of American womanhood?"

First, the keynote of the Pilgrim daughter's life was service; and she had an aptitude for making the best of unpleasant situations which must needs beset a pioneer woman at every turn that developed her determination, and wonderful practical sense and ingenuity. She was not shallow and she was not flippant; she had faith and a courageous outlook on life. And most important of all she had high ideals. Never did the busyness of her task make her lose her womanliness and modesty, these qualities that will constitute the charm of woman throughout all times.

So let us live that we may ever keep alive the fine and noble qualities of the daughters of the first Thanksgiving, and by adding the best elements of the modern girl, become truer and better American women.

DR. WHITSON'S SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

A few weeks ago everybody was asking "Do you belong to the \$1.10 or the twenty-five cent Sunday School Class?" Those who belonged to Dr. Whitson's class answered that theirs was a "free for all" class. It is true we pay nothing and our only text book is the Bible, but we surely do learn a great number of interesting things. We are studying the Old Testament—and are learning both the Biblical and

scientific views of the stories of the Bible. Last time we began the study of Genesis, we learned the two-fold story of the beginning, the difference in the versions of the Bible, and the views of different people concerning this story. Dr. Whitson is both instructive and interesting and we feel that we are going to get a great deal from our Sunday School lessons this year.

Y. W. C. A.

Field Secretary:

Last Sunday evening Miss Elizabeth Lawson, who is the Field Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. middle southern states spoke to the girls on a most interesting subject—"The Girl who—". She told us of the many desires girls had which completed the clause started by "who". Some desire, she mentioned, every one of us has experienced so we all immediately felt that Miss Lawson understood girls perfectly. She gave us three tests by which each one of us could determine whether our own ambition was worthy of the place it occupied in our lives. The first test was—can it be obtained by fully paying for it and not taking any dangerous short cuts? Second—will it cost some one else too much? And lastly—will it finally be of service to other people? Every one of the girls began to think for herself and this thinking will govern a good share of their future decisions, we predict.

After vespers Miss Lawson talked to the cabinet. Each member of the cabinet felt that it was a shame that all the girls could not have heard the helpful suggestions which our secretary gave to us. We regretted very much that she was obliged to leave the next morning before all the girls had an opportunity to speak privately with her.

JUST A WORD OF APPRECIATION

We all appreciated the copies of the Nashville Tennessean that were placed on our tables several mornings last week. That little act of thoughtfulness made most of us feel as if we were having breakfast at home with our respective "dailies" to inform us of the news and excitement all over the world. Then, too, it was "exam" time—just when we all had been studying before breakfast—so the newspapers were a pleasant recreation. They made us remember that something else was happening in this big, wonderful world besides exams at W-B. We wish to thank those who were responsible for this pleasant surprise.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Dean Norris' Sunday school class composed of seniors and studying the "Social Principles of Jesus Christ," is having interesting and inspiring discussions on the subjects of wealth and poverty, the practicability of conducting a business on the principles of Christianity, and on democracy in our daily life.

Dean Norris opens up for us an entirely new field of thought, and attitude towards life, and by encouraging the giving of our own opinion makes us think for ourselves. We feel that we are deriving real, lasting good from these meetings.

WE ARE THANKFUL—

1. That "quarterlies" are over!
2. That we have no classes Thursday.
3. That "Christmas vacation" starts in three weeks.
4. That we have learned to love our cantilevers as our satin pumps.
5. That we may make a fresh start in the new quarter.
6. That the "first of the month" is coming.
7. That there are only five school days in a week.
8. That everyone else has to wear black, too.
9. That monitor's meetings come only once a week.
10. That our requests are granted (usually.)

N. B. The staff wishes to add—
11. That we have only one "Hyphen" to issue each week.

DR. BLANTON ENTERTAINS EDUCATORS

Friday a convention was held at Peabody of some sixty to a hundred representatives of Tennessee schools. The purpose of the convention was the discussion of promotion of state and rural education in Tennessee. Dr. Blanton entertained about forty of these educators at dinner on Friday evening.

UNDERGRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE

The Y. W. cabinet has added a new member to its force. This member is new in that the office she fills has just been created. This is the office of undergraduate representative. This position is filled by a girl not a senior who is to be a sort of messenger or herald to the undergraduates. Corale Kessler was voted to fill this office.

CHAPEL TALKS

Saturday morning in chapel, Dr. Blanton gave a splendid talk on "Presents." He spoke of the folly of expensive presents and of "club presents," and brought out the ever enduring truth that "the gift without the giver is bare." He said that some gifts were mere payments for service rendered, or bribes for services in the future; and he suggested that we show our remembrance and affection for our friends Christmas by very inexpensive gifts, or appropriate gift cards that expressed our sentiment. This talk came at a most opportune time, when the subject of Christmas gifts has just begun to present itself, and we hope that the Ward-Belmont girls will heed Dr. Blanton's good advice.

FAREWELL TO THE COCKROACH

Poor little cockroach, your day has come
And now you must suffer for all you have done.
For many a night you have kept us awake
Rattling our papers—such a noise you did make!
You have come to our feeds—just to nibble our cake
You were always on time—be it early or late.
Though it may seem to you that your life's just begun
It seems to us ages since first you did come
And now, little cockroach, we bid you good-bye
We're sorry to tell you but—now you must die
No good will it do you wherever you run
As powder for bugs, in each corner is stung.

OHIO DANCE

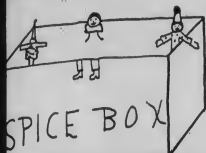
Was it really the gym that we entered Monday afternoon? No, it could not be. Instead it was a glorious ball room with hangings of rose and blue and small tables all around the room. On each table was an attractive blue and red lamp, the light from which threw a soft glow over the room. Music—the peppiest imaginable—was coming from one corner of the room where the orchestra sat, half surrounded by ferns and palms. The occasion was the Ohio Tea Dance.

Cunning invitations in the form of blue and rose hand-painted tea pots, had been issued the week before and now the day for the dance had come. After dancing for several hours, the hostesses and their guests were seated at the tables and were served tea, wafers and sandwiches by charming French maids. It was an unusually delightful dance and the other state clubs are going to have to do some thoughtful planning if they wish to equal the success of the Ohio Tea Dance.

The College Spirit

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The quarter-back limps slowly o'er the lea.
He bears no marks resulting from the fray,
Except a broken nose and a twisted knee.
'Tis true he lost a yard or two of skin,
And bears a shanty underneath his eye;
Mere trifles, these, which only make him grin
And say, "You ought to see the other guy!"
And thus the college spirit ever burns;
In classics he may be a trifle slow,
And while for a degree he never yearns—
He has a highly educated toe.

Marian, ecstatically: "Oh, how I wish my sister could see these! She'd go crazy!"



Whew! We haven't quite recovered from Exams yet!

Speaking of games—didn't Minnie's Panthers get down and work?

We hear that the Student Council going to have a dinner soon—sort a policemen's hall affair, we take it.

Last Saturday night we dreamed that when we went in to ask for our psychology grade, Miss Scruggs yelled at us!

Rah! Rah! Team.
A. Kruse: "What are you going out to, Bonnie, on the Hockey team?"
Bonnie: "Drawback, I guess."

R. E.: "What is the subject of a sentence?"

P. W.: "What you are writing about."

R. E.: "What is the object?"

P. W.: "To get it off your mind!"

DOGOLGY

If dogology was one of the courses in the school curriculum, the school campus and athletic field would serve as a well equipped laboratory, judging from the number and variety of dogs found therein. Ah, out is the nervous host. He doesn't seem to be very particular in the company he keeps. Every specimen of dog from the low cur to the great airbale may be found on the campus.

On the athletic field it was found that dogs could be made very useful chasing hockey balls, which left the field. This was all right in practice, but when it came to games, the dogs were found to be more of a nuisance than a help, because of their continual blocking of ways and running away with the ball at the most inopportune time.

It has also been noticed that dogs are inclined to howl a great deal after 10 o'clock, when one is trying to get to sleep. We feel that some kind of monitors should be appointed to keep order and quiet among the dogs (since they are such a part of us) after 10:15.

A dogology class, (if there was such a thing), in observing habits of dogs would not fail to notice ways in which dogs show their affections. It is without fail that at least one dog will dash up to you, on your way from school building to academic, and tug at your skirts after he has had a good frolic in the mud, leaving beautiful mud patterns there, so much for a cleaner.

Dogs are nice to have around and very useful, but we would rather have safety, than so much quantity.

HEARD AMONG THE FACULTY

Miss A.—How were your exams?
Mile. X.—Oh, just fine! They all flunked.

"How do you know what kind of people the Newcombs are if you've never met them?"

"I have heard their phonograph selections."

ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

From Italy comes the legend from which we are supposed to get the time-honored custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking.

Good old St. Nicholas of Paude used to throw long knitted purses tied at both ends into the open windows of the very poor people, and these purses were of yarn, and not unlike a footless stocking. Finally it became the custom of the people to hang these empty receptacles out of their windows on the night before Christmas so that St. Nicholas would put a gift into them as he passed by.

By and by, when the coin of the realm became scarce, toys were put in for the children and useful presents for grown people.

In the north country, where it was rather chilly at Christmas time, the purses were hung on the mantelpiece, and it was believed that the good saint would come down the chimney and fill them. When these purses went out of fashion stockings were substituted, and have been used ever since.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

WHY HOLLY IS USED AS CHRISTMAS DECORATION.

Holly has its place in the legends, and at one time many carols were composed in its honor.

European peasants think that a sprig of berried holly which has been used in church decorations will bring luck to the house; so when the evergreens are removed, they beg for a spray. Holly used for decorating houses must, on the other hand, be burned after January 1, or ill luck will follow.

In some parts of England, as in Ireland, girls seek omens from burning the Christmas decorations; and say the more noise they make and the brighter they blaze up, the warmer is the affection of their lovers. In some places it is considered unlucky to burn the Christmas decorations, and they are thrown away instead.

The holly tree was dedicated to Saturn and was said to have many healing virtues. A pretty legend is handed down about the first Christmas tree. When Ansgarius preached the "White Christ" to the Vikings of the North, the Lord sent him three messengers, Faith, Hope, and Love, to help to find the first tree. They were to seek one that should be as high as hope, as wide as love and that bore the sign of the cross on every bough; so they chose the balsam fir, as it met their requirements better than any other tree in the forests.

It was usual at Roman weddings to present the bride with a wreath of holly, significant of the warmest congratulations.

In India and Persia the followers of Zoroaster, the founder of fire worship, soak pieces of holly bark in water and throw the infusion in the faces of newly born babies, believing this will insure born prosperity in this world.—St. Louis Republic.

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AGORAS AT WOODY CREST

Surely, no week-end was ever spent so happily than the Agoras enjoyed at Woody Crest. The weather could not have been better; the big house seemed so inviting; the ballroom so enticing, especially so with Inez there.

Of course, a meeting of the Ghost club was held on Sunday night when several new members were initiated, including the sponsor of the club, Miss Thatch, and her guest, Miss Sheppe.

Of course, the "eats" were good and a special delicacy which was enjoyed between meals was the pop-corn, popped over the big fire in the hall.

The Agora club enjoyed a weekend which they will never forget.

X. L. CLUB REPORT

Wednesday evening the X. L. Club was entertained with a dance in the Gym. Delicious refreshments were served, and everybody had a good time, for social meetings are always such fun. Margaret Wardlaw had charge of the entertainment for the evening.

THE T. C. C. KID PARTY

The T. C. C. Club entertained with its annual "Kid party" Wednesday evening. Tuesday the girls received demure little sun-bonnet maid invitations bidding them to come and be prepared to give a "child's rhyme bright". At eight o'clock they came tripping in, had little boys and dainty little girls ready for the evening's fun. In answer to roll call each member rose and recited her rhyme, some were very clever and original modifications of "Mother Goose", given very much in the same way as the old "Friday afternoon" fashion. Then twenty donkey tails were passed out and the poor donkey on the wall was covered with tails in various unnatural positions. The winner was presented with a prize of a dozen vari-colored "suckers". Then to appease the other "less-fortunates" suckers were passed out to everybody and they all danced and "licked" very "kiddishly" until time to go home.

NEW TRI K MEMBERS

Sara Gray Rudy, Laule Redd Pan, Martha Coleman, Alice Talerton, Ruby Wooten, Adeline Tarleton, Mary Jane Daugherty, La Virge Smith, Mary Able, Anne Lou Boyce, Lilly Anderson Ballard, Elizabeth Thompson, Lydia Hackett, Athleen Dickey, Martha Barnum, Genevieve Dutton, Ester Siefert, Clotilde Bell Mitchener, Ethel Minor, Dorothy Le Master, Maud Alexander, Lucile Hensley, Martha Ellington, Lela Gee, June Robinson, Mildred Gross, Leah Berg, Virginia Evans, Jane Corling, Mary Cathryn Greenlaw, Doris May Wheeler, Ester Arnof, Virginia Welch, Pearl Wheeler.

F. F. NOTES

A fashion show was the enjoyable feature of the last sociable meeting of the F. P. Club. To the strains of music played by Miss Harriet Seagle the models passed across the platform. The styles to be worn by the debutante of 1921 were as follows:

Miss Virginia Sells in a tweed riding habit stood for the out-of-door girl. Misses Elizabeth Brantley and Marcella Hofbrook were attractive in new bathing costumes. Misses Noble Edgar and Emiline Boyer were smartly attired for the afternoon tea. Misses Amelle Prescott and Catherine Hobbie wore dinner gowns with accessories to match. As an appropriate conclusion Miss Lillie Mae Bailey was charming in a negligee of orchid satin. Misses Cassie Leta Garrett and Eran Izard "petite and chic" as assistants. The evening was delightful to every one.

PENTA TAU CIRCUS

Did somebody say circus? Well I should hope to tell you they did—All the Penta Taus were there from Squire Brown to Mirandy and the kids. Every one was dressed in their Sunday best and felt dolled up to kill.

"We had heard so much about a circus you know That we could hardly wait to see the show."

Manager Blackburn introduced the various celebrities before they performed their marvelous feats. There were the super-human acts of balancing, tight rope walking, and bicycling—the human organ and the elephant race caused the greatest sensation. Of course, there was the Fat Lady, the dwarf and many other attractions, including the swimming match. Lada, the great American dancer, was especially good in "Jingle Bells". There was nothing lacking, not even the Ice Cream Cones and Chewing Gum. It was indeed a great success and brought with it memories of "Circus Day" in the old home town.

DEL VERS CLUB NOTES

The Del Vers had an interesting meeting on Wednesday evening. A short business meeting was held and then Dr. Hollinshead entertained us with a talk on "Hypnotism".

I hardly think he could have talked on a more interesting subject and when the bell rang for dismissal we were all deep in the mysteries of hypnotism. Dr. Hollinshead has promised to continue his talk at some future time and we are all eager for that time to come.

DEL VERS AT WOODY CREST

The Del Vers spent Monday at Woody Crest. When we first arrived we were greeted by the Agora girls and they said we never could have a better time than they had had. Believe me the Agora's must have had a wonderful time because they would

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...to go some to have a better time than we had.

It was such a beautiful autumn day that most every one went for a nice long tramp. There was a lovely fire at the fireplace and some of us just couldn't resist cuddling about it to read and write letters.

Then came luncheon with Susie's delicacies—stacks of them and lots of other good things.

After lunch we toasted marshmallows, read, danced and some just rested. Before we knew it the cars had arrived to take us back to school after a glorious day in the country.

WOODY CREST AND THE TRI K'S

'Twas a happy and jolly group of friends that gathered at South Front week ago last Saturday night. Every one glowed with radiance, and each and every girl was bubbling over with joy, for the Tri K's were leaving for Woody Crest. The night air was fresh and crisp and just cold enough to furnish everybody with an overabun-

dance of energy and pep, and these they had; didn't you hear them shouting for joy as the W-B. cars swiftly carried them away to the place that is dear to every W-B girl—Woody Crest.

The old girls were anxious to see our country club again, and the new girls were thrilled with anticipation. There is no need to describe Woody Crest for the name, itself, seems to whisper to us what a grand old southern home it is.

Saturday night offered an assortment of diversions. Bridge games were organized for those who could concentrate their thoughts amid all the excitement. Others played "It" and other games reminiscent of their childhood. Others danced, sang songs, and old stories and jokes. Those with patience roasted marshmallows over the coals of that old fashioned fire place. But the thing that attracted the attention of the majority was the palmist who gave readings in the back parlor. O, yes we had among us a talented personage who imparted to us some of the deep, dark secrets of our futures—for information see Miss Martha Coleman.

When Miss Morrison put us to bed, "there the fun began". The attic has heretofore been called the "bar-racks" but the "barn" would have been more appropriate this night, for didn't the girls down stairs hear strange and weird sounds of animals, including "cat mews", "dog howls", and "cow moos". And if the "barn" walls had had ears and had been capable of speech—what wouldn't they have told?—not much. They might even have imparted their knowledge of the evil spirits who haunted some.

The weather Sunday morning was damp, but it couldn't put a damper on these peppy Tri K's. For after the services, which were held around the fireplace, the girls played "blind man's buff" and other games which keyed their already keen appetites to the highest pitch, and you should have seen them enjoy Susie's usually fine Sunday dinner.

The afternoon afforded the girls a good time to "catch up" with their letters. And several very studious members studied for the coming exams. But many took their afternoon "naps" so that they might be wide awake for the evening's fun.

After a delicious tea, which was served in the large dining room, the announcement was made that some of the talented members would give an unusually good performance, the admission being "a pleasant word". The program proved to be a very successful one, how could it be otherwise with an "All Star Tri K Cast".

Marshmallows were toasted and corn popped, after the entertainment, while our stories were told until bed time. Morning came only too soon, and everyone wished that they were among the next crowd coming out. As the cars which had brought the girls, called for them, many sighs of regret that the glorious week-end was over. Now since the Tri K's have seen Woody Crest in its autumn splendor we are all waiting and with enthusiastic anticipation to return and see it in spring's robe.

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PERSONALS

Eunice Foster was with her father, Friday afternoon and for dinner.

Hallie Sterling spent last weekend with her parents.

Louise Echert was in town over the weekend with her brother and his wife.

Geneva Brown spent the weekend in town with her mother.

Anne Richardson and Elizabeth Comer went home to Lawrenceburg, Tenn., for the week-end. They took as their guests, Beryl Wellington and Helen Hitcher.

Harriet and Glendyn Seagle, Brice Elison, Amilee Prescott, and Sarah Morgan spent last week-end at Chattanooga.

Martha Bell spent last week-end with her aunt, Mrs. R. N. Herbert.

Geraldine Bess spent the weekend with her aunt, Mrs. Smith.

Kathryn White was with her grandmother last week-end.

Julia Haughton spent the week-end at home.

Lois Dorough was with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Allen Saturday afternoon.

Sara Cox went home for the week-end.

Helen Wallace was with Mrs. Schmitt Sunday afternoon.

Blanche Campbell spent Sunday with Mrs. D. W. Cooper.

Edith Frye was with Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle Sunday afternoon.

June Robinson, Thera Spear, Edna Lawrence and Louise Bell spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Bell.

Hilda Dent spent last Monday afternoon in town with Mrs. A. M. Foster.

Fay Underwood spent Monday with Mrs. Lou Green.

Isabel Atwell was with her parents Tuesday afternoon and for dinner.

Blossom Bath was with her mother Tuesday afternoon.

Mildred Kinzel left for her home in Wisconsin Wednesday evening.

Josephine Baughart left for Atlanta, Ga. Wednesday with her parents.

Willie Barr was with her aunt Wednesday night and Thursday.

Corrine Rosenthal left Wednesday for Atlanta, Ga.

Elizabeth Mann was with her brother Thursday afternoon.

Julia McKinsey spent Thursday

afternoon with her grandmother and sister.

Margorie Kluver spent Thursday with her mother.

Miss Georgia McComb, Class of 1919, is the guest of the school this week.

Miss Lucille Oliver, one of last year's popular post-grads., is visiting in school this week.

Frances Donaldson of Tiptonville, Tenn., who was here last year, is visiting in the school during Thanksgiving.

Lillian Pearce class of '21 is successfully teaching music at her home in Copper, Texas.

Mabel Fraser will enter Minnesota University at mid-term.

Henrietta Siniger, president of the Y. W. C. A. last year, is spending the winter at her home in Galena, Illinois.

Addie Crouch Read is teaching music with much success at Athens, Tennessee.

Margie Lou Moore is at home, in Paris, Texas, this year.

Cecilia Addicks is spending the winter at home, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Florence Cartwright, of El Paso, Texas is traveling in California.

NEW PACKARD

Is it the school's Christmas present to the girls—this wonderful new Packard limousine? Whether it is or not, we're surely proud of it. It really makes every other car look sick, it's so shiny and imposing looking, and can you wait to ride in it?

WHISPERINGS

A little bird told us, the other day, that there are great preparations going on for a very big event, which is to be held the ninth of December. We couldn't get any details from him, but we did find out that an elaborate program is being planned, and novel favors are being selected to help make the Senior Middle—Senior banquet the most entertaining one of its kind which has ever been given. Watch for later developments!

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